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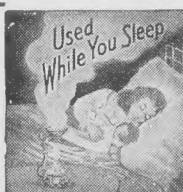
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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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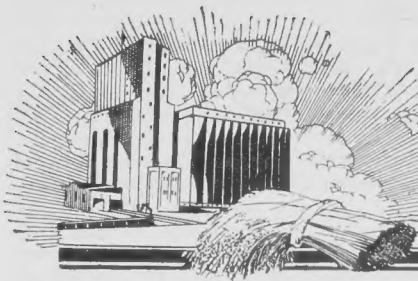
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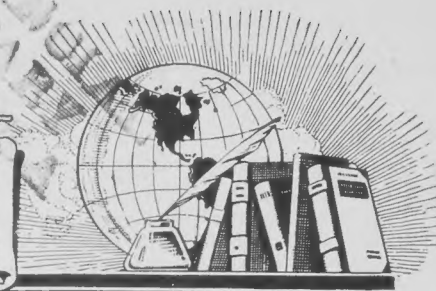
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EDITORIAL



Farmers' Day

EVERYONE is delighted when the farmer is repaid for his toil. Therefore everybody would be delighted at the rise in price of grain if the farmer were the gainer. Unfortunately the recent upward climb is only partly justified by world conditions. Speculation by local buyers accounts for the rest. And of course most of the grain was disposed of by the farmers long ago, so that the profit was not to them but to those who purchased grain in the early autumn.

There has, however, been a real increase in prices based on world shortage, and this shortage will affect next year's prices, though perhaps not to the same extent as at present. So it seems to be a good season for sowing as much grain as possible, and from all reports this is the way the farming population is regarding it.

Apart from the grain situation, there is another way in which the farmer is likely to benefit this summer. The government has wisely attempted to fight the steamship combine. Transportation companies are proverbially lacking in conscience when it comes to framing schedules. The most conscienceless corporation of all has been the North American Trading Co. The good wishes of everyone will be with the government in its decision to operate a competing line. We might have expected ruthless exaction from a non-British organization, but it is most unsettling to know that the headquarters of this big trust is in London. But, London or no London, we can not endure that our cattle breeders shall be robbed. A car load of young cattle should bring something to a rancher. Sometimes the freight charges have been more than the price paid for the herd.

Waste

THE first great waste is that of our forests. Fires, of course, take their toll, but this is not all. The spoilation of pulp-wood areas is the greatest crime of all. In comparatively few years we shall have nothing left, unless steps are taken to conserve the supply, and to re-forest the land. An open letter to the people of Canada by Frank B. J. Barnjum expresses a view that not a few hold, and though some may think the statements extreme, probably in the main they cannot be successfully contradicted. Here are some of his words:

"When the last of the narrow fringe of our northern wooded area which now protects the inhabitable portion of Canada from the cold winds of the Arctic region has been removed, Canadians will suffer all the ills consequent upon the resultant climatic changes. Even as it is, succeeding years are becoming colder and drier, the winds are becoming stronger and more deadly, and there are occasional extremes of precipitation over small areas of such violence as to cause tremendous losses, and all because the regulator or safety valve, the forest, is rapidly being swept out of existence.

"China offers convincing evidence and an everlasting warning of what happens to a country whose forests have been dissipated. We are not dependent on anyone's theory as to what will follow the loss of our wooded areas. If additional confirmation is needed it is to be found in India, Palestine and Spain. The Syrian Desert, which is now an utter waste, was once crowded with cities and full of cultivated fields. Mesopotamia and Persia were ancient seats of civilization. The old "granary of Rome" in Tunis is now largely an arid waste. Indeed, we need not go abroad for evidence because we have millions and millions of acres in our own Dominion where nothing but bare rocks are to be seen and not a living creature is to be found, where life is impossible because the land has been denuded of trees.

"In the meantime competition for world supremacy in the manufacture of pulp and paper has become acute and yet we are furnishing cheap raw material to our competitors in another country to such an extent that the heads of two of our largest paper companies have recently stated publicly that an embargo is the only measure that can save Canada's pulp and paper industry from bankruptcy.

"Only a few days ago the Montreal Daily Star quoted Mr. Hubert Biermans, president of the Belgo Canadian Paper Co., one of our largest paper mills,

as saying: 'I am of the opinion that this question of an embargo on pulp-wood is a question of life and death to the paper industry of Canada. I venture to predict that if the present state of affairs is allowed to continue, before the end of 1927 no single paper mill in Canada will be paying a dividend. But across the border the Americans will be still flourishing and making money. If I had to build a mill today I would not hesitate to build it in the United States and operate it on Canadian wood. And I would have an enormous advantage over Canadian mills as long as there was no embargo. I will not hesitate to repeat that if this state of affairs continues bankruptcy in the paper industry is absolutely unavoidable.'

The groundless argument raised by a few pulpwood dealers and politicians that there is only a limited demand for poplar wood in Canada, and consequently that an embargo would deprive the farmer of a market for that class of wood, is answered by the statement of the fact that as poplar is more nearly exhausted than either spruce or fir in the United States, an embargo would enforce the immediate erection of soda pulp mills in Canada which would create a demand for every cord of poplar now standing in the Dominion, and would eventually compel the United States to remove the duty on book papers, as it has already done on newsprint and pulp."

There are very few people who really realize the small extent of our pulpwood resources. On many of our rivers cutting has been forced into such remote sections that it takes two to three years to make the drive. This means that the cutters are back to the headwaters of these rivers.

The Feeble-Minded

ONE of the most distressing problems for any nation is that of the mental deficient. They are of all grades—from the imbecile to the silly. For those in the lower order there is no hope. They can never act rationally: they must always be a burden to those who are with them; and to the state they must of necessity be an expense—that is, if the state accepts, as it should, the duty of providing for them.

The causes of mental deficiency are many. Injury during the pre-natal stage or during birth may result in mental incapacity, but it is more frequently the case that mental inferiority in parents leads to similar inferiority in the offspring. It is also claimed that induced weakness in parents or hereditary taint as manifested in venereal diseases may lead to the same result.

Whatever the reason, the treatment must be essentially the same. Those of a class should be segregated for special treatment. In school they should not be taught with normal children. It is unfair to them and to the normal-minded. The opening of classes for mental deficient is always possible in cities and larger towns, but is impossible in rural communities. Recourse must be had to residential schools—that is, to institutions designed to help this particular class.

In these institutions it is possible to train the more intelligent so that they may take part in life's activities. They may excel in handwork or in anything that calls for manual dexterity. The more unfortunate, however, can develop no power. They must be cared for.

The most necessary thing of all is that these feeble-minded should not be permitted to marry, for experience shows that they tend to reproduce their own kind. The tables to prove this are quite convincing. Anyone can satisfy himself by studying the children of any mentally deficient people that he may happen to know.

The National Committee for Mental Hygiene is now doing research work in this field, with a view to determining a better method of dealing with those of unsound mind. It is necessary to get at the facts of the case before considering remedies. It is important that the Canadian people stand behind the Social Service Council of Canada in its effort to enlighten and mould public opinion, so that governments may be able to educate these unfortunates rather than to allow them to drift into nothingness.

The Tariff

IT will be interesting to Western farmers to read what is said by a fellow-farmer across the line: "The protective tariff is about the worst gold brick ever sold to farmers, and those who bit on it are suffering from broken teeth which no McNary-Haughten bill, which is a bluff to fool the farmer, will ever mend," declared Benjamin C. Marsh, managing director of the Farmers' National Council of Washington, D.C. Last year, he said, Americans exported about \$60,000,000 worth of farm machinery, which they sold cheaply to competitors of American farmers abroad to help them to produce more cheaply. The protective tariff is killing the farmer's farm market for American farm products, he said.

"The farmers' real task is to secure lower costs of production, including cheaper rent, cheaper credit, and cheaper goods," said Mr. Marsh, "and to abolish taxes on improvements and on consumption. Farmers are almost a unit against the Mellon tax plan. Any party that tries to put this through is dead.

"The economic differences between the North and the South which brought on the Civil War are not as important as the economic differences between the West and the East today," the speaker continued. "And the divergent interest of the South and East are nearly as important.

"Labor's greatest menace today is the farmers' condition, for farmers are drifting by hundreds of thousands into industry every year. We don't need any more immigrants for many years, yet the net alien immigration last year was 612,000. The West is the victim of the too-rapid opening of the nation, and our national fiscal, transportation, and marketing and land policies make this worse."

And all of this sounds very much like talk we hear on this side of the line. It is to be hoped Ottawa was listening in when Mr. Marsh made his speech.

Who Lead the World?

IN a most interesting article Dr. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, has named the ten men whom he considers have done the most for the uplift of humanity during the last 2,300 years. Not one of them is an inventor, or a commercial magnate, or a preacher, or a soldier, or a politician. Here is the list:—

ARISTOTLE, a philosopher.

GALEN, a doctor.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, an artist and engineer.

JOHN MILTON, a poet.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, a dramatist.

JOHN LOCKE, an essayist.

IMMANUEL KANT, a philosopher.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, a philosopher.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, a mathematician.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, an essayist.

The New York Times, in commenting on this list, aptly says:

That statesmen, Admirals and Generals — the Caesars, the Bonapartes and the Alexanders—are excluded is a decision on which Dr. Eliot will be congratulated by all who hold that these men, instead of offering an education to others, usually needed to be educated themselves.

For the rest, if one may sum up these comments, it may be suggested that, as a confession of personal preferences, the lists reveal Dr. Eliot in the severe dignity of a reasonable, philosophic, unperturbed and magnanimous student of human affairs. But as a basis for education, the lists are open to the inquiry whether they do not ignore the mind of woman, omit the inspiration of music, insufficiently recognize the arts, eliminate the historian, and allow too large a preponderance to intellectual speculations by men of one temper of mind who view life and faith from one point of the compass only.

Success

WHENEVER you see a man who is successful in society, try to discover what makes him pleasing, and if possible adopt it. "Success is the child of audacity," says Beaconsfield, and to know how to wait is the great secret of it. The success however that is any time attained by the least sacrifice of integrity and honor must be discounted in advance and relegated to realms of oblivion.

Gold Dust and Muskeg

By H. Mortimer Batten

Drawings By Hal. Woods

HOLLICK BERWICK trudged wearily through the darkness. He thought about breakfast. He had thought about breakfast for days past. He trudged under the northern skies, under a spreading canopy of tamarack and cedar, along a trail which even a Canadian mining camp mule would have considered bad as trails go. At times he floundered up to the knees. He straggled up, collided with the timber, and straggled back to the beaten way. He was weary, I say, and also he was hungry. That was why he thought of breakfast.

Yet to Hollick breakfast was yet an abstract dream. He knew that it would come one way or another, but exactly how he did not know. Neither did he worry about it. It was not within the nature of Hollick Berwick to worry about anything. He stood steadfast in the faith that all things come to him who waits, and anyway he would have to wait for that breakfast. Probably he would get it at about sundown tomorrow, but better late than never. He hitched up his pack-sack, and stumbled ahead with renewed zeal. Each step through the darkness was taking him one yard nearer breakfast.

Three months ago Hollick had left forever an English Public School. Six weeks ago he had landed in Canada. Today he was at the back of beyond, and today and yesterday, in his own lingo, he had been "bumming around the camps" in search of a job. He had not found a job, but assuredly he would find one tomorrow. For Hollick did not know how green he looked, and how obviously new to the country. All his kit, though of the best, was veritably creaking its newness, and men had smiled as they watched him pass.

"A good old porterhouse steak would do me nicely," said Hollick aloud. He floundered out of another quagmire, gazed up at the huge moon hanging low over the forest, and wished to goodness that he could hit open going. "That would do me all right," he pursued, "or alternatively—halloa, what the deuce is that?"

He had heard a sound—a human sound. It came from the darkness ahead, and was uncommonly like a human groan. "Now," thought Hollick, "if this happens to be a millionaire mine-owner, half bitten to death by the flies, and I save him, it is more than likely that I shall get a flash breakfast."

He paused and listened. Not another sound. He stumbled ahead, and presently fell over something in the shadows. Groping, he found it to be a pair of legs stretched stiffly across the trail—of masculine legs, laced to the knees in buffalo hide. He groped up and found a belt. Higher still he found a nose—a very pronounced nose. This, doubtless was the person who had groaned—someone stretched rigidly across the way; possibly stabbed to the gizzard!

"Hallos, old bean!" stammered Hollick, assuming a blaseness of manner he was not exactly feeling. "What's the matter—drunk?"

"No," replied the other, "I'm not drunk." He said it soberly enough, then seemed to yield to the effort of having said it, and groaned wearily. "Dead beat," he added. "Couldn't go another yard if you paid me."

"Well," muttered Hollick. "I aren't likely to pay you, so you may as well lose sight of that." He struck a match and looked into the man's face. It was the face of a man a little older than himself, a ferret-faced man with a budding, straggling moustache, and at the sight of it Hollick's hopes of a succulent breakfast receded. It was not a prepos-

you. Come along now. Put your best leg forward. We'll be at Porcupine City before daybreak tomorrow!"

They struggled on a few paces, Hollick half dragging, half carrying his companion. His hopes were high, and they were elevated still further by the man's next remark.

"If you stick to me," he panted, "and don't let me down, I'll see you don't lose over this deal. I'll pay you well, sonny. We're on the point of making a fortune, and I aren't the man to forget a good turn."

Hollick did not answer for some moments, while they bumped and stumbled along. "All right," he said eventually. "We'll register your claim first, then we can have a good breakfast at the hotel, and talk business."

"A good breakfast!" muttered the other. "Yes, that's what we want. A good beefsteak or something for breakfast."

They went on in silence for a time, Hollick treading on air; then they crossed the baseline which he knew tapped the main trail to Porcupine. He made to turn down it, but the other man held back. "No," he muttered, "bear straight on. We shall get there in half the time. I know a short cut."

Hollick did not argue the point, for as a matter of fact he did not know the country at all, and was glad enough to hear of a short cut. So they continued along the overgrown pathway, till at length they emerged at the edge of a clearing, at the far end of which a row of bunkhouses was just visible. Here the trail petered out, and Hollick's companion it was who led the way. The going was appallingly rough, over a series of trenches and potholes, and presently Hollick distinguished the tinkle of running water. Next moment he had floundered into a half-buried box filled with water, and as he staggered to regain his footing he saw a whole row of boxes, similarly filled with water, arranged like steps down the slope below the one into which he had floundered.

Then it was that things began to happen. Hollick's exhausted partner suddenly stiffened up, and became very much alive. His fist shot out and struck the unsuspecting Hollick under the ear with a force that must have smashed the man's knuckles. Hollick simply shot headlong down the whole array of laundries, splashing and sprawling from one to the next, till eventually he came to rest firmly ensconced in the bottom one. He looked up, and saw his "exhausted" chum standing up against the skyline, but he did not see the second individual who rose suddenly from the shadows at his side. This second individual carried a rifle over his shoulder and a club in his right hand; he was, in fact, the watchman of the mine, posted to guard the laundries against sluice robbers!

Nor, at that moment, was he backward in his work, for he used the club with excellent aim. Hollick saw about ten thousand blue and red stars, then followed blackness.

Now it was that the guard and Hollick's previous companion got busy. Evidently they were accomplices—quite clearly they had everything cut and dried. The one whom Hollick had helped hurried down, and together they decided that the young sucker was good for twenty minutes sleep. They took the two packs from his shoulders. His own they



Hollick's exhausted partner suddenly stiffened up and became very much alive

sessing face, for it was unshaven and not particularly clean—the face of a man who, like himself, had of late been anything but over-endowed with the world's riches. That, however, did not matter.

"LOOK here," said Hollick, "you can't stay here."

There are wolves and bears in these forests, and though they won't touch a sound man, it isn't safe to give up the ghost. You'll have to pull yourself together."

"Yes," replied the other.

"Well," pursued Hollick, "I'm blown if I'm going to carry you. I've enough to do to carry myself."

The other nodded. "Carry my pack then, and help me up," he requested. "It's the pack I can't manage. Say, partner, I've made thirty miles per day for the last three days. You know what that means through these forests!"

"Sure," replied Hollick. "It takes me all my time to make twelve miles per day. Up you get! That's better. Now I'll take your pack and help you along. Good night!" he added suddenly.

He had raised the pack. It looked empty, but it felt like gas piping.

"Gold?" he queried. "Gold dust?"

The other mumbled a positive. "Me and my partner have struck it rich," he said. "We've struck a mine, I tell you! A gold mine! Those are just surface samples, and I'm packing in. I've got to get to the Recorder's office—do you follow? I've got to register our claim!"

"Just so," replied Hollick, wondering whether, after all, he had really struck the pay streak. "I'll help

appropriated, while the other, which he had so generously carried, and which was half filled with wet sand, they emptied; then taking a handful of wet gold dust from one of the washing boxes, they threw it into the pack, and replaced the straps over Hollick's shoulders. Also they smeared Hollick's hands with wet dust, sprinkled it over his sleeves—in fact they baited him, as one might bait a dud mine. He, evidently, was to play the part of sluice robber!

All this took about ten seconds, and their next step was to shovel all the dust they could lay hands on into the other pack, until they had half emptied the top boxes, and then it was that the exhausted man shouldered the precious load, and stole off into the bush as fast as ever his legs could carry him.

Meantime the guard sat watching the unconscious Hollick, who lay on his back in the mire looking as much like a dead man as a live man could look, and when presently Hollick began to stir, the guard rose to his feet, club in hand, and hit the wet clay bank a resounding wallop. "Got you!" he cried at the top of his voice. "Got you, you low-down swine! Come along boys," he bellowed. "Caught him red-handed!"

A droning rumble began to issue from the direction of the bunkhouse as from a hive of bees suddenly disturbed by someone inserting a stick. Doors opened, and in response to the watchman's repeated shouts dark figures came stumbling across the clearing, some striking matches, others flashing flashlamps. Hollick sat up, dazed and mystified, at which the guard thrust the muzzle of the rifle into his face. "No, you don't, my boy," he cried. "You don't come that on me!"

The mine men, in various stages of undressedness, gathered round in a panting ring, and Hollick, not yet able to grasp anything, began to feel how many ribs he had broken. While he was at it he was suddenly brought to the realization that he was not popular, for a tousle-headed tough was kicking him where he sat.

"Here, cut it out!" shouted Hollick. "What the deuce are you kicking me for? Aren't I bruised enough already?"

"Yes, my lad, and you'll be a blame sight more bruised before we've finished with you!" they told him.

An angry growl of approval went round, but luckily for Hollick there appeared at that juncture a khaki-clad figure, obviously a man of different stamp from the rest. It was Mr. Seaman, Superintendent of the mine, closely followed by his assistant, Mr. Harry Brown.

"Now move out, and let's have a look at him," said the Super, elbowing his way to the fore. "You hold my light, Mr. Brown—that's it."

They half dragged Hollick to his feet, and peered into his face. Clearly there was some surprise. He did not look the ordinary type of sluice robber.

"Sure you haven't made a mistake?" queried Mr. Brown, addressing the guard. "I saw this fellow in the store yesterday, and he's as green as they make them. Fresh from the Old Country, I'll swear. Doesn't know a bull moose from a buck gopher!"

The guard shook his head. "There ain't no mistake about it, sir," he said positively. "See here—his hands are covered with dust. He's got it in his pack. I tell you he was in the very act when I poached him."

"Then I guess that settles it!" replied the Super. "There are tricks in every trade, and looks are often deceptive. See here you," he added, thrusting a burning match perilously near Hollick's nose, "you've been caught robbing our sluices, which means a few months in jail—that is, if you don't get lynched!"

"Robbing your—what?" cried the outraged Hollick. "I swear I wasn't robbing anything. I was helping a fellow along when he pushed me into that darned trough and hit me under the ear. Where is he? Where is the blighter?"

At this the guard uttered a sarcastic laugh. "Sounds likely, don't it?" he muttered. "Likely we shall believe that cock-and-bull story when I saw you at it, ain't it?"

"Anyway," said the Super, "it's beastly cold out here, so we'll talk it over in the morning. Lock him up in the meat safe, Barry, and keep an eye on him. Give him a blanket. He's dripping wet and may freeze if you don't."

So the unhappy Hollick was hustled none too gently towards the meat safe, which was an open-air affair, built to resist the ravages of half-wild dogs, and truly wild wolves and bears. More uncomfortable quarters could not have been imagined, for naturally the safe was as porous as a sponge, while it was too narrow to lie down in. The temperature was pretty near freezing, and left to contemplate his misfortunes with only a filthy blanket as a companion, Hollick did not for once feel very optimistic.

AN hour passed. Hollick's teeth chattered, his shoulders heaved. He struck a match, and looked around in the hope of finding some way of escape. No escape—only a plump beef steak hanging above his head, which revived his thoughts of breakfast. From all appearances there was to be precious little breakfast for him, and—there was no room even to do physical jerks in this ignominious prison of his.

"Anyway, I'll have that steak," he said aloud, tearing it from its hooks. "They jolly well owe me something for locking me up here."

Hollick was just hoping that this would prove the most miserable hour of his life when he heard the policeman-like tread of the watchman outside.

The watchman, as a matter of fact, was not a bad-hearted man, only he had yielded to temptation, as he always yielded to temptation when it came his way. That was why he was watchman. He had left his partner, the ferret-faced individual, to select a victim for tonight's escapade, and though his partner may have hit upon the greatest greenhorn in the north, the choice had not pleased the watchman. As a matter of fact he had once possessed a son of his own, and that son had "gone west" in the supreme contest with old Fritz. The son had possessed hair of the same kind as Hollick, save that his was ginger, and Hollick's was black. The night watchman had not noticed the exact color of Hollick's hair, only, when they had struck matches, he had seen it plastered with clay over his forehead, as he had often pictured the face of his own son, lying in the clay of Flanders where he had fallen. All that was, of course, finished now, but memories remained, and somehow the night watchman, the catspaw of a professional sluice robber, became a mere mass of blubber. He had got the wind up, and he felt sentimental.

So he tramped heavily up to the meat safe and



"Want to come ashore?" queried Hollick jovially.

Hollick fancied he heard the click of the lock; then he heard the heavy steps marching on. Hollick concluded that the night watchman had merely made sure that the door was locked, and when he heard the man's retreating steps he shouted—"Bill! I say, Bill!"

The young Englishman felt sure that the night watchman would be called Bill. "Bill," he reiterated. "For goodness sake lend me another blanket or I'll freeze to the floor of this ding-dong hole."

The heavy steps ceased. There was a moment's pause, and then—"Why in thunder do you stay there?" rumbled a thick voice, and the heavy steps wandered on into the quietude.

Why in thunder did Hollick stay there? He pondered the sentence over. It seemed to him the zenith of human irony. Why in thunder did not the beef steak in his breast pocket suddenly develop onions and proceed to sizzle on a Worcester china plate? Why in thunder did he stay there? What else was he to do, surrounded by four walls of fire-proof zinc, and outside that, four hundred criss-cross prison bars strong enough to keep the bears out?

Hollick pondered the sentence. Now, if there was any way out, he would certainly not stay here. He

would be one of the first to quit his present situation in life—if there was any way out. Was there a way out? If not, why had the night watchman suggested to him that there was?

HOLLICK began to grope round his prison. He pushed each of the four walls in turn, and the fourth wall yielded. It swung outwards, and opposite was the velvety darkness, the sharp outline of the tamaracks silhouetted against the sky, and above them the starlight. Then Hollick realized that he was not a prisoner at all, or—had the night watchman for some extraordinary reason unlocked the door and thus allowed him to escape?

As a matter of fact that was exactly what had happened. The night watchman was the last man on earth cut out for a criminal. He had been dragged into it by the other individual with the budding walrus moustache. Now that they had achieved their ends, that they had stolen the gold, the night watchman's nerves had given way. No sooner had he unlocked the door and thus given Hollick his freedom than he had taken to his heels, unable to stand longer the mental tension of it—or, rather, of what tomorrow might reveal. Ferret face had judiciously arranged for him—the watchman—to face the music, but the watchman didn't feel like it. Therefore he bolted.

Hollick did not wait. He gently closed the door of the meat safe behind him, then he also took to his heels. He made for the bush edge, and once in the security of the dense shadows he crouched to nurse his throbbing head and to decide upon the best plan of action. Clearly he must leave this locality, and the sooner the better, for tomorrow all the machinery of the law would be let loose to bring about his capture.

Scarcely a minute had passed when a faint sound broke upon Hollick's hearing, and once again that night he recognized it as the voice of a human being in distress.

"Bill," said the voice. "Hi, Bill!" There was a long pause and then—"Bill! Hi, Bill!"

Hollick's curiosity was roused. Clearly, someone was calling on the watchman, and Hollick was rather anxious to meet the watchman, and to talk things over with him. He did not owe the man any great grudge, but he wished to learn from the watchman the exact position of things. Also, he felt that the watchman might be able to advise him as to the most likely spot at which he could meet the ferret-faced individual.

Hollick groped around in the darkness. He found a young tree at his elbow, and he cut it off, making himself a club. It was a heavy club, and when he had finished it, it was of the prehistoric variety, having several spikes at its business end.

"Hi, Bill, hi!" The faint and eerie voice still rang across the quietude like the howling of a distant pack of wolves. Hollick got up and began to grope his way in the darkness from which he imagined it came. The going was difficult, and almost an hour passed ere the sound seemed to become perceptibly nearer, and by that time there was already a faint glimmer of daylight in the east.

"Bill, I'm sinking! Hi, Bill, hi!" This time the cry seemed only fifty yards to his left, and Hollick plunged headlong through the bush in that direction. As he went he heard the noise of someone crashing through the undergrowth quite near him, so he crouched and listened. Then he saw the watchman, whose face, previously seen by the light of electric torch and matches, he had good reason to remember. The watchman was heading in the same direction as he was, evidently in response to the cries of the individual in distress, and Hollick let him go. He heard the watchman say: "All right Jim. Hold on a minute, and I'll be with you."

"Yes," muttered Hollick, "and I'll jolly well be with you, too!" For he fancied he recognized the voice of the ferret-faced impostor. He gripped his club rather tighter, and crept forward on his stomach. He peered forward through the underbrush, and what he saw filled him with—to say the least—interest.

THERE was Jim, the ferret-faced individual, buried to the hips in a muskeg swamp—hanging on to life simply by means of a slender twig about as thick as a blind-cord, suspended from the bough of a poplar above. The poplar was bent like a bow, and clearly the twig was stretched to breaking point. If it broke then Jim would sink to the armpits, above the shoulders, to the neck, to the moustache, and so out of sight, which was about the best thing for the world that Jim could have done.

"Hold on, Jim, and I'll get to you." So said the watchman. He was clearly in earnest. He took the light axe from his belt and felled a cedar tree so that it overhung the treacherous swamp towards Jim, its topmost branches within a yard of him.

Hollick crept on. "Now I've got the pair of them!" he muttered.

Bill was in the act of creeping stealthily to the end

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Wives Be in Subjection

By Gladys Devlin Stacey

IF Jimmie Carson could have heard the determined click of Betty's foolish little green heels as she sped along the street to Aunt Letitia's house he would have known that he had lost the battle. Having been married to Betty for almost two years he should have known it anyway, but husbands have a way of being particularly dense where the one woman is concerned, so Jimmie clung to his position long after he had been defeated.

Aunt Letitia, seated just inside the dining-room window scanning the morning newspaper in the hope of finding some interesting bit of social gossip, heard her determined tread as she ascended the steps to the porch and should have realized that Betty's foot had been put down and there was nothing more to be said; consequently there would be little use arguing on any subject regarding which Betty had made a decision. But elderly loving aunts, who have reared delicious but obstinate nieces from babyhood, are also undiscerning at times.

"Oh, Auntie, I'm so mad!" Betty burst into Aunt Letitia's presence without announcing her arrival in any way, gave that placid relative a hasty hug, planted a kiss on the graying hair, then stood back and watched her aunt smooth the prim coiffure that her impulsive embrace had disarranged.

"Oh, my dear!" remonstrated Aunt Letitia.

"Yes, I'm so mad! Jimmie is too horrid for words. Maybe I shall get a divorce!" Betty looked like a child who has just thought of a new form of mischief as she made the last statement.

"Betty Carson! what are you talking about? What has poor Jimmie done?"

"Poor Jimmie!" Betty's tone would have sounded offensively scornful to anyone who understood her less than her adoring aunt. "It's 'poor me'! You should have heard the way he talked to me this morning. Really, Auntie, I wouldn't have been a bit surprised if he had beaten me." She appeared rather pleased with the idea.

"Nonsense, dear. Tell me all about it."

Aunt Letitia was so well acquainted with Betty's flights of imagination that she was not at all worried over the possibilities of Jimmy's brutality.

"Well, Auntie, it's like this: You know I've always been just crazy to go on the stage. Now I have a chance to go and Jimmy says I mustn't. Fancy! He said, 'You must not go!'—just like that. Of course that settled it. I don't intend to be bossed by any man, and I told Jimmie so. Oh, we had a terrible quarrel. I told him I would leave him if he kept on objecting, and he said I could go. No wife of his should ever go on the stage, and I said: 'You just watch this one, Mr. Jimmie Carson!' So he went away as mad as a hornet, and I've come over here as mad as another hornet. Don't you think he is a mean thing when I have wanted to go on the stage for ever and ever so long?"

"But, my dear child, you couldn't do such a thing. Your father was a clergyman, and what would people say?"

"Oh, I know my daddy would have been a dear if he had lived and he would have told me it was all right."

"But, Betty, if Jimmie objects—"

"Bother Jimmie! He has no right to object to anything I want to do."

"How can you say such a thing, Betty! Saint Paul says: 'Wives, be in subjection to your husbands'—"

"Oh, Auntie, you make me lose my patience. Saint Paul was an antiquated old grouch."

"Elizabeth!" Aunt Letitia was horror-stricken. She had all possible reverence for every one of the Biblical writers.

"There you go, Auntie! You know that when you call me 'Elizabeth' in that tone everything is settled. I positively dote on wickedness when you do it. Remember the time when I put the bent pin on the curate's chair? That was because you had called me 'Elizabeth' just like that, in his hearing. I'll never forget what happened afterwards," Betty said in a reminiscent tone.

Aunt Letitia's pleasant face, which had become as stern as it possibly could toward her beloved niece, relaxed in a half smile. Betty had always been adorable, even in her fits of temper.

"And do you know, Auntie," she continued, "Saint Paul was just a narrow-minded old bachelor. I am sure that the thorn in the flesh he made such a fuss about was the fact that the girls didn't like him. I just know he never found a woman who could put up with him."

"Elizabeth, you are positively irreverent. I refuse to listen."

"There you go again, Auntie. Well, I'll try to treat the old grouch with outward respect, but he wouldn't have a chance to get away with his notions in these days. You know, Auntie, you're positively prehistoric in some of your ideas. None of us modern

wives believe for a minute that we have to do as a mere husband says."

"Well, what is this about going on the stage?"

"You see, it's like this. I always loved amateur theatricals, and if I do say it, I was pretty good at them."

Auntie remembered some of those hectic seasons when rehearsals were the order of the day and night.

"The Tremaine Stock Company is advertising for extra players for small parts. I saw Mr. Tremaine and he promised to try me. I have to go to rehearsal tomorrow morning, and will be on in the play next week. Now Jimmie says I mustn't go, but of course that won't interfere."

Lady Fair!

The gold of the Klondike, you've gathered

To shine in the waves of your hair;

You wooed from the sweet-scented violet

The shade of your eyes, Lady fair!

Your voice from the birds you have taken,

Yes, stolen their heart-thrilling strain,

Your smile, you have lured from the sun-beams,

To charm me, again and again.

The sway of the pine in the wild-wood

You mimic with exquisite skill;

You caught from the breezes a-blowing,

The moods of your fanciful will;

You drew from the orchards, the tinting

Of apple-tree bloom on the spray,

And oftentimes, sadly I wonder

If you have my heart, Lady gay!

—FRANCES.

"Betty," said Aunt Letitia, with a sigh, "what you need is a baby. You haven't enough to occupy your time."

"Lovely idea, Auntie, only not extensive enough. I'd want triplets. I adore triplets. Three little girls all dressed alike. Wouldn't they be cunning! I love those little dresses with the panties hanging down. They're just ducky, but in my childhood—" here Betty assumed the prim manner of her aunt, "they would have been considered immodest. How times have changed! But I love them. Little girls are so up-to-date now. Even the babies look positively flapperish."

Aunt Letitia showed signs of throwing up her hands in despair for Betty with a fixed idea was like a slender sapling with its roots firmly intrenched in the crevices of a rock. She swayed with every wind of argument but clung firmly to her own rock of determination.

"But Jimmie adores boys," Aunt Letitia was growing hopeless.

"Oh, so do I. Three little boys all in a row with sailor suits, or in overalls, or in anything else, or in nothing at all. Yes, if Jimmie is nice about my going on the stage the triplets might as well be boys."

Betty's face was glowing with mischief as she looked at her perplexed aunt.

"But no," she continued, "I must give up all those adorable babies. I can't leave them to nurses while I am at the theatre, and I may have to travel a bit. I simply couldn't take three babies with me, now could I? I'll tell you, Auntie, when I'm ready to leave the stage, I'll adopt a lot of orphans, a whole asylum full. But I must go on the stage if only to show Mr. Jimmie I don't have to do what he says."

AUNT LETITIA sighed again. She knew from experience what an impossible task Jimmie had set himself. When red-gold hair, sky-blue eyes, and a face that is dimpled and adorable set out to get the best of a man he is practically helpless; but add to these an aggressive little chin which can be tilted at an angle that makes it look like a whole battery of reinforcements, and he might as well admit first

as last that the day is lost. Aunt Letitia and Uncle Charlie had met many Waterloos in the twenty-two years they had acted as father and mother to their orphaned niece, and now the poor woman was puzzled as to what to say to the headstrong girl. She was so old-fashioned that the idea of her family being represented on the stage seemed to her like actual disgrace. Suddenly she was seized with an idea which brought relief to her worried mind.

"Well, my child, go and ask your uncle's advice. He can judge better than I can."

"Oh, I can manage him just like this," and Betty wound an imaginary string around one slender forefinger.

Her aunt smiled enigmatically. "He is in the library preparing a lecture for tomorrow. Go and tell him what you have told me."

Betty flew to find Uncle Charlie, and tip-toed into the room where he was busy at his desk.

"Lo, Nunky," she said as she kissed the tip of his nose.

"Well, well, Betty, child, how is my little girl this morning?"

"Raging, Nunky, raging. Perfectly furious. Auntie sent me in to talk to you."

"Hmph! Which particular variety of misdeed have you been performing now, young lady?" he questioned with mock severity. Betty's perfect rages more often than not meant that she had been involved in some form of mischief that had rebounded to her own discomfort in some way.

"Now, Nunky dear, there's nothing like that. Do take off those ugly glasses so that you will look less like a wise old owl and more like my own dear Uncle Charlie," and she proceeded to remove the shell-rimmed glasses from the scholarly nose, and seated herself on the arm of his chair.

He looked at her quizzically. "Bad as that, is it? Must be even worse than I suspected at first. Go ahead, Betty. I'm proof against any shock."

"Now don't tease. Auntie talked Saint Paul to me, and I shocked her by calling him a grouchy old bachelor, or something like that."

"Your aunt is one of the few women with a thorough respect for him, my dear," her uncle murmured.

"So you must promise not to tease or scold," Betty continued. "I want to go on the stage."

"Oho! Ambition rears its worthy head, I see."

Betty cast a sidelong glance at her uncle, but ignored the interruption. "Mr. Tremaine has promised to give me a trial in his stock company at the Orpheum, and I'm to begin rehearsing tomorrow. I'll be on in the play next week, and if I'm good, and I know I shall be, he might have a part for me nearly every week. Oh, I'm just crazy to do it, but that Jimmie Carson has forbidden me, Nunky—ME! Just think of that! As if I would pay any attention to him in spite of old Saint Paul. I'm going to show him whether he can stop me. I'll do just as I like."

"Naturally. What is a mere husband anyway?"

Betty eyed him suspiciously. She loved her uncle better than the aunt who was the sister of the mother she had never known, but she could never, in spite of all her astuteness, be quite sure whether he was teasing her or not.

"You don't think it is a shameful thing to go on the stage, do you, Nunky?"

"Far from it, my dear. A most worthy calling. In fact I was an actor myself in the dark limbo of the past."

Betty bounced from her seat on the arm of his chair, seized her highly respectable uncle by the shoulders and shook him with glee.

"You! On the stage! You old dear! And you never told me! Why did you give it up? You must have been a wonderful matinee idol!"

Uncle Charlie wriggled from her enthusiastic grasp. "I try to forget it. You see, I wasn't a matinee idol at all, and the company was at least third-rate. We played one-night stands. It was awful. Sometimes eggs were thrown at us."

"What extravagance!" said Betty, remembering her grocery bills. "Roses would have been cheaper, and ever so much nicer."

"Well, dear, eggs were cheap in those days, and the ones they threw were what might be called the discards, Betty. No, they were not nice. There were vegetables sometimes, usually discards, too. It was distinctly unpleasant, so I gave up the stage and went back to teaching school. That kind of thing sometimes happens in the early days of a stage career, but don't let that discourage you. Real genius fears nothing, not even stale eggs."

"Poor Nunky! The world lost another Irving, I'm sure. You know you look like his pictures."

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The Clutch of the Privateer

By Hopkins Moorhouse

Drawing by J. Henderson

THERE was nothing about the vessel as she lay swinging at her anchor in Bristol harbor to distinguish her from the rest of the merchant shipping unless it were that her lines betokened somewhat greater speed than the average; in fact, in that particular she was very superior and there was a breadth and strength and height of rigging that indicated her owners to be well aware of the dangers of the times and determined to equip their vessels to show a clean pair of heels to all enemies.

The vessel was bound for Canada. The town crier was busy, announcing the fact; also that she would sail very shortly; also that if there were any young men who purposed going across to America they would be welcomed on board and if they were not afraid of roughing it, they could be given accommodation at a wonderfully cheap rate. In fact, so cheap was the rate of passage asked for that quite a rush of young men made application for a berth on the vessel. A limited number only could be accommodated and only the most stalwart of the applicants were accepted.

Among the latter was Richard Dobbyn. He was ambitious to get on in the world, especially now that he was married. His young wife and he had talked the whole thing over and had decided that the place for them was British America, the great new country where there was room to breathe and grow. This opportunity of exceptionally cheap passage had come like a God-send; he would go over first and get their new home in readiness while she would follow with a party of friends a month or so later. That was the arrangement which had seemed to them best and that night the vessel dropped down the tide with young Dobbyn aboard.

The little berth allotted to him was to be shared by another young fellow, named Lloyd, whom he found packing away his few belongings in their new quarters. Dobbyn liked the looks of him and before they had finished examining things, they were on very good terms, indeed.

The place where they found themselves was a mere hole. A small, cob-webbed lantern, attached to a stanchion in the centre, cast a sickly twilight round about while the atmosphere reeked with ill-smelling brine, tar and rotten hemp. They could not help marveling at the unusual thickness of the bulkheads and the strength of the beams. But they turned in that night, only with a greater sense of security.

It might have been four of the clock when Dobbyn was awakened by a strange noise overhead. It was pitch black all around, but he felt that dawn must be very near. He could hear the water lapping the wooden sides of the vessel and knew by her motions and the sharp jarring of the rudder on its pintles that they were well out in the heavy swell of the Channel. Puzzled to guess the meaning of the bustling overhead, he shook Lloyd who awoke with a start, his face showing white and ghastly in the yellow blur of the stanchion light.

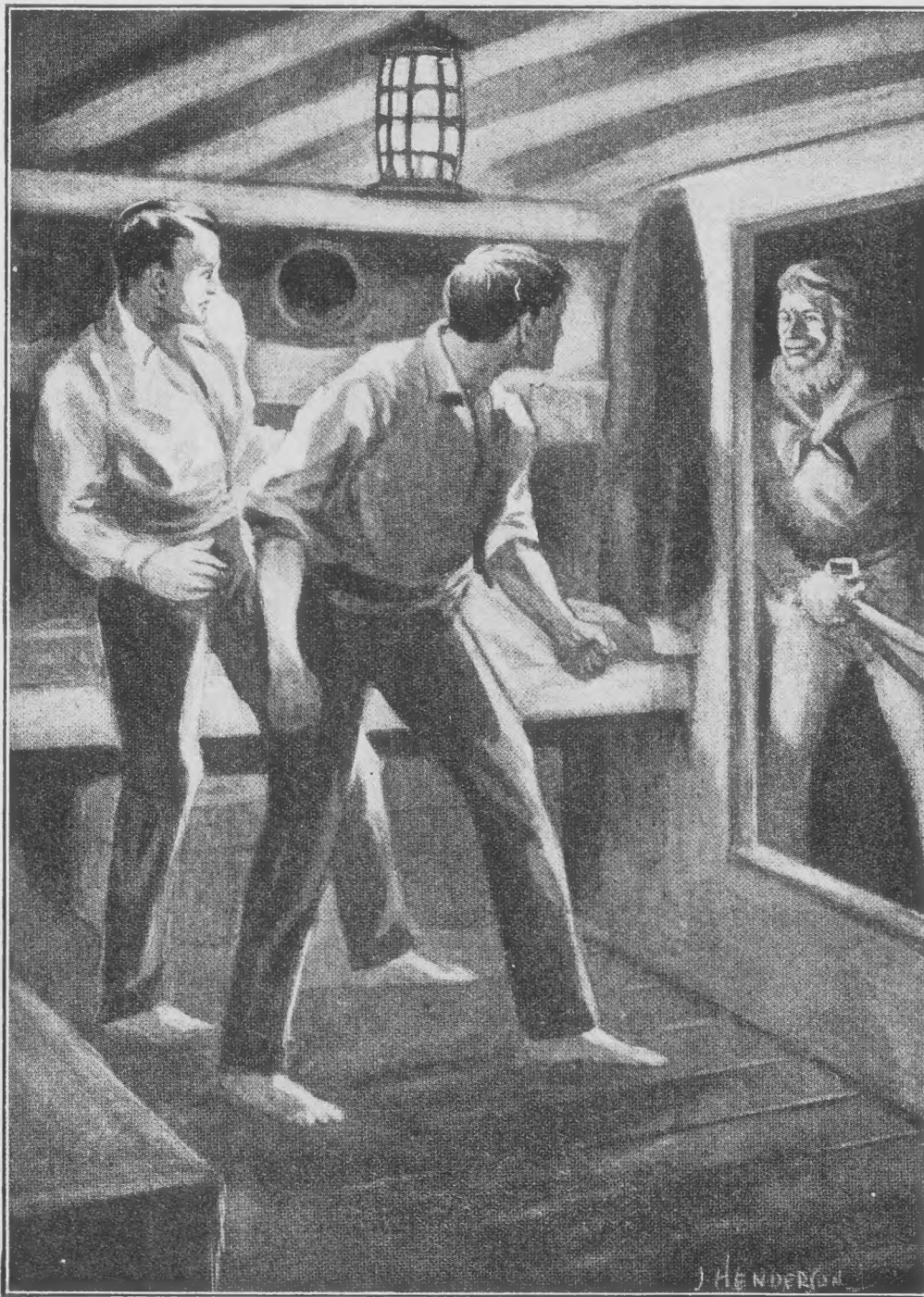
Hastily tumbling out, Dobbyn went to the door intending to stick out his head in the hope of understanding what the racket was about. The door would not open. He shook it vigorously and then the two awoke suddenly to the fact that it was locked on the outside with heavy bolts. Together they sprang at it, wildly beating the heavy timbers in the sudden fear that took possession of them. The bolts suddenly shot back into their sockets and the door swung open; but the entranceway was blocked by a big seaman with a naked cutlass in his hand and on his face a grin that widened full into his whiskers.

THE following remarkable story concerns the adventures which befell Richard Dobbyn, a young school-teacher in Ireland, in the year 1811, when he set out as an emigrant to cross the Atlantic to British-America. The times were troublous and there lurked upon the highways of the sea, other dangers than the winds and the waves—the dangers that creep abroad when great nations of the earth are at war. Privateers prowled forth in scores into the Ocean's vastness, licensed by War to menace the commerce of the nations and greedily to seek the spoils of the vanquished.

The thrilling nature of Mr. Dobbyn's experience and the marvelous manner in which was illustrated the dispensation of Providence in his behalf furnish facts that might well be mistaken for the elements of fiction. But inasmuch as the story is a family "heirloom" and the writer the great-grandson of the central figures, it is hoped that the story will be accepted on the author's word as a true relation of the facts.

Mr. Dobbyn settled in Western Ontario, in what is now known as the township of Euphemia, along the banks of Bear Creek, now the Sydenham River. There he struggled with the forest, becoming one of the worthy pioneers of Upper Canada. He lived to be 104 years old.

Two of his sons are yet alive, old men now, but hale and hearty still—one at Shetland, Ontario; and one at Melita, Manitoba.



The entranceway was blocked by a big seaman with a naked cutlass in his hand

It was then that the young men realized the situation. They had fallen into a clever trap. All this offer of a cheap passage to America had been but a new press-gang strategy. Men to man the war vessels which put to sea were becoming scarce—so scarce that the press-gang had grown cunning. Instead of being on their way to the new land beyond the Atlantic, the young men who had been lured on board the vessel were carried off on a cruise, practically of piratical purpose, with nothing but bloodshed and robbery ahead of them—warfare in which they would be forced to take their part.

With a yell of rage Dobbyn jumped and would have had the seaman by the throat had not the door been slammed in his face. He threw himself on the little box that contained all his worldly possessions, remaining for a long time with his head in his arms.

When the sun arose the merchantman which had put so unpretentiously to sea, was a merchantman no longer; in her stead a British privateer was standing away to the south under a full head of canvas. Where the brass signal carronade had stood on the afterdeck the night before was now a long swivel ten-pounder. Fourteen guns ranged fore and aft and a number of small-arms racks stood just abaft the masts.

It seemed to Dobbyn that but for Lloyd's cheerful presence he must have lost his reason during the weeks that followed. His wife, he knew would be in Canada within a month or two—and he would not be there to meet her! His imagination was vivid; his helplessness maddened him. He discussed all sorts of desperate schemes with Lloyd—schemes which in their very essentials were impossible.

Then quite unexpectedly, a way of escape opened. More than six weeks had elapsed since the *Wasp* left British waters, but she had fallen in with scarcely a single prize that was worth the chase. Even after reaching southern seas, on the lookout for West India-men, she cruised about in vain, and one day found her making what little headway she could west by north, in a light wind with discontent aboard from the captain down. The wind finally dropped out altogether and when morning broke, the sails were idly slapping the masts as the vessel rode the swell in long-drawn rolls.

Both Dobbyn and Lloyd were on deck in the morning watch when a sail was reported off the starboard bow, and as the daylight rapidly spread over the sea they were able to make out the stranger, several miles distant. She was a brig with top-gallants and royals set to catch every breath. On the quarter deck the captain and the first lieutenant were carefully inspecting her through their glasses.

"Yankee, think you?" the former queried.

"Yankee," agreed the first lieutenant.

That was all Dobbyn overheard, but when he went below his jaw was set and there was a strange light shining in his eyes.

The next night closed in dark and still. Some stars were out and a bit of moon hung low down near the western horizon, smearing the restless waters with silver. It sank and went out, leaving the ocean swell running beneath the star-gloaming into black ridges that were aglint with the fitful glow of the cold sea-fires.

The watch were mostly grouped about the forward guns, and the measured tread of men on lookout, pacing the fo'castle, sounded loud in the weird stillness of the calm. Now and then the water lapped faintly against the counter as it met the swell, and a block creaked aloft. Away off to the north, a point of light revealed

the position of the stranger.

Night deepened. One of the watch stood near a hatchway, and glancing about to satisfy himself he was free from observation, was suddenly swallowed up in the yawning blackness below.

Dobbyn was crouching silently near an open gun-port in the waist. He was clad only in a pair of light canvas trousers, but the perspiration stood out in great drops upon his brow and chest. His straining ear presently caught the sound of a soft,

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The Last of His Tribe

By Richard S. Bond

FORTY years ago, near the little town of Spearville, Nova Scotia, a thriving Indian encampment served as a constant source of pleasure to the inquisitive. Probably there were sixty or seventy in the tribe—Micmacs, of the Algonquins. Once there had been thousands, but as the whites gradually took over the land, the thousands had dwindled to hundreds, the war paint was put away and the hundreds settled down to retain in peace as much of their heritage as possible.

By 1884, when I was able to visit the camp with two or three cronies, it consisted of about twenty braves, as many young squaws, and from twenty to thirty old men and women and children. The spruce had won back much of the space originally utilized by the Micmac camp, so that now the few teepees were stacked together in a bit of ground not much larger than a good-size barnyard.

The once warlike Indians were peaceful now. Occasionally in the dead of night they would review one of the dances taught them by grandparents, but never until the last visiting white had left and they felt that they were secure from inquisitive eyes. Perhaps the best proof that they were not the type of Indian that their forebears had been, is the fact that not once but often, did the whites crawl stealthily toward the camp, climb a bushy spruce and watch half fascinated the savage whirl of the braves and even the old men.

The dull thud of the tomtoms that had been unearthed from those harmless-looking teepees, seemed to breathe out the soul of the past. The little animals of the night were quiet. It almost seemed as though they were in tune with the souls of these original Americans and voluntarily gave up their chatter and their croaking while the Micmac camp re-enacted the dance of yesterday.

As the years passed, the encampment grew smaller and smaller. Occasionally an Indian died and was buried with fitting ceremony. His friends or relatives would tell us about it on the next visit to town. Once or twice an epidemic would wipe out a dozen at a time, and our local board of health would find it necessary to take action so that the tribe would not be entirely wiped out.

But there were births. It seemed to us, even as growing boys, that there were enough births to make up for the deaths. And yet the colony grew smaller. Seldom if ever did brave or squaw leave, for the tribe had nothing to do with other Indians in the valley. They were unto themselves alone. Tall, stately, proud — apparently the last of some race of super-Indians that must have occupied an enviable position in the America of 1200 A.D.

When I left Spearville, twenty years ago, there were not over twenty-five Indians in the camp. I doubt if there were over twenty, and if anyone in Spearville was in a position to know, it was I.

Tom Pictou was my friend. We had fished and hunted together for a dozen years. The son of the chief and the son of the local doctor had formed an alliance during a typhoid epidemic that had lasted until it was time for me to leave for my new home in the West.

I visited the camp the last week-end I was at home. Tom Pictou guided me from teepee to teepee, explaining to each head of family that I, his friend,

was leaving him forever. He refused to come home with me. He refused a gift that I had brought for him. For once in my life I saw an Indian whose lips trembled.

"No, doctor boy," he exclaimed. "Tom can not go furdur wid you. He cannot be brave. He is a squaw. He wants to go, go all the way to your West—to leave this place forever. But no, it cannot be. The pool of deep mud must be tended."

I stared at him in amazement.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Tom Pictou shook his head.

"No can tell. Not even to you, my frien'," he said. "Some day when you come back to visit yo' people, some day in perhaps twenty years or more, then Tom will tell you. But not today. I cannot."

AND so I left him. Left him standing in the dense spruce forest with one hand shading either a staring or a tearful eye. I could not tell which. Had he been other than an Indian I would have said it was a tearful eye, for my own were dim. But an Indian could not cry. I had been taught that since I was but a mite, barely able to peek at the begging dark men as they went from door to door. Not even a begging Indian would cry, for he came from a proud race.

Then, again, Tom had never begged. Nor had Matthew Pictou his father, and the chief of the little tribe. Others had begged, but never one of the chief's family. They seemed to be different. I had never thought of it until that day I left Tom in the spruce. No, he had never begged.

The years dimmed the vision of that little tribe near Spearville. I had almost forgotten them when I revisited the town a year ago.

But the town had forgotten me. This seems to be a habit of home towns. My friends had left, died, married or had forgotten me. My vacation gave every evidence of being a frost from start to finish.

Until I thought of the Indian village at the Junction and of Tom Pictou. I felt myself blushing because I had not thought of Tom before. Here was a friend with whom I could fish and from whom I could get the latest gossip of the town. That very day I visited the village.

At least I visited the place where the village once had been.

I broke through the spruce trees with a broad

smile, but stopped aghast when I reached the clearing.

Such a clearing! It had been small in my boyhood but now was little more than a bare spot among towering spruces. One lone teepee stood mournfully on guard and from this teepee stepped a man—tall, thin, haughty.

For a moment he stood in the bright glare of the sun staring straight at me, then he advanced with a smile of welcome.

"Deek!" he said, and I could swear there was a note of joy in that Indian voice that was supposed never to tell the secret of its owner's heart. "Deek! You have come back to see your frien' Tom. I am glad. You are in time."

He stopped and glanced expressively around the tiny clearing. We stood together and for a moment neither spoke. Then I found my voice.

"Where are they?" I asked. There was no need for further explanation.

"Gone!"

"But where?"

Tom's hand swept the broad expanse of the heavens. "Up!" he said. "Indian's happy hunting groun'. That be all die. All but me—and she, my squaw."

"Papoose?"

A look of pain crossed the Indian's face.

"No can have!" he answered sorrowfully. "No one to take care of. No can have."

I could not understand him. Why was there no one to take care of a papoose with a husky father and his squaw? Nations had been built from such couples.

"Why?" I asked again. "Is your squaw old?"

Tom Pictou smiled.

"She be but twenty-five. She be strong. She be beautiful. But no can have. You cannot understan'. Some time. Pretty soon, maybe. I told you once, long time ago, that sometime you understan'. But not yet. No, not quite yet. I don't think the time be here."

"But wait....." The Indian had started to say something, then stopped. For fully five minutes he pondered deeply, and knowing his tribe as I did I remained motionless.

"I been thinking," he said at last. "Bimeby I tell you why and you no believe. Tonight I tell you and you mus' believe. You can come to camp tonight?"

I would be glad to have you stay, but no, me and squaw must eat, must say good....."

He stopped abruptly and turned away for an instant. For the second time in my life I saw an Indian choked with his emotion.

"Please do not think me not your frien'," he begged, turning toward me. "Never have I ask you before to go away and come back without giving you food. But tonight I mus'. I have many things to do. You will know tonight. Please believe me but ask me nothing. Jus' go away and come back at ten o'clock. Then you will know."

I PROMISED and left the dense clump of spruce with a feeling I could not understand or explain. There was something mysterious here. My thoughts turned back to the days of my youth and I reviewed my hundreds of trips to this camp.

Then I thought of the pool of deep

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Thomas Meighan as he appeared in "The Alaskan" which was filmed among the mountains near Banff

The Disappearance of Louise Merrilow

By M. Bouchier Sanford

Drawing by E. Gordon Smith

MY sister's letter perplexed me, and I remarked to the friend with whom I was staying: "Alice asks me to call on a Miss Louise Merrilow, an Englishwoman in a boarding house on Bloor Street. Miss Merrilow says she is a cousin of Captain Rayce's wife, and that Captain Rayce asked her to take back to England a sea chest he left in Alice's care. It seems odd to me that when Captain Rayce wrote lately he did not mention either the lady or the chest."

Eleanor made a grimace and hesitated before she replied: "Nothing is very surprising in the case of Miss Merrilow."

"Do you know her?"

"I have met her often. She is quite well known in Toronto."

"What is wrong about her?"

"Oh, we do not say with certainty that anything is wrong; but many things are very peculiar. A lady in the social position that Miss Merrilow claims would not live alone in an obscure boarding house; she would be accompanied by a maid."

In the Victorian era some Canadian towns were still very strict regarding chaperonage. If spinsters of fifty odd were out in the evenings without male escort, they were protected on the homeward way by young servants, who might be still in their teens.

"It depends on her age," I suggested.

"She admits that she has passed her twenty-third birthday. I should say that she is several years older, thirty at the least. When she is not assuming gaiety, she looks very careworn."

"Then she is old enough to take care of herself."

Eleanor bit her lip: "If you are determined to defend her on every point, it's useless for me to tell you anything."

"So far we have only had one point. Fire away."

Eleanor fired: "She had been in Toronto for weeks before she presented any letters of introduction. That in itself was strange; but stranger was the fact that all the letters, though signed by different persons, were apparently written by the same hand. There had been attempts to disguise the writing; but they were clumsy."

"How was that discovered?"

"When suspicious circumstances arose, several ladies met and compared introductions."

"Didn't they know the writing of their own friends?"

"They thought they did, but seemed to be in doubt."

"Why did they not write and ask? That would have been simple."

"I cannot tell you. I should have done so if she had brought letters to me. I have met her only at the houses of friends. She was popular at first, quite the fashion. Then, after things had cropped up, people cooled off, and she has been gradually dropped. That is probably the reason why she thought of the sea chest."

"What cropped up? What do they say?"

"Some say she has been an actress. She has certainly great dramatic talent."

"There is nothing wrong in that."

"It's wrong to show herself in false colors. Besides, it is supposed that she got into some scrape and received a substantial sum to take herself out of England. She seems to have plenty of money."

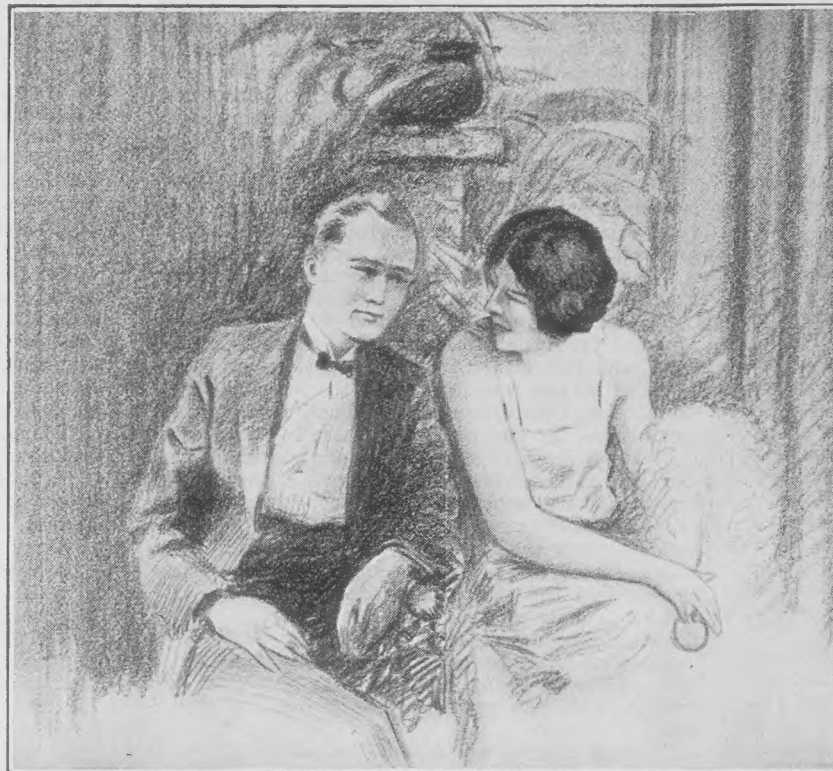
I felt my ire rising. Eleanor had given me no foundation for these suspicions. I frankly told her so.

Her tone was stiff: "I thought it my duty to warn you for poor Alice's sake. She should not make a scandal by inviting her to Dellbrooke."

I smiled: "You don't know Alice. If she thought the woman was in any trouble—poverty, penitence, or prodigality—she would come to Toronto by the next train and carry her back. I shall call on Miss Merrilow and write my impression to Alice; but say nothing of scandals."

"If Alice won't take warning, your brother-in-law will. He is a man of the world, awfully weak where Alice is concerned, but generally with a will of his own. He won't have Alice dragged into any notoriety. My husband does not wish me to know Miss Merrilow."

Eleanor said "My Husband" with an air of finality. She always pitches Harold at me when she is annoyed. We were schoolmates, but I am still unmarried, of which fact my friends are sometimes pleased to remind me.



She was an entertaining talker and a sympathetic listener

I CALLED on the mysterious Miss Merrilow in the afternoon. The house in which she was a "paying guest" was respectable and comfortable, but not apparently one that would have been chosen by a woman of large means. The sitting room in which I awaited her was cheaply furnished. The maid had said she was at home. I wondered why she was so long in coming. As she stood for a moment at the door, with an air of hesitation, I observed that her dress was unlike that of any Englishwoman whom I had met. The skirts of that period touched the ground; the necks of bodices were high and the sleeves were long. Miss Merrilow had anticipated the fashion of the present day. Her skirt was short enough to display a shapely foot and ankle; her bodice was low in the neck and the elbow sleeves made visible beautifully rounded arms half covered with bracelets and bangles. Eleanor had not prepared me for this. I wondered what Dellbrooke society would think of it.

The dress suggested a foreigner, and there was a suggestion of foreign strain in the poses and gestures, the dark skin and hair.

Her eyes were wonderful. They were really grey, though at first glance I had thought they were black. They often appeared so under the long black lashes and the dark line of the brows. She held me with the searching gaze of those eyes, as if she wanted to assure herself of my attitude toward her: What had I heard about her? Had I come in a friendly spirit or as a prejudiced critic? I returned the gaze, and I saw in those pathetic eyes nothing but their poignant misery. Her troubles, whatever they might have been, had cut lines on her face that were not the lines of age. For the rest, I observed that she was a tall woman, slight and graceful, and unusually attractive.

Whether her stories of herself were true or false, it seemed evident that she knew Captain Rayce. He was a cousin of my brother-in-law, and had spent some months at his house while he was awaiting an appointment to another ship. She mentioned incidents of his visit and our camping out, that she could hardly have heard from anyone but himself, and she mimicked some of his mannerisms in a way that set me laughing.

I wrote to Alice in the evening. A few days later, Miss Merrilow, on Alice's urgent invitation, had left Toronto for Dellbrooke.

In the early days of that small town, a correspondent of an English paper had described the inhabitants as retired army and navy officers; poor, proud, devoted to ancestry and avoidance of labor. Dellbrooke had grown and prospered; some of its inhabitants were rich, the majority were energetic; but the town still prided itself on being "very English," conservative and exclusive. The ascent of the social ladder

was made difficult by those on the upper rungs, who thrust back the climbers; but those who had attained the heights were received with outstretched hands. Alice's friends invited her guest to dinners and dances

and professed admiration and cordiality—for a time. That time was brief. Louise was in part to blame for the change. She was a woman of many gifts. She rode well, danced well, played brilliantly, and, as an admirer said: "sang right out of her own soul into yours." She was an entertaining talker and a sympathetic listener. She was cosmopolitan; the girls of Dellbrooke were provincial. Little wonder that certain young men who had vowed allegiance to Dellbrooke maids transferred it with unbecoming haste to the newcomer. It is to be confessed that though Louise had not intentionally led their young affections astray, she made no effort to turn them back to the paths of loyalty. Jealousy engendered suspicion. The tales that had drifted up from Toronto had gathered variations and additions on their way and were welcomed without investigation. Alice's nearest friends bowed coldly if they met her with Miss Merrilow, or passed on the other side to avoid a meeting. Philip, her husband, was sensitive for her sake, and begged her to cut short a visit that had extended to many weeks. Alice's refusal was the cause of their first marital difficulty.

I implored Alice to write Captain Rayce; but she shrank from any appearance of suspicion of her guest. She set aside the problem for the time by arranging a camping party on the rocky islands of Georgian Bay, and inviting only those who were friendly toward Miss Merrilow.

In the solitude and grandeur of our surroundings, removed, we hoped, from gossip and scandal, from envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, we believed, for a time, that we had found peace. We did not enjoy it long. As the men of Dellbrooke were avowed champions of Louise, would believe nothing to her discredit, and declared that though she was a good fellow and a jolly comrade, she had never said or done anything in their company to which the most prudish should object, we had more men than women in our party; and as each and every man besieged Louise with offers of his companionship in our boating, berrying and exploring expeditions, jealousy again thrust itself into evidence. The men were manly fellows; they did not slander one another; but relations were strained. In the beginning, Louise had tried to accept attentions impartially; but she presently showed favor to one Dennis O'Moragh, an irresponsible Irishman of twenty years. His parents, after the fashion of those days, had shifted him to the colonies to work out his own salvation or destruction. He was a likeable lad, but incorrigibly idle. Alice had tried to mother him and give him good advice. He accepted the advice charmingly, but did not use it to profit. We thought that Louise also was trying to mother or elder-sister him. She often took long strolls or canoeing trips with him; but she sometimes went off by herself, eluding everyone. She had learned to paddle her canoe safely and skilfully with little practice. Colonel Arimond said she must have had an Indian ancestor, and ascribed to an inherited strain her dark coloring and other characteristics.

The dark skin showed a strange pallor in those days, more marked in contrast with the red sunburn of her girl companions. She looked haggard and anxious, and was evidently in a distressing state of tension. Sometimes she talked and joked recklessly, then grew silent and depressed; she started at a sound and her mouth twitched nervously. Philip began to insist again that the lengthy visit must be cut off. He would not allow his wife to be worn out for the sake of this stranger.

THE visit was cut off with startling suddenness.

A sultry August day was followed by a more sultry night. The air was strangely still; the sky was dark with clouds; a storm was menacing. After tossing restlessly till I could bear it no longer, I rose from my cedar bed, dressed lightly, and stepped out of the tent without awaking my tentmates. Regardless of stony heights and hollows, I made my way by the dim light of a lantern toward the end of the island and seated myself on a rocky prominence. I had sat there for some time when I distinctly heard

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The Last Hand

By Francis Dickie

"AN ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." So says an old Spanish proverb. And those white men resident in the great Canadian northland during the last two and a half centuries ably seconded by the native women of the country, have well lived up to it. With the result that today the pure-blooded Indian is equalled in numbers by the halfbreed between parallel 53 and the Arctic Circle.

Thus, like many another halfbreed, Johnny Mackay laid recognized though illegitimate claim to this ancient and honored Scottish name. And during the first twenty-five years of his life, the last ten of which he had spent floating down or "tracking" up the varied waterways of Alberta and Mackenzie territory as a freighter for the Hudson's Bay Company, by this name was Johnny known. Then one day, as one of the packers for the returning big-game-hunting son of the English nobility, he journeyed as far as the growing metropolis of Edmonton, on the fringe of the wilderness; and through this journey to the city and subsequent happenings earned a new and less honorable name, the why and how of which is herein related.

It was during the three wonderful weeks of his first visit to civilization that Johnny, through a chance-met white acquaintance, learned the value of "markers."

All halfbreeds are gamblers; and when Johnny's newly-found friend took his last dollar in a two-handed game of stud poker, Johnny accepted the misfortune philosophically, even convinced as he was that at least his antagonist of the pasteboards had not done it fairly.

That such action was all in the game, Johnny admitted. If a man could cheat you so well that you did not know, or could not demonstrate how you were cheated, why, that was not cheating!

So much for Johnny's philosophy.

When the game was ended he begged the stranger for his secret of success; but, being penniless, he was refused.

However, knowing that some of his fellow-packers of the nobleman's recent retinue would willingly lend him money, Johnny requested and was granted another meeting upon the following day. During it, and upon the payment of fifteen dollars, he was presented and made familiar with the workings of two packs of "markers."

Now, to the ordinary man marked cards seem no different than common playing cards. Yet their difference is *marked*—double emphasis upon the word! Upon their scroll-work backs, plain to the knowing owner is set forth the size and suit of every card. In almost any game of chance the manipulator of such a deck is certain of success; in the case of the game of stud poker to perhaps the greatest extent, by reason of the nature of the game.

On the return trip, starting with only the few dollars left over from his borrowings after paying for the cards, Johnny was quickly in possession of all his returning comrades' money. Reaching his home cabin in the settlement of Lesser Slave Lake, he decided that work would never again be his until such a time as the spots would be worn off the two miracle-working decks.

WITHIN a short time, however, he annexed the bankroll of every halfbreed resident in the little frontier post, after which time hung heavily upon his hands, or as heavily as it can be said to hang with men of the north. At any rate, when Arthur Hemmingway, travelling correspondent for the New York Chronicle, dropped into Lesser Slave to pick up a crew to aid him in his five months' summer journey, up the Peace River to the Canyon at the Continental Divide, Johnny willingly joined the party, and, on account of his English, was made head packer.

Arrived at the settlement of Peace River Crossing, Hemmingway laid over two days to obtain agricultural information upon the district for future articles.

And Johnny, upon new territory, lost no time in starting a stud poker game, for which he obligingly supplied the cards. On the second evening while the game was in progress, Hemmingway strolled over from his tent. Taking a seat upon the ground he lolled at one side of the Hudson's Bay blanket which served for table. Around this Johnny and two Peace River halfbreeds were gathered. In silence Hemmingway watched the game proceed.

Shortly after his arrival two of the men lost their stakes, and sourly went away. But the third, when similar bad luck befell him, said a few swift words in Cree to Johnny before departing.

Noting that the winner waited, Hemmingway, too, remained. Presently the player returned, carrying in one hand a rifle. After a careful examination of the weapon, Johnny handed over fifteen dollars, and the game continued.

Again Johnny won. Once more the loser hurried away. This time he returned with a heavy stock saddle, upon which Johnny advanced thirty dollars. This advance he in turn also quickly won. Penniless again, his opponent sat several moments. Then for a brief space there passed back and forward between them rapid monosyllabic Cree. Finally Johnny nodded. At this the vanquished player once more passed out of sight toward the settlement beyond. This time he was longer returning.

The ten-o'clock-setting sun of the northern summer season dropped beneath the sky rim, tingeing fierce red the long line of cumulus, piled one upon another into strange likeness to distant mountain ranges.

The soft, long-falling twilight was slowly blurring the distant view when the halfbreed swung once more into sight, closely followed by a lithe young squaw of perhaps eighteen summers. Even Hemmingway, who had hitherto scorned the idea of native feminine beauty, was startled by the woman's physical and facial perfection. Unemotionally she squatted down beside her lord as he once more began bargaining. For perhaps twenty minutes the players argued fiercely. At last, after giving the girl a careful final survey, and still apparently reluctant, Johnny handed over sixty dollars.

Swiftly now the game once more proceeded. Hand followed hand, and invariably Johnny won. Presently he raked in the other's last remaining dollar. For a moment the loser sat thinking; but unable to remember any possible resource, he got slowly to his feet, and was about to turn heavily away, when Hemmingway's voice stayed him.

"Wait a minute, my friend," he said



This time he returned with a heavy stock saddle

sharply. As he spoke, he reached over one hand and swept up some of the money from the blanket which Johnny as yet had not stowed away.

The departing man turned, stood staring wonderingly at this strange white man, while the girl's eyes lit suddenly with the faintest gleam of hope. Money in hand, Hemmingway got to his feet. As he did so the rest of the crew, returning from a "moochegan" (native dance) in the village, which their lack of funds had drawn them to when cards were denied, came up, and gathered close to watch the unusual proceedings.

"What's the matter with yu'?" Johnny gasped, in surprise rather than anger.

"Nothing; only just going to give this man back what he lost."

Hemmingway's blazing eyes met fearlessly the answering scowl. He went on, addressing now the fleeing one: You take your saddle and your rifle and your woman, and whatever money is here," he tossed

over the crumpled bills he had gathered, "and get home."

Not comprehending the why of this intervention, but grateful, the man reached for his rifle, at the same time giving curt command in Cree to the girl, who rose and took up the saddle.

With a cry, Johnny leaped the width of the blanket toward the rifle, a more precious possession than the bulky and hard-to-transport saddle. But as he did so, Hemmingway caught him by the shoulder, spun him around, and, still holding him, roared out: "No, you don't, you spawn. I've seen too many big city slickers to be fooled by such a coarse worker as you. You let this man go, and tomorrow you hit the trail from here, for I've just got no use for card cheats. They're the worst of spawn at any time, but more so here, you spawn of the north!"

Always Hemmingway had been a champion of the under dog. Hundreds of times in the past he had suffered hurt to body and bankroll in the cause of some badly-treated one, and so, as he had watched the game, his ire had risen. But, holding himself in check, he had waited for the final play before making his denouement.

"I'll get ye for that!" Johnny Mackay snarled out. And strange to say in his anger a little of the burr of his lowland Scottish ancestor crept into his accent. It was so bizarre, coming as it did from a swarthy-skinned, almost pure Indian countenance, that Hemmingway was constrained to laugh.

"All right, you spawn, hop to it any time you like," he answered. Turning on his heel he went quickly back to his tent.

But Johnny did not wait to take his vengeance, for something in the manner of his companions, whose money he had acquired so steadily in the past, warned him of threatening danger. So even before Hemmingway had fallen to sleep, Johnny left the camp silently.

Yet he carried away a new name, one which stuck to him long in the northland, for, though his companions' English was scanty, the word "spawn" had caught their fancy.

HOWEVER, though Johnny Mackay was no longer socially welcome among those fellow voyageurs with whom he had played cards, he yet remained in demand as a guide and assistant to travellers entering the northland, for he was one of the best in the region.

So when Professor Robert Hurt, head of the famous American college decided to spend the summer in the north, it came about that Johnny was hired and placed in charge of the outfit.

In addition to the Professor, Johnny and his crew of three, came the Professor's wife and Billy, their child of six.

Leaving Peace River Crossing, the party in a sixty-foot river scow swung down the majestic Peace, bound by easy stages to Fort Vermilion and Fort Chipewyan beyond. On board was carried a light Peterboro canoe for use on little side trips.

Some sixty miles below Fort Vermilion on the Peace are the famous "shutes," three miles of bad water at the end of which is a fall of six feet. The river can, however be navigated by scows with little risk. Wishing to do a little investigating near the rapids, the Professor had the scow shoot the rapids and the six-foot drop, known as the "shutes," intending to camp immediately below the fall. No suitable site being found below

the falls Johnny had the outfit packed back along the bank to a point some two hundred feet above the falls, where an excellent camping ground was discovered.

Down the river a few miles from the "shutes" lay the Quatre Fourche, a remarkable stream of water, famous throughout the world, for it flows not only different directions at different times, but flows different directions at the same time, a phenomenon caused by varying high water marks reached on the Peace River, Lake Athabasca, and Lake Mamawi, all of which streams the Quatre Fourche is connected with.

Professor Hurt had heard of this stream. Anxious to get if possible a photograph of objects floating different directions at the same time upon the same stream, he left one afternoon with his wife and one man for a trip downstream to the Quatre Fourche, leaving Johnny and his half-breed companion in charge of the camp and little Billy.

Shortly after the Professor and his companions left for down-river, Johnny, needing something out of the scow that lay moored below the falls, left camp.

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"Mother says she wants FELS-NAPTHA!"



Real Naptha! You can tell
by the smell

What temperature for wash water?

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. You are bound to get good results. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Any woman who really knows Fels-Naptha will tell you why she uses it regularly—why nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha.

She wants its *extra* helpfulness. Not only on wash day, but every day.

She wants, too, the deep, sweet cleanliness in her clothes that Fels-Naptha gives—a deep, thorough cleanliness she gets so easily and safely.

Many mothers say they wouldn't be without Fels-Naptha just for those little daily washings of children's clothes—that it cleans them so quickly and so gently.

There's a reason for this *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha. There's a reason why it has an extra washing value that you cannot get in any other way.

Fels-Naptha is more than just "soap." It is splendid soap and naptha—**two great cleaners in one golden bar.** Naptha loosens the dirt. Soapy water flushes it out. Simple as A-B-C.

Give Fels-Naptha a trial in your home. Let it prove its *extra* helpfulness. Use it for everything—from sheets and shirts to your finest things. Order a bar or two from your grocer today!

TEST Fels-Naptha's extra washing value. Send 2 cents in stamps for a sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



The original and genuine naptha soap comes in the familiar red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Winter Neighbors

Written and Illustrated by

Dan McCowan



A stately stag comes each day to be fed

TO many creatures of the northern wilderness, winter is a season of quiet and rest and peaceful sleepiness. The sable-coated bear drowns within his den and dreams of luscious berries and of the golden store of the honeybees. The hoary marmot of the mountain side sleeps soundly in his rocky lair. Badger and prairie dog lie dormant under the stubble fields. During daylight hours the deep dim woods are still, save for the crackling of frosted pine stems; there is no sound either on moor or fen. Long since, the migrant birds have sought a warmer clime; of insect life there is no sign. The tide of life is at its lowest ebb; even the trees and shrubs seem void of being. To the untrained eye or ear there might well be no bird, no beast in woodland or on mountain side.

Yet on the clean white snow page, one skilled in wild life ways may see and read graphic stories which have been printed by hoofs and paws and feet, and may learn of many an extraordinary nocturnal happening from the tracks and trails of such folks as hunt and are hunted through the tangled underwoods and over the bleak hillsides. Here by the willow thicket are marks of a speeding "snowshoe rabbit"; there in a clearing midst the cedars are hair-muffled prints of bobcat or lynx. Crumbs of tree bark, sprinkled upon the snow, reveals the presence of Spiney the porcupine, gnawing his breakfast from a pine tree top. Runways about a snow-buried brush pile give evidence that underneath is the larder of Chickaree, the red squirrel. On a hillside drift there are curious markings which show where a covey of grouse emerged at dawn from under a snowy blanket. Embroideries on the coverlet tell of the mice that were abroad in the night. And so one might walk on and on through the forest and across the fields and find on every side the tell-tale clues left by those furred and feathered creatures whose home is the wilderness.

WITH fewer birds and animals abroad in winter time, the nature student and even the casual observer tend to be more attentive to the ways and manners of such as are active and visible during this season. From the log cabin in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, in which these lines are being penned, there is a glorious vista of pine woods and towering peaks. During almost any daylight hour in winter one may look out across the valley and see small groups of Bighorn Sheep foraging far up on the mountain side. This, to readers unfamiliar with the habits of wild sheep, may seem a commonplace observation, but, on the contrary, it is unusual and worthy of note. During summer and autumn the sheep do not pasture there, for then there are no water brooks or rills to quench their thirst. At that time they feed upon the lower slopes where lambs may frolic and where springs come bubbling from the earth. During winter and spring the animals obtain sufficient water from the snow and thus are able to extend their feeding range and to wander freely on the upland meadows where the sun-cured grass is sweet. In this way does Nature, ever provident, contrive to save the hay which grows on the Alplands, so that there may be a store of food all through the winter days. Yesterday we watched a flock of sturdy "Bighorns" wallow to the ribs in drift as they crossed from ridge to ridge on the

way to a favored pasturage. There on the wind-swept meadows they find ample sustenance. At evening they return to shelter amongst the rocks and gnarly trees at timberline and there lie down to rest.

Our valley, deep trenched amid the hills, runs east and west. On the south side of this sunny vale many birds live during spring and summer. To them it is "the shady side of the street" and, should the weather prove hot and dry, it is there that most birds nests are to be found. For the woods which clothe that part are cool and dark and mossy, abounding in insect life. Incubation, too, is most successful when there is a certain degree of humidity. Nestlings thrive best when sheltered from the scorching sun of summer. But in the winter months those birds which Nature bids to stay with us are as a rule most plentiful on the northern side of the valley. There it is most sunny, and there the rude north winds are tempered. Beetles, grubs and bugs, warmed by the noonday sun, may be prematurely waked from torpid sleep and, crawling out from crannies in the fir tree bark, at once become the prey of keen-eyed hungry birds. The feathered creatures, especially after a very frigid night, are fond of basking in the warm sunshine. Even the Horned Owl, much as he abhors the light, is not averse to having the grateful heat filter through his fluffy feathers and play upon his frost-chilled bones.

Of all the unusual happenings on a winter day outdoors, surely that of a flock of birds indulging in a Turkish bath would seem most grotesque and unreal. Nevertheless it is a fact. A group of Chickadees numbering eight or ten, have discovered that the water which issues from a spring in the Rocky Mountains is piping hot and thus most agreeable to bathe in during the season of frost and snow. Only the other day we observed them splashing in a shallow pool near to the steaming spring and spluttering in the slushy snow which edged the warm brook. There were old birds and young in the flock, and of these the more aged seemed to derive the greatest pleasure from this mid-winter bathing.

AMONGST the many deer which come to our door each day is one, a stately stag, broad-antlered and of graceful build. He stands, wide-eyed and open-eared, watching, listening, and if one might judge from his eloquent facial expression, pleading for a bit of bread, hoping for an apple or a large-sized potato. If darkness has fallen when he comes to call we are soon made aware of his arrival. Hoofs are pounded on the outside stairs, horns are rattled on the handrail. Once only have we been permitted to stroke his wiry coat of hair and touch his jet black shiny nose. Of late the lower parts of his horns, whereon are many prominent nodules, have been green as if moss-grown; this too at a season

when beams and tines are neither velvety nor yet the antlers near to casting time. Observing this green substance we were curious as to the cause and were at a loss to solve the problem. Presently, and not ten paces from the cabin door, he showed us in what manner the horns became green at the base. Proceeding to the edge of the clearing he thrust his antlered head into the heart of a willow bush. A few vigorous upward and downward thrusts of head and horns soon scarified the willow stems. In a few minutes the bark hung loose in long, fibrous strings which were at once eaten by the hungry deer. Only such parts of the willows as were close to the ground and stout enough to resist the pressure of the horns were stripped of bark.

With the approach of winter the great majority of birds native to North America are obliged, chiefly through lack of food, to migrate southwards. Many of our animals, unable to escape the cold and hunger of winter, have succeeded in suspending animation for a lengthy period and thus, in hibernation, sleep through the days and nights till spring has come again. Snakes disappear in winter but they cannot be said to hibernate, as that is a condition peculiar to mammals. These swift and sinuous reptiles, dreading the frost and snow, endeavor to find a warm refuge. Thus, groups of them may be discovered in mid-winter, buried under a mass of decaying vegetation, or in the midst of a manure pile where there is invariably a warmth from the decomposing material. A large number of snakes, coiled into a compact ball, will in such a place and manner contrive to escape the rigors of winter. In the side of Sulphur Mountain, in the main chain of the Rockies, there is a long subterranean tunnel hollowed out by the action of a very large spring of water. Inside, this cave is scarce high enough for a man to stand upright. Bats hang by the toes from its grottoed ceiling, a few birds have ventured to nest within its portals. One chamber is steam-heated from Nature's own boilers deep down in the earth and through it runs a gurgling stream of warm water. There are many dry nooks and crannies in the rocky walls. To this ideal winter lodging many snakes resort, doubtless complimenting each other on their good fortune in discovering, in a semi-Arctic zone, a habitation having a semi-tropical temperature.

These are but a few of our winter neighbors who, timid and aloof at other seasons of the year, are friendly and confiding when the earth is blanketed with snow and the tooth of frost is keen. Without the birds and beasts which winter in the Nor'lands the forests would lose much of their charm; the hills and plains would be entirely desolate.

Animals that Hibernate

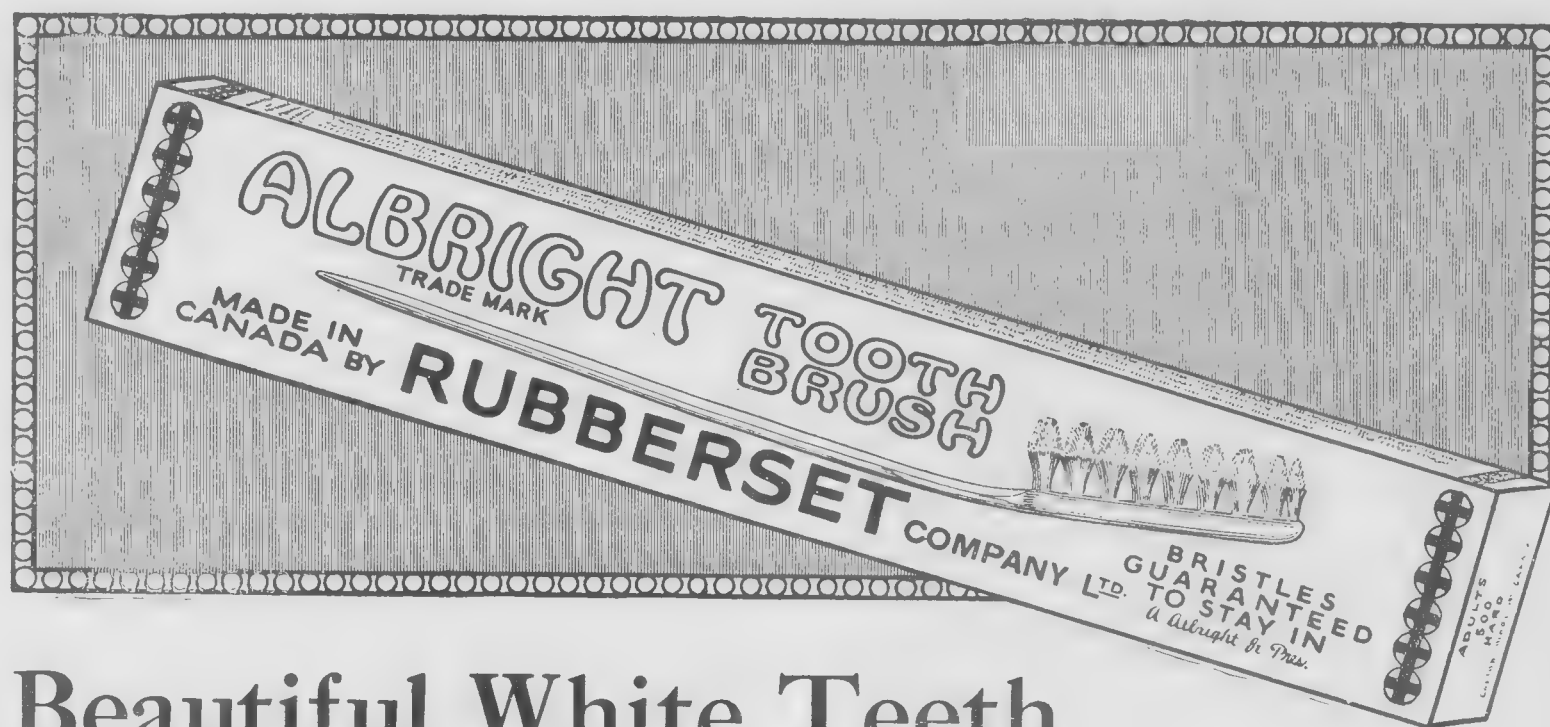
THE hibernation of animals in winter is one of the wonderful precautions which Nature provides for her wild creatures during a period when food is scarce and many animals would die if long experience had not taught them to fatten up in the summer and live through the winter on this accumulated store of power.

Brown bears and badgers partly hibernate, that is, they sleep for weeks at a time, but occasionally bestir themselves to go out and get food. The scientist, however, would not call this true hibernation, for, he says, to really hibernate, an animal must be in a state of complete torpor; must appear to be quite lifeless. An animal in this state is one of the marvels of the world. The breathing almost ceases, the heart beats faintly; the temperature of the body sinks to that of the place in which it lies. But great cold awakens the hibernating animal. Otherwise it might freeze to death. Heat will also recall the animal to consciousness, as witness their awakening in the spring.

Bats hibernate in the truest sense of the word. If we were to hold a bat under the water for a short time in the summer we could easily drown it. But after it has fallen into its winter sleep, we could hold it under water for half an hour and it would know nothing about it, nor would it be any the worse for the experience. Hedgehogs and many other small animals hibernate. Snakes, toads and frogs, snails, worms, etc., can support life in their state of torpor for a very long period. The squirrel sleeps the greater part of the winter, eating only occasionally;



Varying hare, commonly called "Snowshoe Rabbit" in winter coat



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This scientifically CORRECT toothbrush cleans teeth THOROUGHLY—brings out the dazzling beauty that stains and tartar often hide.

SOUND, beautiful white teeth are the greatest single aid we have to personal attractiveness and beauty. Everyone should have shining white teeth—and everyone can! All teeth are naturally pearly white no matter how badly they may be discolored on the surface by stains and tartar. The Albright Toothbrush will bring out this hidden beauty.

The bristle tufts in the Albright Toothbrush are wedge-shaped and widely-spaced. The longer bristles in the wedge slide in **between** and **around** the teeth while the shorter bristles clean the even surfaces. Every nook and corner of your teeth—every hard-to-get-at crevice—is subjected to the most thorough cleaning by a very simple up-and-down motion—an up-and-down motion which is facilitated by the concave handle of the brush and made doubly effective by the sloping shape of the bristle tufts.

The Albright Toothbrush was designed by 4,118 dentists. 15,000 dentists now approve it as the perfect toothbrush. The Albright Toothbrush is made in Canada. It is unconditionally guaranteed. Its bristles **stay in**—they can **never** come out. Celluloid handle gives Albright a beautiful clean appearance. Scientifically sanitary. Every brush comes in a sealed, sanitary glassine envelope enclosed in a protecting carton.

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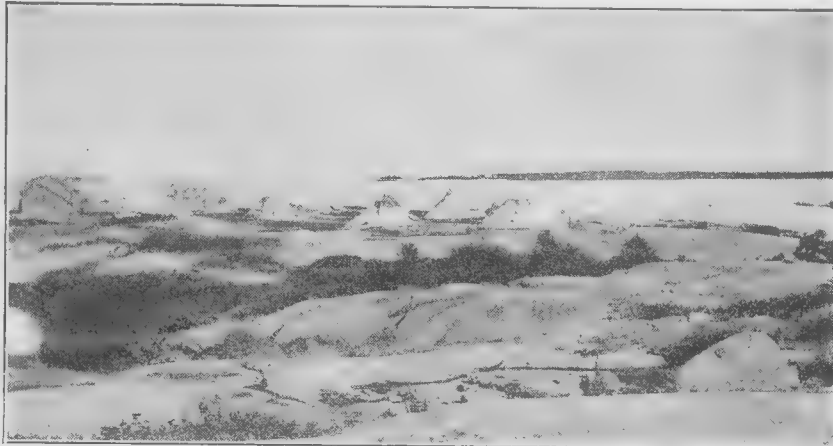
Fighting Fate on the Great Slave Lake

By A. de H. Smith

LIVING for a month on frozen food, sleeping always in wet clothes and in frozen blankets on the barren wind-swept shores of the Great Slave Lake as they battled with nature to save the fur-trade schooner *Speed*—and did; such is the record of D. K. Murdoff of Fort Resolution, North West Territories, and his crew of two men, word of whose exploits only reached Edmonton last week from the far north after four months of silence since the "moccasin telegraph of the Chipewyan Indians had stated simply "The *Speed* is lost."

Those who knew the fur country could well visualize the little schooner ashore on the ice-polished rocks; they at any rate appreciated that the nearest help the vessel was over 100 miles away,

Preparing to head back for Fort Resolution the following morning the crew of the schooner noted the wind changing. It whipped right round and commenced to blow into the rocky bay which had up until then sheltered the little vessel. On the big shallow lake storms gather quickly and where shining waters stretched as far as the eye could see, in a few minutes combers would be tumbling in, twenty and thirty feet high. There being no shelter and everywhere a mass of reefs and rocks, "we had no choice but to try and sneak out," said Murdoff in his laconic report to the office. In running for another shelter the little schooner had to be taken out in the teeth of the gale, and in the heavy sea then running, both the skiff and canoe



Tee-pees of the Dogrib Indians at Fort Rae, N.W.T. It was to this post that Murdoff "paddled his own canoe" for four days to obtain a battery for the engine of the stranded schooner. The battery would not work, so he paddled back again.

and they were aware that Murdoff himself was a cripple from rheumatism and forced to hobble about on crutches, so what chance for him and his schooner? At the Edmonton office of the Northern Trading Company, the owners of the vessel, a different opinion was expressed however, and they, knowing the resourcefulness of their northern superintendent, said casually, "Oh, he'll be all right. They'll see him at Resolution after the freeze-up." But he "beat them to it," paddling a canoe across the Great Slave Lake just as the first slush ice was commencing to form.

belonging to the vessel were swamped, but the *Speed* managed to make an anchorage in a maze of uncharted islands. The northman records briefly that "the weather was now bad, changing from rain to snow and with frosts," but nothing was mentioned about the crippled man hobbling about the icy decks on his crutches and pumping for hours, trying to keep ahead of the leak which the seas had sprung in the schooner.

Everything aboard the vessel being wet and frozen, the three men went ashore for the night, taking shelter under



The Indian settlement at the mouth of the Yellowknife River, Great Slave Lake, near which place the "Speed" was sunk. The picture shows a group of trading vessels in port for the annual treaty payments to the Indians. The "Speed" is the schooner in the centre of the picture and nearest to the group on shore.

For many years the *Speed* has been employed on the Company's business on the northern lake carrying trade goods to the outlying posts, bringing in the fish harvest for the winter and so on, in this instance being on a voyage to Fort Rae with a mixed cargo for the Northern Trading Company's post there.

With a full load under the hatches and hampered on the deck by canoes and thirteen team dogs, the *Speed* left Fort Resolution at daylight on September 18th, made the crossing of the Great Slave successfully and the following night tied up at Hardisty island, where three trappers—the McQueen brothers—their dogs and goods were landed.

the lee of a rock and keeping themselves warm with a fire of willow twigs, there being no trees along the rocky north coast. Next morning Murdoff was up at daylight to tackle the work in hand and reached the beach just in time to see the *Speed* settling down in a watery grave, and before they could reach her the schooner had sunk with only her masts showing.

With the water pressure the hatches burst open and out floated the precious cargo; bales of cloth, sacks of flour and other trade goods needed for the winter trade at Fort Rae. At once the semi-frozen three went to work to salvage

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Getting Acquainted With Our Writers

Francis Dickie

FRANCIS DICKIE, Canadian writer, is very Canadian, his ancestors on the paternal side being Canadian for four generations. His parents came from Ontario to Manitoba ahead of the railroad in 1880, and travelled by ox-team from Fort Garry to Portage la Prairie, later making their home at the frontier hamlet of Carberry, Manitoba. Here Francis Dickie was born in 1890, and

went to school in a typical prairie town, a vigorous, bustling place, symbolic of the early days.

Leaving high school at fifteen he took a job time-keeping for a large land clearing gang in northern Manitoba. In 1906 he joined a Canadian Pacific survey party. For the next four years he followed surveying in various parts of Canada, working for the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian National Railways. In these years he saw a great deal of frontier life, and personally saw and played a part in the rapid expansion and settlement of the country that came with the tremendous activity in railroad building marking that period.

In the winter of 1909, Mr. Dickie, having emulated the carefree grasshopper of the fairy tale, rather than the frugal ant, found himself broke in the frontier city of Edmonton. He shipped to a logging camp at Dore, British Columbia. After a few weeks work felling trees he quit, determined to go to the South Seas. Walking from camp to the nearest railway station he fell in with a tall and striking old man of about sixty, who was bound for his cabin in the mountains near Columbia Falls, Montana. He invited the adventure-seeking boy of 19 to spend winter with him. The invitation was accepted. They walked fourteen exceedingly toilsome miles into a wild and desolate mountain section, only to find the man's cabin had been broken in and looted of entire stock of winter provisions. The striking old man, Mr. Dickie later learned, was a train-robber of note. Saying good-bye to him, the boy took to the "open road." He hoboed across the American continent in the next six months time, and became an adept at riding trains on top, underneath, on "blind baggages," and once even rode the narrow space back of the cow-catcher on a fast California express. On the "open road" he had many exciting adventures, and saw much of strange life. These experiences he has incorporated in a book entitled "Strange Souls En Route," which will be published in the near future simultaneously in England, the Colonies and the United States, as well as in Canada.

In 1911, Mr. Dickie joined the editorial staff of the Calgary Herald as police reporter, and witnessed the final stages of the transformation of this famous cow town into one of Canada's most up-to-date modern cities. Two years later he went to the Edmonton Daily Capital newspaper as reporter, and was later dramatic editor, and later for a time, editor. In 1914-15 he travelled across Canada writing articles for a string of American newspapers on Canadian War Activities at home. Completing this work he became connected with the military publicity department in Toronto.

In 1913, Mr. Dickie was awarded second prize in the Edmonton Journal short story contest, and a few weeks later, second prize for the best motion picture play having a Canadian setting, this awarded by the Conness-Till Film company of Toronto. Deserting the newspaper field in 1916, Mr. Dickie gave all his time to the writing of short stories and novels. About 150 of his stories have been published to date in leading English, Canadian and American magazines, and three novels serially. One of these novels "The Master Breed" appeared in book form in 1923. In 1921, the Book-fellows of Chicago published his history of Robert Louis Stevenson's sailing ship "Casco." In March 1924, Mr. Dickie was awarded the first prize of \$500 by Hutchinson & Company of London, England, for the best short story in their International competition. The judges were De Vere Stacpoole, Gilbert Frankau and Sir Philip Gibbs. About 5,000 mss. were submitted.

Recently Mr. Dickie went into the wilderness and built a home on the sea shore near Heriot Bay, Quadra Island, one of the rocky fir-clad islands off the coast of British Columbia. The deer and the grouse often feed about the house. A novel entitled "The Wilderness Passes," based on the writer's experiences in the British Columbia wilderness, will be published in book form next year. The writer has just completed a novel dealing with the settlement of Manitoba. In this story he related the hardships and pleasures of those days, also the organization of the first Farmers' Party. The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway forms the background. This is the first historic novel ever written of Manitoba, but while correct historically it is a novel of love, romance and mystery. For the past 12 years Mr. Dickie has been an almost monthly contributor of stories, articles and serials to the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

Fighting Fate on the Great Slave Lake

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what they could, wading into the ice cold water and shoving or carrying the bales and boxes ashore. "In this way we saved a good deal," said Murdoff.

Then, nothing daunted, they set to work to get the boat afloat again, this being their only salvation as the navigation season was over and nothing would pass the spot for another month or six weeks when the dog teams would be travelling on the ice. Fort Rae was "four sleeps" away and Fort Resolution a hundred miles across the angry lake. So at it they went, working all day in the water and snow, rigged up spars to lift the vessel and by dark she was again riding the waves, ice coated and be-draggled, but undeniably afloat.

It was then discovered that the immersion in the ice cold water had "killed" the engine, while again the wind shifted and rose, and with the sails in ribbons and no power they "did the best they could" in the frigid cabin and "trusted to luck." For two days they huddled in the schooner momentarily expecting the anchor chain to give way and cast them on to the coast—but it held. But worse befell them for the anchor dragged and the *Speed* was blown over a reef with only six inches of water to clear her and then settled down in a cradle of rock.

On the third day the wind changed and the men commenced the task of getting

Continued on page 48

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it...you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Your smile
will show dazzling
clear teeth in a few
days if you do this



This simple, NEW method, removes the stubborn
film that hides the natural beauty of your teeth

TEN years ago dull and dingy teeth increase, and ugly teeth the order of the day. were seen on every side. Today they are becoming a rarity. Note the gleaming smiles you see now wherever your eyes turn.

Please don't believe your teeth are "different"; that they are naturally off-color and dull. You can correct that condition remarkably in even a few days.

Modern science has discovered new methods of tooth protection and tooth beauty. Millions now employ them. Leading dentists advise them. In fairness to yourself, make the test offered here.

DO THIS—Remove that dingy film; it invites tooth troubles and ugliness

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film.

That film is an enemy to your teeth. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles and decay now are traced to this film. Old-time methods could not successfully combat it. That's why tooth troubles were on the

3 times daily— then note the difference

In Pepsodent dental science has discovered two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle the film, then remove it.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the clearness and whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

Old methods of cleansing fail in these results.

Harsh gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.

Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method. It marks the latest findings in modern scientific research.

It will give you the lustrous teeth you wonder how other people get. It will give you better protection against tooth troubles. And, too, against gum troubles; for it firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Use it three times daily—morning, evening, at bed-time—then note the remarkable difference in your teeth.

FILM the worst
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You can feel it with your tongue

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The Floor Should Add Beauty

No Room Can Be Successful, if Its Floor Is Not Harmonious and Kept in Beautiful Condition

By Sylvia Sims

THE room that is to be satisfying, no matter what room in the house it may be, must *begin* right. And if we can really identify the beginning of a room's effect, surely it is the floor. Everyone knows the room that has been ruined by its floor—because it has been unsuitable, improperly cared for or badly finished.

To consider first the point of suitability. It is one which deserves a little real study, especially if one has not an entirely open choice in the matter. It is really not so difficult to decide upon the flooring and floor treatment for a room, if one is building or doing over a house. It is more difficult to choose the suitable floor treatment, when it is a matter of making the best of certain existing conditions. For instance, one is faced with the problem of a deeply grooved and roughened floor, with wide cracks and apparently no off-setting virtues. What to do with it? To plane or not to plane? To stain or not to stain? Make it light, make it dark?

Or the bedroom floor—smooth enough, perhaps, but its pine boards guiltless of any finish. Shall it be stained? Painted? Or completely covered?

To make the decision which will govern the floor's treatment, we must have a mind-picture of the whole room.

The hardwood floor, preferably that which is of oak, is of course the prime favourite. It has beauty of its own, to begin with—wherefore we are careful to *bring out* its natural grain, rather than allow it to be lost in any way. The hardwood floor, too, is well and closely laid; the problem of cracks is minimized. Given proper care, it is a floor that will improve with time because every treatment adds a little to its accumulated beauty—as witnessed by the rich and mellowed floors in old English houses—floors with a soft, deep glow that comes from a thousand waxings.

Wax is, of course, essential to the beautiful hardwood floor. Nothing else will give the same result. With repeated waxings, the wood absorbs and absorbs; its pores are filled, its surface evenly, beautifully finished. The person with a new hardwood floor, who can start right from the beginning with wax and only wax, is in a fortunate position. That floor can be made a thing of ever-increasing beauty.

The labour of waxing a floor has been reduced to most reasonable proportions by modern methods. Good floor wax is now to be had ready for use; in fact, it is available in either paste or liquid form. Ingenious appliances have been invented for putting on the wax; weight is necessary to polish it, but the modern weighted brush solves that problem because it is so built that it exerts plenty of pressure on the floor but is comparatively easy to move back and forth. One may even

have a weighted polishing brush that is operated by electricity, now-a-days.

IF it has been deemed wise to give a soft-wood floor a coating of varnish stain or of stain followed by shellac, it should be applied *with* the grain of the wood, with a fairly wide brush. Such a floor is kept dusted with a soft brush and is rubbed over with a little wax or with an oil mop—but never with both. Oil and wax are enemies to one another; they must never both be used on the same surface.

If you are deciding to apply the varnish stain or a stain and shellac, to a pine floor in your house, you must again think first of suitability. The varnish or stain will be obtainable in a number of colours; the varnish stain is perhaps a little easier for the amateur to handle, but it is well to keep in mind that its colours are apt to be a little deeper; there are times when the need for a lighter shade makes it worth while to give the double application. Walnut stain is advised in preference to mahogany, especially where the flooring leaves something to be desired. Repeated experiments have established the fact that walnut is the most generally harmonious and the least conspicuous finish for a floor and is therefore the kindest in covering up deficiencies. Mahogany draws attention and is heartless about showing up defects. Light stains, too, should be restricted to floors that are beautiful as to grain and condition.

The very rough floor which is to be stained, should be gone over with a small plane to remove the roughest and most splintery pieces but it is unwise to attempt to make such a floor really smooth. It is unwise, too, to attempt the use of crack-fillers; in the end, the filled crack will be more conspicuous than the unfilled one, because nineteen times out of twenty the filler does not react the same as the wood to the finish you put on. The well-applied walnut stain will make the best job of such a floor and will be most considerate of its shortcomings.

A floor which is subjected to heavy and careless traffic—is the farm kitchen, perhaps—sometimes better to be treated with boiled linseed oil. The oil should be heated a little and rubbed thoroughly into the wood until it will absorb no more. A small section should be done at a time and care taken to leave no free oil on the surface. Rubbing over with a damp mop occasionally, followed by an oil mop, will keep this floor in satisfactory shape.

LINOLEUM, of course, offers a kitchen floor that is to be preferred above any such treatment. No woman need desire a better floor covering, judged from any point of view. She may select a linoleum in any colour combination she desires, in a large or small pattern, a tile block or a patterning intricate to the point of reproducing the designs of Oriental rugs. And linoleum is most easy to care for. It should be well fitted and cemented down, then given a well-rubbed-in coat of wax. A light waxing once a week will keep it in good condition and in time, will build up a surface that is almost impervious to dirt—because the pores are so well filled and the linoleum is so soft and pliant that there is no drying or cracking possible. There is a wide range in prices; inlaid linoleum costs considerably but will give indefinite hard wear; a good printed linoleum is next best.

SOMETIMES we have under consideration a room which does not quite fall into any of the classifications we have discussed. Perhaps it is a bedroom, which we have decided to lift from stodginess to charm. Its floor is not of hardwood, therefore we cannot aim at the effect of restful, immaculate spaces such as those in our illustration. We are planning, perhaps, to give it lovely walls of grey-blue or palest primrose using wallpaper or oil or water paint, as the case may be. We have not, perhaps, very much that is handsome to put into the room. We are going to rely principally upon *colour* to gain the desired effect. That being the case, everything in the room *must* contribute definitely to that colour scheme.

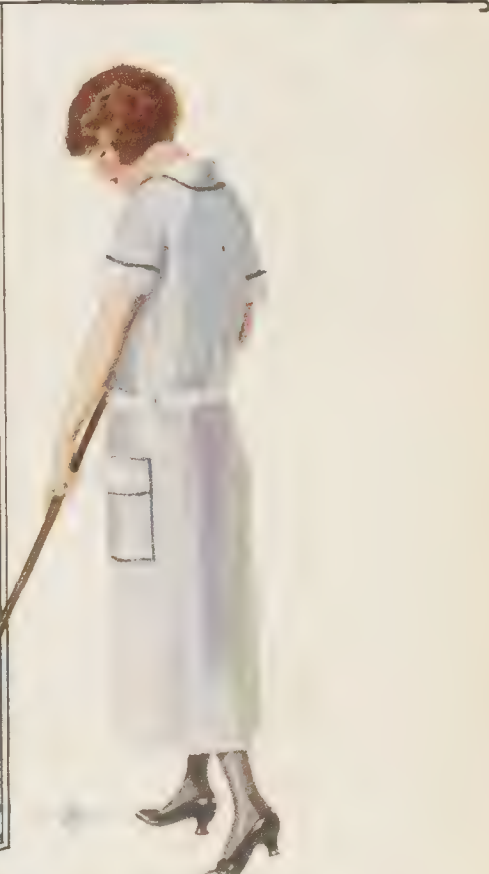
Walnut or other stains do not quite fall in with the mental picture that has become, so to speak, our working drawing. What to do?

We turn to paint. We decide that with our grey-blue walls, delicate, exquisite—a grey-blue floor, deeper but harmonizing exactly, will make a most definite contribution. We will weigh the proportions of our room very carefully and decide whether or not the base-board, doors and window trim shall be in our deep tone, or in exactly that of the walls. If the room is inclined to be small, we can get an effect of greater space by holding persistently to an unbroken stretch of colour in walls and woodwork. If space is not so important a consideration, we may decide that a certain amount of the deep colour would balance with certain articles of furniture, in a pleasing manner.

Of course, the painted floor should never be a hit-or-miss affair. It need not always assume such definite

Continued on page 25

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX



This New, Easy Way to have Beautiful Waxed Floors and Linoleum

"What an immaculate kitchen—I wish my mother could see it! She thinks the kitchen is the heart of the home and judges a woman largely by the kind of a kitchen she keeps. How do you manage it without help?"

"It's the floor that gives you that impression of cleanliness. About a year ago I read a linoleum advertisement claiming that waxed linoleum which had actually been down six years showed less wear than unwaxed linoleum showed after six months. So, as a matter of economy, I waxed my kitchen. This linoleum cost us

nearly a hundred dollars and I must make it last a long time.

"No, it isn't hard work at all. I bought one of those Johnson Floor Polishing Outfits which includes a lamb's-wool mop for applying liquid wax without stooping—and a weighted brush for polishing. Since then I've been waxing the floors every couple of weeks. It's as easy as running a carpet sweeper, and in a few minutes the floor is beautifully polished.

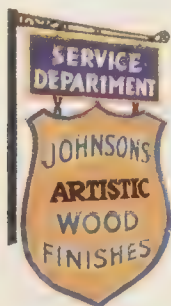
"I don't have to wash my linoleum nearly as often as I did before waxing. And then it's so easy—more like washing off a piece

of glass than a floor! It has wonderfully improved the appearance of my hands too—I don't touch them to the floor or the wax.

"We wax our wood floors too. Twice a year we go over them with Johnson's Liquid Wax. This gives a beautiful, hard, dry polish. I re-wax the doorways, passages and traffic spots as soon as they start to show wear, but that only takes a few minutes! All of my furniture and woodwork is polished with Liquid Wax too. That's what gives my rooms that air of immaculate cleanliness you noticed."

\$7.25 Floor Polishing Outfit \$5.50

Any store displaying this sign can furnish the Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit. These stores also carry a full line of Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes.



It's the new, easy way to have beautiful waxed floors and linoleum. This Outfit Consists of:

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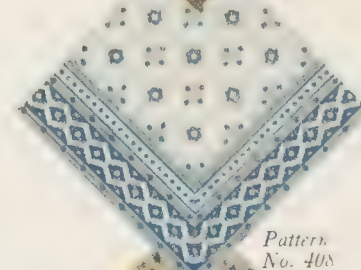
Pattern No. 544



Pattern No. 518



Pattern No. 396



Pattern No. 408



Pattern No. 532



Pattern No. 536

The Dream Garden

By F. P. Chandler

At dusk Agnes Copley put the cover on her sewing-machine with a sigh of relief. She had worked until it was too dark to see clearly and this was the moment when, to save gas, she took her short daily outing. Later she would come back and sew far into the night, but now was her time of freedom.

Already, as though in anticipation of that little walk, the lines on her drawn face, caused through overwork of a tiring sort, seemed ironed out, and the dullness in her eyes changed to anticipation.

She picked up threads of material and tidied up the little room, then she put on her hat and shabby little coat, for it was cold when dusk fell, though autumn was lasting well and winter had not yet sent its frost to chill everything.

Once outside, Agnes began to hurry, threading her way through the sordid little streets that lay around her modest dwelling, she came at last to a quiet, shadowy lane, and now, with a little contented sigh, she stopped.

From that moment she was a different woman. No longer did she seem to be Agnes Copley, who did the sewing for her neighbors, who strove with new fashions in a vague endeavour to turn out the latest style for the girls and young women around. She was living in an enchanted land. The reason, too, was not hard to find. There, bordering the road, away from house or dwelling place, was a garden, where, in hot June time, roses flowered sooner than anywhere else around. They had fallen, that first wonderful cascade of roses, but they had come again, a wonderful second blooming that was not over even yet. It was as though God loved this garden, and so let the flowers stay on after the summer was over, and every other garden was bare and desolate.

Agnes did not know who owned this little strip of ground, crowded with scented blooms, but she blessed the gardener who had made such a wonderful spot for those who passed to stay for a moment to find rest, solace, aye, even youth there.

For to tired little Agnes Copley it was a dream garden. Here the lavender bush, that stood screened by the Canterbury bells in summer, by wallflowers in spring, was now almost hidden by great tawny chrysanthemums, hanging golden heads. But they never could hide the scent. Right up under the far wall ranks of purple Michaelmas daisies swayed like butterflies astray for an hour. Great, many-colored dahlias smiled at her, and lumps of gladiolas sent scarlet spears into the air.

"I love you, beautiful garden!" she breathed, and she leaned over the little, white-painted gate, and drew in deep breaths of happiness.

Was that a little toddling bairn that stumbled unsteadily across the grass to catch the nodding daisies? Was that a chime of baby voices that the little old maid heard? Who can tell what fairy visions thronged the garden?

A distant bell chimed the hour. Agnes started and lifted her face. There were tears in her eyes, but there was a glory there, too. Then, with a whispered caress to the flowers, the little spinster turned away. There was always tomorrow to come. Life was very beautiful, she mused, as she went home. Always, after she had seen the garden, she had a feeling that God loved her very much.

She sewed far into the night. Girls were impatient nowadays an' wanted their new things as if by magic. Agnes always tried to do her best. But she did not sew in a little close room. Now it was a garden where the chimes of small, sweet voices, and the touch of little clinging hands kept time with her needle.

AS Agnes Copley moved away from the garden there slipped out from the thick hedge that divided this little patch of bloom from a much bigger portion of ground, a man. For a moment he came and leaned there, too. For weeks now Herbert Goodwin had watched Agnes come, had watched her go. All his life he had missed the way to love. He had never known any other love but his garden. "After all, a garden can't break your heart," he would murmur when he felt lonely in the little cottage hidden behind the thick hedge. All the same, he was lonely. That was why he planted a garden right there on the edge of the road, so that he could hear the folk who passed talking

Sometimes it was a little fat baby who would cry out for one of those dancing gold and red poppies that swayed like jewelled spangles. Sometimes it was an old lady who would murmur that it was a wicked waste to grow a garden here, when land was so valuable and folks were crying out for cottages. That abashed Herbert for a moment, but others came who were grateful.

Sometimes in summer, when the light faded slowly into purple night, lovers would wander past and lean over, unashamedly touching hands, and speak sweet words as crooning as the birds that nested there. There they would stand still and look, and find each other's eyes, and pass on. Married folk sometimes

up for her, appeared, but the face of the child was hidden in flowers. "These have been left for you, Miss Copley. I've put them in a jug." She put the jug down on the table and went off. For a moment Agnes thought she was dreaming. Surely these were the same tawny chrysanthemums that had smiled at her with their nodding, golden heads from the garden? Surely, the same purple daisies? And the scent! It took her back to the land of her dreams. She stood by the lavender bush.

"I must get well," she said softly. "I must." Sooner than she thought, she got up; sooner than was right she was downstairs again among her bits of stuff, turning the handle of the sewing machine. Yet all the time fresh flowers came. Yesterday there had been a slip of paper nestling in among the blossoms. "If you cannot come to the garden, the garden must come to you." There was no name but she knew that it must be from the owner of the garden. He must have seen her!

She dared not go near the garden again, though she went out, facing the cold winds that brought desolation to the flowers.

She took little quiet walks among the streets. Alas, what joy, what inspiration lay in the streets! But it wasn't the same as the garden. When she got back, tied to the door handle was a bunch of flowers, and there was a note.

"The garden is lonely. Won't you pay it a visit?"

The color flamed into her cheeks. But—she went. Timidly she stood there, and the gate, the little white-painted gate she had looked over so often, opened as if by magic. She knew great happiness as only those do who have the child-heart, though to the world they look just uninteresting old maids.

She walked up the garden, and the leaves that fell seemed a carpet for her. "It's as though the very leaves love you," Herbert Goodwin said, and he stepped out of the arbor that she had never known was there.

"Oh!" she said uncertainly. Then, "You sent the flowers? It was so kind. I think I got well to see the garden again."

"The garden missed its best friend," he said simply. Was his hair beginning to grey at the temples? Was he fond of wearing his old, shabby coat? No matter. He was a prince to her.

Was she, too, poor and tired and pale, and badly dressed? She might have worn Cinderella's glass slippers and a satin gown, for all she knew.

"You'll come again?" he said, as she turned to go, a little troubled because her heart fluttered so.

She nodded, and tremulously, she came again, and yet again.

Though the snow fell and winter set in, Agnes continued to visit the garden. It was still beautiful in its soft, white snow blanket. The hedge was a solid wall of gleaming white, the bushes were rounded white mounds, and the evergreens were laden with fluffy festoons. The place became a haven for the little hungry sparrows and a few chubby juncos, for every day she brought crumbs for her little friends.

Then followed the spring, and Agnes came every evening and watched Herbert as he turned the fragrant earth and prepared the garden for its summer glories. He liked to have her there, flitting about so naturally, and occasionally helping to decide such momentous questions as the location of the clumps of purple iris, and the border plants to be used along the path.

He was a very shy man; he had never dared to tell her what lay in his heart. And then one warm June twilight when the air was heavy with the scent of the roses, it came about so naturally. The gate was closed as she approached, and he opened it with a gesture very expressive.

"Come into your garden," he said softly, pleadingly. "Your garden," she corrected, staring at him.

"Our garden," he said earnestly. "Let it be our garden, Agnes," and he took her hand and kissed it. Thus it was that Herbert Goodwin proposed, or was it the garden? Thus it was that Agnes Copley became the happiest woman born.

Now, perhaps, if you leaned on that little white gate, you might see small childish figures catching with little fat hands at the blossoms, and toddling gravely up the path—but now, they would not be only dreams!

Where Willows Whisper

By Pamela Snowden

I know a stream where the willows whisper.

Softly, gently, lovingly,

Where branches green caress the waters

Lingering across the lea.

Shadows dip where swallows skim,

Sunbeams trip where cowslips lie,

Nestling deep in darkling mosses

Violets peep—dear flecks of sky.

Adown the stream where willows whisper,

We could drift there, you and I,

Hear the dear, sweet, silent voices

Tell of Loves that never die.

We could hear the night-bird singing.

Calling softly, lovingly,

We might find our day-dreams winging

Closer yet, if we could see.

Ah, dear heart, where willows whisper,

Softly, gently, lovingly,

Let us listen to the message

Waiting there for you and me.

Breezes whispering 'mong the willows

Carry treasures sought of old,

All the joys of wondrous Nature

Are to those whose hearts unfold.

stood there; a woman's tired eyes would light up, the man's, somehow, softening, too. All hearts were vaguely touched by the garden.

"It's like a bit of youth and love come back," a wife's lips muttered, and she made up the quarrel: she had been nagging, not because "he" had done anything much, but just because wash-day had been so hard. But always she came, the little woman in black and dun greys, and he would watch for her face, as it shone out of the dusk, a pale oval, with eyes that had fallen down from the stars, and lips parted in ecstasy; hidden dreams were there, and yet Herbert could read them, and always he knew she would come again.

"It's the world's garden," he said, for he too had the soul of a dreamer. And then one day—she did not come!

AGNES COPLEY lay in her little room and tried to focus her thoughts. It was hard to be ill. She was too poor to indulge in that luxury of the wealthy. She had just drifted into ill-health; overwork, and yet again overwork, and then a snap.

She was frail, and she would go at her work harder than ever. Indeed, she was fretting now, because she would have to make up for her rest. There came a knock, and Agnes said feebly, "Come in." The little girl from next door, who had come to tidy



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CHURCH'S HOT or COLD WATER
Alabastine

January in the Mail Order Department

Edith G. Bayne

WOMEN will change anything. They have changed the fashions and the destiny of empires and the map of the world. They have even been known—but tell it not in Gath—to change the figures on a price ticket. An indulgent world long ago accorded them the privilege of changing their minds, and modern commerce, recognizing certain unstable tendencies in the shopping sex, has been at pains to establish a system for the return and exchange of purchases—hence the existence of the numerous try-again departments in every large store. Ninety per cent. of the goods accepted at these counters are the purchases of women.

Take a look at the line-up at any hour of any day and you will observe that it's a skirted one. Where a solitary male being has ventured to join it you may be sure it's because his wife has sent him. He wears the look of a whipped pup, or a groom at a wedding party. He tries to press in and get his business done, but finds himself continually shunted away until his spirit and the frail package he carries are all but crushed.

Women may be depended upon to take full advantage of the money-back-if-not-satisfied privilege. They now have the exchange habit so deeply rooted that it's quite a common thing for a woman to set out on a deliberate buying orgy on a Monday, continuing the debauch Tuesday and Wednesday, and spending the last three days of the week sobering up at the exchange desk.

There was a shoe sale at one of the big stores. Outside of the mere fact of crowds, a shoe sale is like no other sale on earth. For one thing, that symbol of separation, the counter, is absent. Salesman and customer meet on a common footing, as it were, and a certain degree of social intercourse is the result. A lady may allow a gentleman to hold her foot with perfect propriety and for an hour at a time while she chats with the stranger in the next seat-compartment and listens to a tale of woe and bunions. Or she may roam around at leisure and watch all the number seven feet being coaxed into Cinderella-sized shoes to the accompaniment of facial contortions and moans indescribable. All that a shoe sale lacks is pink tea and macaroons, with an orchestra in the background. It is an event eagerly anticipated by many people. From the beginning the sex that is hard to satisfy exercises all its prerogatives and the clerks all the patience they can muster.

"How in the world," asked a little old lady of a very busy and alert young man, "can you remember always to whom to bring the parcel and change? I've watched you and you never make a mistake!"

"Well, you see, madam," he answered gravely, "I never forget a face I've fitted a pair of shoes on."

A fat little foreign woman was arguing with one of the salesgirls. She held a pair of white canvas shoes tied together at the top of the heels with string, but one was a five and the other a seven. Three times they had sent her to the exchange desk and each time she refused to hand over the odd pair. The third time they took them from her by force and threw them on a huge pile of "returns," but while the clerk was making out the slip of paper that is "as good as money anywhere in the store," the woman climbed on the "fence," reached over, and secured the shoes again. It was only when another foreign woman, better versed in English, appeared and acted as interpreter, that the first one's wants became at all clear. She desired to buy an odd pair. "Her 'feets' didn't match." Not her mistake if a five and a seven got paired off—only her good luck! She was allowed to buy them, and went off beaming.

Following a big wedding, business fairly hums at the silverware and cut-glass exchanges. At times these departments have every appearance of a special exhibit. A recent bride received seven

duplicates of a cut glass berry bowl, which she ascertained had been bought at a certain big departmental store, and on the day after the wedding the bride's mother and sister duly appeared with six of the bowls to barter.

The young woman at an exchange in another shop tells of two girls, brides, one of whom received nothing but silver and the other nothing but cut glass as wedding gifts, with the result that both were greatly cast down until it was suggested that they enter into a system of swap between themselves, leaving the store to take the residue off their hands. It ended satisfactorily for everybody.

BUT it's on December 26th and thereafter for several weeks that the exchanges experience the biggest rush, in the return of unwanted gifts. An exchange clerk ought by every right to be a hard-boiled pessimist, during the month of January at least. The things he sees and hears are enough to change a Cheeryble into a Scrooge for life.

"Say, I wanta change this chromo my mother-in-law sent me for something a little niftier—get me?"

"Please give me the money for this silk blouse. I wouldn't wear it to a cat fight! You see, my friend's taste's all in her mouth. She's awful good-hearted, but she's color-blind."

"Make me out a slip for this doo-dad. I haven't got a bit of use for it, really. I'll pick out something else, something I really want."

And so on all day from early morning till the closing gong sounds. Gift-giving on the whole seems a colossal farce. One exchange has two notices on its walls—"Keep Smiling," and "Don't Worry." They need them.

But you don't really have to explain that the shoes pinched or the color didn't go with Sally's suit or the underwear scratched Bobby. If the goods haven't been soiled, damaged, or obviously worn, you receive your exchange slip and no questions asked. Debarred from exchange of course are veils, rubber goods, false hair, jewellery that has been initialed, kid gloves that have been "tried on," and material cut from the piece.

As illustrating the doctrine of the square deal and the customer-is-always-right supposition one firm did a kindly act not long ago which, however, must not be taken as establishing a precedent. A woman bought a child's frock for \$15 which she carried away with her. But on reaching home she discovered that her parcel contained a cold meat fork ticketed at \$1.50. She had been in only the one store. Very evidently she had mislaid her own purchase somewhere and picked up somebody else's. She went back, and after some parley the firm returned her the \$15. This was chancing it, but it so happened that the next morning another woman appeared with the frock. It occasionally pays no doubt to give the customer the benefit of a dubious circumstance.

But on the other hand—

Everybody knows the story of the woman who ordered a fur coat on Saturday "on approval," sending it back on Monday with a hymn-book in the pocket. Recently a coat was returned to a certain big firm with two ferry tickets and a theatre program in the pocket. It was a sweater coat, but the idea is the same. Sometimes a sagacious little dressmaker, unknown as such to the saleswoman, orders a frock sent to her address over the week-end. She copies it and returns it as unsuitable. A close watch is kept on suspects of this sort, particularly in the case of imported models. Now and then handsome pieces of pottery, rugs, pictures or silverware will be ordered "on approval"—to adorn a drawing-room for a party that night, or to figure, as in the case of the silver, at the feast! But a trick like this hasn't been played for some time. The vigilance is too keen. Besides, a splendid spirit manifests itself between store and patron, more so now than ever, since the public has seen that

the big stores are the leaders in cutting down H.C.L. prices.

And the try-again department or bureau of second thoughts carries on. Created first partly as a concession to the fickle-minded, it has evolved into a regular and smoothly-run system, as much a part of store machinery as the elevator or the pneumatic cash tubes. Mere man admits that it's a convenience, even after he's been obliged to buck the line in order to get a look-in himself, for not infrequently the missus, in the sober light of the morning after, exchanges the near-Paris gown for a made-in-Canada one plus a set of dishes, and a pair of pyjamas and three shirts for the good man of the house.

PERHAPS you think, if you have thought about it at all, that mail order clerks like most other people settle down to a nice restful slack period after the Christmas rush and twiddle their thumbs for awhile. Glance over the January mail on just one employee's desk and learn otherwise.

"Dear sirs," writes an apologetic customer, "Some misguided, but I have no doubt sincere and kindly soul sent me as a Christmas gift the tie I am returning under separate cover. Be so kind as to exchange for a fried-egg lifter and six noiseless soup-spoons."

"Dear Sirs," another writes, "The wife gave me this new-fangled pipe with the salt-shaker top for Christmas. Please send instead one quart thermos bottle and a pound of good mild tobacco—for my old smoke-stained trusty. P.S.—Send package to my office address."

And "the wife" writes by the very same mail: "Please take back these long-sleeved bungalow aprons my husband went and ordered. I have eight already. Send me instead a pair of synthetic jade ear-rings with drops."

"Gentlemen," begins a proud young father, "Am returning engraved gold baby-pin with 'Pat' on it. The child was 'Pat' till born—then it became Patricia. Kindly engrave the remaining letters and send back at once."

"Dear Sirs," says a reproachful young man, "I writ you sum time ago and ast what to get fur a girl she ain't my girl yet but will be if I hit on the right pressunt fur her. Now gents pick out a good one and hang the expents you can go as high as 1\$ and 25 cents. P.S. Have saw a good brooch on page 233."

Another young man has a sporting proposition and writes: "The parcel came and opened up O.K. Could you stake me to a prospectors' outfit and one good saxophone in exchange for ten shares in a promising mine, shaft as yet not sunk but everything looks jake from the top."

Of a different sort is the favor requested in the following:

"Gentlemen: The stockings don't fit so am sending for a size larger. I am 80 years of age and must have pure wool. I hope you had a bright Christmas. Please distribute the enclosed tracts around the office and heaven will bless you."

"Sirs," demands the next, "have had no word of the glasses I sent to be repaired away before Christmas. Your 'optimist' made me see cross-eyed the time before but at any rate he got them back to me in two days. What is the delay?"

"Gents: Am returning the so-called bearskin coat," states another exasperated customer. "Ha ha, bearskin, eh? Say, I have shot bears and I never come

across none that wore this kind of skin. If you think you can pick a coonskin any better you can try but if it don't suit me no better I will take my trade elsewhere."

And here's a man who wants the firm to omit their label from the outside of the next parcel, "as my bro-in-law thinks I should deal at his store and I don't want to get in any worse with the wife's folks than I am."

"Sirs," fumes another, "you are the worst company I ever dealt with, bar none. Every time I write you out an order I wonder why I do it. Now this time—" (here follow two pages of complaints) "Send instead a pair of striped men's shirts, two good ladies' veils, brown, white, one dark lady's housedress, a knitted infant's rompers and a reliable alarm clock. If not here Wednesday at latest you can take goods right back."

The next customer's package came to grief in transit. He believed it was placed against a hot water radiator in some express office but doesn't absolve the firm from blame, either wholly or in part. "The hat-cleanser exploded," he wails, "the raisins got stuck on the flannelette nighties and the tinned tongue cooked in its own juice. Take back your damaged goods and send me my money. Christmas is over, and so was Hallowe'en some time ago," he adds sarcastically.

A lady "feels so sorry to have to return hat J116X," but it transpires that another woman in her town ordered one exactly like it, "and wore hers first." So will the firm send hat J116W instead and oblige?

A gentleman addressed the firm: "Sir. Madam or Both" and returns a number of misfit Christmas gifts, one of which seems particularly to have incensed him. "I have no words," he writes, "to describe my feeling for the embroidered atrocity in the form of a whisk-holder—or is it a tie-rack?—inscribed 'Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot.' (I should answer 'emphatically yes!') Please exchange for a tube of shaving cream and a pair of elastic sleevebands."

Another man is in love and wants to know "if girls are wearing two rings on the engagement finger now as I have seen two on a friend's (lady's) finger. Urgent. And oblige."

"Sirs," writes a gentleman who got an embarrassment of riches in the form of neckties, "I have a loving wife and numerous affectionate female relatives (see accompanying parcel for confirmation) but they are as nothing compared to my devoted Aunt Caroline who regularly sends me spats. Aunt has lived in England and so believes that a man isn't dressed until he has donned these pedal accoutrements, bless her heart. This year they are plaid. At least they look plaid. Don't know the price but I fancy they took the heart out of a five-dollar bill. (I know they took the heart out of me.) Seeing your label on them I am returning them with the nine neckties. Send me in exchange an electric foot-warmer and a fleece-lined vest."

And here's a man with a whimsical turn of mind. He has no complaints—just a little "jolly" for the firm, and he signs himself "Lonely Bach."

"Seeing so many nice girls in your valued catalogue," he writes, "I thought maybe you could send me one. Would like her about five-foot-three, aged 18 to 26, blonde preferred. Must be good cook and good-tempered. Pack well and ship C.O.D."

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By Chief Chemist

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Won't you let us send you 10 shaves free? Give us a chance to win you now—or, if we fail, to lose our case forever?

5 Delights

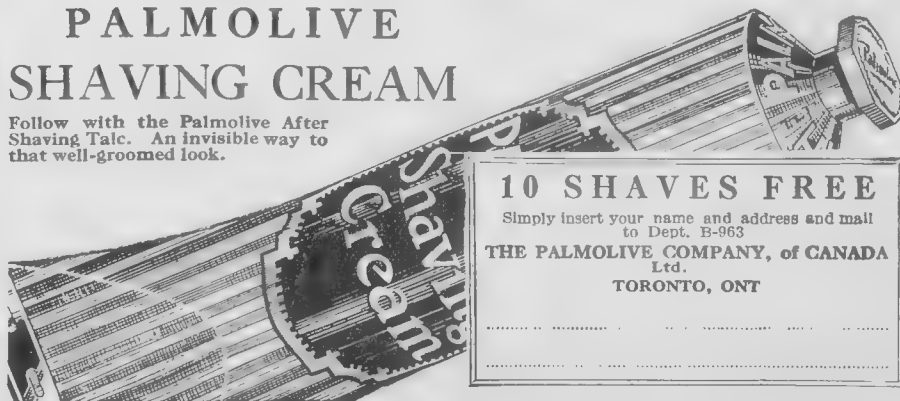
- 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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A dog team at The Pas, Manitoba, ready for the start of the annual Derby. The race was won this year by Emile St. Godard of The Pas, a lad of nineteen

MOTHER'S PAGE

Training Children's Judgment

By Mark Meredith

ONE of the most important powers that children should be trained to use is that of choice. They themselves vaguely realise the possession of choice when they utter the familiar words "I want" or "I don't want."

In little acts of choosing lie the training of the power of judgment, which will be their sole guide in after life, so that teaching children to exercise their judgment is of the utmost importance.

We are beginning that training when we ask the small children to express in words what they notice. But when the child in endeavoring to answer questions correctly is exercising his faculty of judgment, and even in trivial matters the tendency will be noted to say what he wishes to believe rather than what is actually correct. The well-known story of the small boy who announced that there were thousands of cats on the roof when there were only "our cat and another" is an illustration of this tendency.

We are apt to smile at the exaggeration of children, forgetful of the significance of it. It is not untruthfulness, but it is just an error of judgment on the part of the child, and it is a very difficult matter

for mothers and teachers to deal with and regulate.

Children delight in picturesque statements, and if they are always being pulled up short for exaggeration they will withhold their confidence. More important still, they will hesitate in their judgment.

Most mothers are amused or annoyed, according to their temperaments, by the obstinacy of schoolboys and schoolgirls who persist in their own opinions of companions or even actions, in contradiction to the experienced verdict of their elders.

A rule of a wise mother of a big family was to ask for her children's opinion of pictures, songs, furniture, dress, and so on, and to make no objection when it was directly contrary to her own.

But in questions of right and wrong she would allow no differences of opinion. "You haven't studied history long enough to be able to judge moral questions," she used to say laughingly.

A valuable exercise in the training of judgment is that of "putting yourself in another's place." It stimulates thought and helps a child to form dependable judgments.

Mothers

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

THE name of Mother is a beautiful name. It conjures up a beautiful relationship, pictures of mothers brooding over the cradles of sleeping babes; babies on their mother's knees, young laughing mothers playing with their children; of proud ageing mothers, with their stalwart sons and daughters of comeliness; pictures of old, old mothers with their tender children and grandchildren about them. It is a beautiful relationship, truly, that of mother and child; it is an easy relationship, too, because it is so perfectly natural. The human mother, in common with the lower animals, cares for her young, and her young love her.

But very often a mother dies, her children and husband are left behind. The fact that the man was happy in the first venture makes it all the more likely that he will marry again. Many men say that they remarry for the sake of their motherless children, but of course that is hypocritical nonsense. It would not be fair to the second woman anyway. He marries from inclination entirely, which, really, is no more than right.

Of course, man-like, he immediately endows the new wife with all the virtues in the world, whether she possesses them or not. Perhaps, made tender toward women through the untimely taking of his first wife, he is extra considerate of the second. He unreservedly turns himself and his children over to the mercies of this new goddess. The average man is a working man, and he goes out to his day's affairs, never doubting but all will be well. Now, so often, comes the Great Betrayal, the cowardly betrayal of this confiding man-child and his helpless children. Sometimes the children, from the first, are regarded as an evil to be scarcely endured, the boredom with them that turns to hatred, the hatred that engenders hatred, the deliberate turning of the children's father against them, resulting in the scattering of the children or some worse tragedy.

The new mother has her side of it, of course. People will "poison" the children's minds, busily asking, "Well, got a step-mother now, eh? I'll bet she makes you

jump." Fairy stories of Cinderellas and wicked step-mothers make children suspicious and wary of advances, and the best intentioned step-mother has a difficult situation, to say nothing of the conscienceless variety.

The very affection that the new wife has for the husband tends to make her jealous of that shadowy fore-runner of hers, of whom these children are the visible token. It is quite a different situation where a woman deliberately selects and adopts a child from an orphanage; in that case there is no initial prejudice. As time goes on and the second wife has a child of her own, the gulf seems only to widen and she feels that the very existence of these "first" children is robbing her's. Women get very angry if they are called "cats," but to call them that is very often an undeserved compliment, when you consider how a cat will "mother" anything living that is given her, will cuddle it in her soft fur, will purr over it and defend it, and think then what failure the human female animal sometimes makes in the business of being a step-mother to her own species. Rather is the latter like the brainless hen that will pick a chicken not of her brood entirely to pieces in the most merciless way.

There are women lawyers, doctors, parliamentarians, women at almost everything, but that does not mean that, as a mass, they have advanced much, while there remains the evil significance attached to "step-mother" that every paper you take up confirms, to say nothing of all that refinement of cruelty of which police-courts take no cognizance.

There have been and are many good step-mothers, and I count them super-mothers, more than mothers, because they have overcome a crook in human nature itself. A good, natural mother is a very creditable person indeed, and, by her own family, anyway, is ranked with angels, but a good step-mother ranks with arch-angels; there is, doubtless, a very specially designed crown for her. "Even as ye have done it unto the least of these my little ones ye have done it unto Me."

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My observation has been that where a man married his deceased wife's sister she usually proves a good step-mother; the natural feeling that she had for her sister is something to build on, and there is no initial prejudice against the children. It was certainly a great injustice, that law that so long prevented a man's marrying his deceased wife's sister.

School teachers understand children, are used to dealing with all sorts, and usually make just, if not always affectionate second mothers. Nurses, from their calling, are also apt to be unprejudiced. A girl out of a large family is not likely to find children so disturbing, and a girl or woman with a strong sense of humor will likely see the amusing side of the pranks of children and good-naturedly put up with them. Passionate, serious-minded women seem to make as bad step-mothers as the silly, selfish, heartless variety, which two sorts of women seem to be the unfortunate choice of most widowed men.

But any girl or woman who contemplates marrying a man with children would make it easy for herself and all concerned if she would resolve to like the children. That is easier to do than it sounds, for it is only a matter of making up the mind—all children are likeable. The more you see of children

the better you like them. My father was one of the eldest in a family of fourteen children and had helped, more or less, to "raise" them all. Children were no annoyance to him whatever; if he was around a house where there was a bunch of little folk the smallest was transferred to his knee and the rest played around him. He made no "fuss" over them—he smoked his pipe and read his paper, but he understood the kiddies and they understood and trusted him in an instinctive way. Children do not need petting, it only spoils them. They know the false from the true. Honestly like them and let them alone and be just with them—justice above all things! It is so easy to love children and have them love you, and all else comes without trying. Surely, if one is to be a step-mother at all, it is worth while to try and be a good one—there could be no nobler calling. A more than mother! Something to make the angels rejoice!

I saw a man on Mother's Day, wearing two flowers, a white carnation and a red one—one, he said, for the never-to-be-forgotten mother of the shadowy past—the red one for the mother of the present. "I won't call her a step-mother," he said, "my own mother couldn't be more than she's been to me." Blessed woman, whatever her name, to be classed on the roll with angels, arch-angels, prophets, saints and martyrs!

Shortcuts to Beauty

By Marilla R. Whitmore

NO matter what a woman's age may be, she wants to look as young as possible. Now the woman in the country and town home should by all means be as good looking or even better looking than the city woman. With such a large amount of fresh air and wholesome food, fresh cream, eggs and sweet butter, it is the country woman's own fault if she is not well nourished. There is, however, a tendency to overwork and too little attention paid to personal appearance. All this plays havoc with the farm woman's appearance.

At one time it was the style to daub on some cold cream when wrinkles were coming, and massage was supposed to work wonders. So it will, if done by an expert, but the customary hurried home treatment usually results in even more wrinkles, and a baggy skin as well.

Modern methods are quicker and surer. Two of the best methods of aiding beauty do not require any effort. These are sleep and fresh air. Sleep with the windows open even if it does mean that you have to wear a woollen cap and bed socks. Take a hot water bottle or two to bed with you if necessary, but do get all the fresh air possible, for it is an absolute essential to health and beauty. It is well known that a normal woman requires eight hours of sleep. If that eight hours can be taken all at once, so much the better, but if not, then learn to grab forty winks or more during the day. If you are one of those unfortunate people who cannot sleep in the daytime, you can at least lie down in a darkened room for a few minutes and relax. Simply doing this works wonders for nerves as well as for complexions.

There is another aid to beauty that is effective and it costs nothing. Wash the face with warm water and a pure, mild soap, rinsing thoroughly in warm water. Then take the wash cloth and pat cold water in the face for five minutes. Clean snow is even better and a piece of ice is best of all. Do not rub the face dry after this treatment, but pat the skin gently with a soft towel, and when thoroughly dry, dust on a bit of powder. The result will surprise you.

Often, just at a time when we want to look our best, our skin seems to be dull and faded, and no amount of powder and rouge will deceive even ourselves. If you live in the country or small town, it is not always possible to go to a

beauty parlor for a massage and clay pack, so the next best thing must be done to put some sparkle in that worn-out complexion. There is an excellent beauty clay on the market which requires no mixing and is very easy to use. Or, Fuller's Earth mixed to a smooth paste with peroxide, rose-water or rain water, will make a good clay pack. Spread quite thickly on the face after washing with warm water, and allow to dry thoroughly before removing with tepid (not hot) water. If you are going out after this treatment, apply a little vanishing cream or skin lotion very gently, and dust lightly with face powder.

A clay pack draws the pores together, removes blackheads, and leaves the skin firm and velvety. It helps smooth out wrinkles and tones up the skin to function actively. It is absolutely harmless, and if continued, about twice a week, the skin will constantly improve.

AN excellent astringent for enlarged pores or a wrinkled skin, is one told me by a friend who operated a beauty parlor. This consists of rose-water and benzoin. Benzoin is healing as well as bleaching. It does not combine well with rose-water, so should be used as follows:

Put eight drops of benzoin on a piece of absorbent cotton and some rose-water, about two tablespoonfuls, into a saucer. Dip the cotton into the rose-water and pat the face and neck, keeping this up until you have used up all of the rose-water. Pat it on the eyelids and well into the corners of the eyes. This makes the flesh firm and whitens it.

This treatment is best taken just before going to bed, especially if the skin is inclined to be sensitive. But be sure that the skin is perfectly clean before applying, for if a pore is closed up with dust or powder or cream in it, you are effectively paving the way to enlarged pores. A little cold cream may be smoothed on afterwards if there is a stinging sensation, and in the morning wash with cold water. You will notice an improvement in your complexion even after one treatment, and the best of it is that the treatment costs so little and requires only a short time. A quarter's worth of Fuller's Earth, an ounce of benzoin, a bottle of peroxide, or five ounces of rose-water, and you have material that will be sufficient for many applications, costing less than a dollar bill all told.

Another short article on the same subject will be published on this page next month.



Do they return to a health-clean home?

YOUR children's rosy cheeks, their radiant health, their freedom from illness, depend largely on the health system in your household. Do they return to a home that is the essence of health?

There is as much difference between health-cleanliness and mere soap-and-water cleanliness as there is between sunshine and electric light. Yet health-cleanliness—the modern method of cleaning—is surprisingly easy to obtain.

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"Lysol" is now used everywhere for modern cleaning because it has three wonderful properties. It *deodorizes*, it *purifies*, its soapy nature helps to *clean* as it disinfects.

Never be without this efficient disinfectant for your daily cleaning. Put a few drops in your cleaning water. In this solution dip your cloth, your broom, your mop. Continue to disinfect with a stronger "Lysol" solution the familiar germ-breeding places—garbage pail, toilet bowl, drain pipes. Every part of your home is then made health-clean to safeguard your family.

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Occupations of Women

RECENT surveys of women and their accomplishments reveal startling facts of their progress. There has been a tendency to fear in former years when a young woman launched out into something new, but today a new confidence of her power and ability keeps her from repressing the originality and ambition she possesses and she plunges ahead with determination.

Selma Langerlöf, the great Swedish author who won the Nobel prize for her story of Gösta Berling says she admired the great masters of the pen, never thinking that one could use any other style in writing than the one employed. Her brain was overflowing with stories and finally she began to write in her own way and won her literary laurels because of her sincere originality of style.

James Russell Lowell has said: "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide—"

Selma Langerlöf, the great Swedish midst of the wild legends of her country and they became a living force to her. She found her opportunity in the people and her own surroundings.

The Cup of the Holy Grail often lies at our own door—right here in Canada my dear girl reader, at your own door it is possible to find your cup of joy.

A woman loving music and living in a mining town might have been miserable, but she organized an opera company of Italian fruit sellers, Greek bootblacks, Portuguese miners and people of other lines of work, and from this movement a real community of good citizenship is being developed.

In another community of foreign men and women a woman gathers about her dining-room table twice a week, a group of women and teaches them sewing, cooking and the best ideals of citizenship.

As natural history artist and wood engraver, Alma Botsford Comstock has brought the world of animals closer to the world of humans. "Ways of the Six-footed" and "How to Keep Bees," are among her much-read books.

Annie Cannon hitched her wagon to a star and is assistant in the Harvard College Observatory. She has discovered two hundred variable stars and three new stars, and has completed a catalogue of 220,000 stellar spectra.

Some recent statistics regarding English women inform us that there are today few occupations not open to women. The following quotation relating to English women in industry I have clipped from a recent publication:

"Women own factories, manage them and supervise them. They are plumbers, riveters, safe makers, sand blasters, gunsmiths, farmers, electricians, electrical apparatus makers, undertakers, chimney sweeps, lighthouse and lightship hands, bookmakers, racehorse trainers and jockeys, aviators, brewers, cellar "men," railway station masters and yardmasters, railway workers, farm managers, railway porters and trackmen, barge workers, stevedores, street singers, fisherwomen, coal and shale mine workers, builders, bricklayers, glaziers, tile makers, brick and pottery makers, metal workers, dynamo motor attendants, locomotive engineers and textile workers. But of the 156,283 persons employed as dynamo motor attendants and stationary engine drivers, only two are women.

There are more women than men in professional occupations, excluding clerical staffs but including religious organizations, law, medicine, etc. The men number 306,830, and the women 359,983.

Another interesting fact is that the greatest industry in the country is that of "personal service." The gigantic army of people catering to the personal comfort of their fellow-creatures, which in-

cludes servants and people employed by institutions, clubs and hotels, number 1,676,425, of which 339,944 are women. Of indoor domestic servants, 1,148,698 are women and 61,006 men.

Despite England's great industrial life there are still more people employed on the land than in the mines and quarries, the ratio being 1,161,298 men and 83,062 women in agricultural pursuits to 1,061,749 men and 3,364 women in the mines and quarries.

When Ida M. Tarbell was asked recently this question: "What, in your opinion, do we most need today?" she replied:

"Less love of material things and more love of the common virtues. We must revise our scale of values. We must place the emphasis, not on what we get, but what we give; not on what we have, but what we are. We are too material—we even visit our friends to see their homes, not themselves. If one succeeds in a doubtful business venture we are apt to regard him as something of a hero. Such an attitude makes for hardness and dishonesty. We must shift our values to quality—integrity—a finer sense of human relationship."

In the scales of personality, beauty of manner, speech, achievement, reputation, character, outweigh physical beauty. It is not the first milestone that counts in the race of life, but the last.

The world does not owe me a living. If I acquire, I must share; if I achieve, I must let others enjoy the glow of my prosperity.

The soul, like the sun, should radiate every particle of light it contains.

There is one indestructible material which nothing in the way of adversity or discouragement can overcome, and that is character.

What hinders success?

Discouragement, lack of preparation, lack of concentration, jealousy, pessimism, unkindness, lack of personality.

But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ.

Yes—according to the measure, are we valuable.

According to the measure, is anything valuable.

Diamonds, gold, personality—all are valuable, according to the weight.

When Sophie Wright, who was crippled in body, worked for years to bring about night schools for the poor until thousands blessed her, was congratulated for her great success, she replied:

"I did not do these things. Look at me. How could I? It was God, not I."

And after the city took over her schools numbering fifteen hundred, a poor Italian came to her begging her to teach him. "But," she urged, "the city has taken the work over now." "Yes, I know—but, Miss Sophie—they no care for ma heart lika you do!"

According to the measure of our personality are we of value.

A Contest

A gentleman who was passing near to where some building operations were going on, noticed three men lying smoking by the road side. Addressing them, he said: "I will give half a crown to the laziest man of the three."

One man rushed forward eagerly declaring: "Bejabers and that's me, sorr."

A companion raised himself to a sitting position, and said: "He is a liar, mister. Oi ken do less in a longer time than him."

The gentleman looked at the third man, still reclining and smoking in a dreamy fashion, and asked: "Well, what do you say?"

Third man—"Oi'm too tired to talk; but if yez loike, ye ken slip it into me pocket here!"

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The Floor Should Add Beauty

Continued from page 16

character as we have just described. Sometimes it will be most modest—a retiring, neutral colour that does not in any way assert itself. That may be the very best choice—but only when it is made deliberately and given the preference strictly on its merits. We have long since left behind us the day when drab paint was considered the only floor paint! We have learned, in short, the decorative value of the properly-treated floor.

The painted surface, like all the others we have mentioned, needs its own kind of care. Washing is its principal treatment. When paint is very soiled, a mildly abraisive soap may be used or a paste made with whiting and water. A small area should be washed at a time, then rinsed off with a cloth wrung out of clear water and dried with a fresh cloth. Dark paint should be washed, too, to remove the slightly greasy film that settles on our wood surfaces. We get a good effect by rubbing these well-cleaned dark surfaces with a slightly waxed cloth.

LET me say one final word of warning in connection with the use of paste or liquid wax or of any of the furniture polishes. Never use too much at a time. A small quantity, well rubbed into the wood, should be a closely followed rule. It is one that will help us to gain the result we have in mind for all our wood surfaces—be they floors, woodwork, trim or furniture. Absence of dust, a firm smooth surface that will offer all the resistance possible to soil, soft glow on polished woods or an immaculate and unstreaked painted surface—these are the aim of the careful housekeeper and the artistic homemaker.

The Home Town

I want no sweeter comfort than to go
back home and rest.
To watch the subtle shifting of the
scenery of the West:
The sunset, then the twilight with a
halo on its breast.

I marvel at the day dawn, at the heavens
burning red—
But I cherish most the quiet of the hour
when prayers are said;
When the children kiss their mother and
tumble into bed.

I love to hear the voices of the farm at
close of day,
The lowing of the cattle, the tugging
calves at bay,
And the whistle of the chore boy
splitting wood across the way.

I crave no finer pleasure than to mingle
with the strong,
To chat about the home folks, to hear
the children's song,
And to visit with the neighbors, the
dear friends, old and young.

The home town somehow tells me to be
human, to be brave;
To be honorable and useful, and with
humble spirit crave
That wondrous peace that hovers ever
round my mother's grave.

For where the streets are silent, where
the Autumn night wind sighs,
Where unseen lips are calling—that is
where my mother lies;
And often when I linger there I seem to
see her eyes.

A-looking down from heaven in pity for
her lad,
Her baby boy now taller than his proud,
indulgent dad;
Sometimes her eyes are happy, and
sometimes they are sad.

No, there is no fuller pleasure, no living
half so free
As the living in the home town, for
everywhere you see
Great souls who love and bless you with
a rare simplicity.

—Frank C. Steele.



"Now I'll Make a Shrewsbury Cake"

"It's a lovely, wholesome sweet cake
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Here's the Way to Make It—

1 Cup Butter	3 Eggs
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1 Cup Milk	3 Cups Sugar
1 Teaspoon Magic Baking Powder	

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a
time, beating 5 minutes after each, add flour
and Magic Baking Powder sifted. Bake 40
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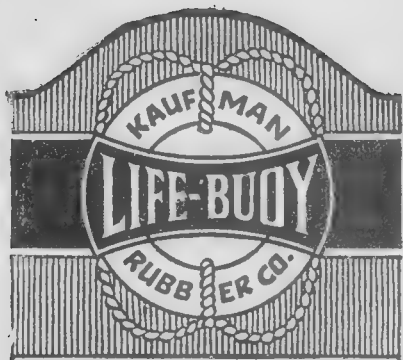
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When writing advertisers please mention
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The Activities of the Homemakers' Clubs and Women's Institutes in Western Canada

Reports from Saskatchewan Homemakers' Clubs

Bear Hill Club, Springwater, held their January meeting in the form of a social entertainment evening for their neighbors.

Beaverdale Club discussed the working of the F.W.I.C. at their January meeting, also resolution re Scientific Temperance Teaching in Schools. They are interested in the Canadian National Exhibition.

Bethune has a large membership composed of village and country members. They are not long organized and have already accomplished a great amount of work, particularly in the way of relief and attention to the sick. Their enthusiasm was shown by the large attendance at a meeting in January when it seemed too cold and stormy for anyone to go abroad. The directors of clubs was present and spoke on club work and activities.

Bramshott Club, Leask, a newly organized club, has sent a large supply of clothing to be used for those in need.

Briar Mound, Foam Lake, is working on a quilt to raise funds. They regularly buy brooms from the Blind Institute, Winnipeg, and find the brooms satisfactory both as to price and quality.

Gravelbourg has a present membership of sixty and looks forward to seventy-five when the cold weather ceases. They are planning for a park and playground for the children, and have arranged for trees and shrubs for it. In February they will have a course in millinery and dressmaking. The next convention of the Regina district will be held at Gravelbourg.

Henribourg was forced to postpone their Christmas Tree for the children on account of cold weather. At their January meeting, after business was over, the children were entertained with games, a Santa Claus and Christmas Tree. Prizes for the best grade averages in school were given by the club. Community entertainments are being planned for the winter months.

Kathleen Club, Sceptre, has decided to hold semi-monthly meetings. They have been co-operating with their school in winter entertainments and doing relief work.

Lake Valley Club has re-organized with a membership of eighteen and are making plans for a good year's work.

Macoun is planning a continuous course of study along some particular line for this year. They are also organizing a committee whose work it shall be to collect and give papers on vital issues of the day. They are to supply the lighting for the "children's hour" at the skating rink. The January meeting was spent in discussing these matters and besides a musical programme there was a travel paper on Alaska given by one of the members.

Maryfield put on a play "Kicked Out of College" both at Maryfield and Fairlight. This netted them \$300.00 for their treasury. A large portion of their funds will go towards repairing the village skating rink. They are looking well to the needy cases in their community.

Midale had a very busy January meeting with twenty-four members present, and also a number of visitors. They are working in co-operation with their teachers in an essay competition. They had a talk on the work of Gene Stratton Porter. Arrangements were discussed for the holding of a Red Cross Nursing Course.

Paddockwood has organized within its club committees on health and child welfare, also arts and crafts. They are planning a bazaar in aid of the outpost hospital, to which the club members give their continued support. Entertainment of the men folk at their meetings in winter and social interchange with their neighboring club at Henribourg are pleasing features of the winter activities of the club.

The Progressive Club, near Preeceville, has thirty members, and in spite of crop failures, has been able to help the Canora Hospital and to help needy families, as well as looking after many other community needs. They are at present planning a course of study for the coming year.

Punnichy Club had a musical programme for their January meeting. A paper on the "History of Music" was given and several piano selections were interspersed. A large amount of relief work has been done.

Rouleau has recently contributed \$19.00 to the club fund, and has been meeting many appeals for relief.

Summerberry's activities at present seem to be made up of a long list of kindnesses to sick people and responses to requests for relief of every kind.

Warrior Club, Eaton, have been doing relief work. Their January programme included a paper on "Daily and Weekly Programme of Work."

White Heather Club, Govan, with the neighboring clubs in the locality, supports a large and well-selected library in Govan. These clubs annually unite in a joint meeting every January. They are at present planning for this and for a debate.

Zelma reports their club as having "made good" in their community. They have looked after the needy in their district. They have also purchased a piano which is nearly paid for. A play netted them \$102.00. The January meeting was well attended. One feature was a paper on "Ancestral Hand-me-downs," which showed the influence of the home environment.

Reports from the Manitoba Women's Institutes

THE following Institutes have decided to take advantage of the Short Courses in Nursing offered by the Department of Public Health, namely, Amaranth, Avonlea Institute (Bowsman), Beulah and Rosser. High Bluff and Solsgrith will have the course a little later on.

ARIZONA are helping to support a family in destitute circumstances.

ARNUD are interesting themselves in the work of the Boys' and Girls' Club.

ASHERY had a discussion at their recent meeting on "The Married Woman's property."

AUSTIN Institute has been in existence for ten years. They are making a study of Canadian authors and Canadian literature.

BALMORAL hope to secure the co-operation of the farmers in their district in building a community hall. To assist in raising funds, a play will shortly be staged.

BELMONT have prepared a splendid programme for the year.

BEULAH had a demonstration recently on "Attractive Ways of Serving Chicken." They also had a reading, comparing the life of a city worker with that of the farmer, showing the advantages of the latter.

BIRTLE are fortunate in having Mrs. Watt, the president of the Federated Institutes, living in their vicinity. At a recent meeting they had a very interesting account of the W.I. exhibit at the Toronto Exhibition.

Continued on page 60

Handiest thing in the house

For Keeping Baby Comfortable

Chafing, rashes and other skin irritations are discomforts which very frequently cause "baby's continued crying".

You can prevent these discomforts by applying "Vaseline" Jelly to the affected parts either before or after bathing. It soothes the inflamed parts of baby's tender skin and brings comfort. There is nothing safer and more helpful. "Vaseline" Jelly has been in popular use for over two generations and nothing has been found to take its place as "the handiest thing in the house".

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Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE

Crocheted Edgings for Towels and Pillowcases



Edging No. 1

Materials required: White crochet cotton, size 30, 1 ball; Pink, size 30, 1 ball. Steel crochet hook No. 11.

Into hemstitching with white cotton work 32 s.c. around each scallop and 1 s.c. in each point. (If necessary work two s.c. now and then in one hemst. mesh

to obtain the right number of stitches.)

2nd Row—1 s.c. into first s.c. of the previous row, * ch. 5, sk. 2 s.c., 1 s.c. into next s.c., repeat from * across.

3rd Row—1 s.c. into first ch. loop of previous row, * ch. 2, 7 d.c. into next ch. loop, ch. 2, 1 s.c. into next ch. loop, repeat from * around each scallop across.

4th Row—With the pink work 1 s.c. into the first space (formed of the two chs.) of the previous row, * ch. 3, sk. 1 d.c., 1 s.c. in next d.c., ch. 3, sk. 1 d.c., 1 s.c. in next d.c., ch. 3, sk. 1 d.c., 1 s.c. in next d.c., ch. 3, 1 s.c. in next space, ch. 1, 1 s.c. in next space, repeat from * across.

Edging No. 2

Materials required: White crochet cotton, size 30, 1 ball. Steel crochet hook No. 11.

Into hemstitching work one row of s.c. all across the pointed edge.

First Row of the filet crochet—start at letter A and work to letter B, then continue working back and forth.

Edge—Work one row of s.c. and ps. all across the edge.

Edging No. 3

Materials required: White crochet cotton, size 30, 2 balls for two pillow cases. Steel crochet hook No. 11.

Into hemstitching work one row of s.c. all around the pointed edge.

1st row of filet crochet.—Start at letter A and work to letter B, then continue working back and forth, following diagram.

Edge.—Work 1 s.c. into the first d.c. of the previous row, * then 3 s.c. into corner mesh of point, 1 p, then 3 s.c. into the p. and the next three s.c., 1 sl.st. into the next s.c., turn, then work 8 s.c. around the ch. loop, 1 p., 8 s.c. around the same ch. loop, now work s.c. and ps. along the edge and around filet motif to next point. Repeat from * all around.

Edging No. 4

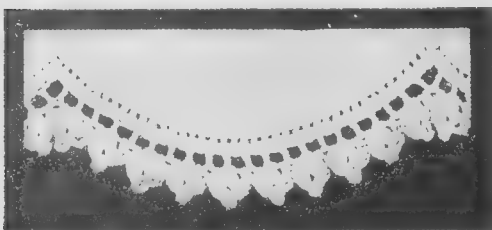
Material required: White crochet cotton, size 30, 1 ball; Blue, size 30, 1 ball. Steel crochet hook No. 11.

Into hemstitching with white cotton work 45 s.c. around each scallop across. (If necessary work 2 s.c. now and then in one hemst. mesh to obtain the right number of stitches.)

2nd Row—Sk. first two s.c. of the previous row, 1 d.c. into the next s.c., * ch. 2, sk. 1 d.c. into the next s.c. to form a mesh. Repeat from * all across as in illustration.

3rd Row—1 s.c. into the first mesh of the previous row, * ch. 1, 2 d.c. into the next d.c., ch. 1, 2 d.c. into the same d.c., ch. 1, 1 s.c. into the next mesh, ch. 1, 1 s.c. into the next mesh. Repeat from * all across.

4th Row—With blue work one s.c. into the first s.c. of the previous row, * ch. 3, then 1 s.c. around the ch. between the next four d.c., ch. 3, 1 s.c. around the same ch., ch. 3, 1 s.c. around the ch. between the next two s.c. Repeat from * all across



No. 5

Finish the other end of the towel with the same edging.

Edging No. 5

Materials required: White crochet cotton, size 30, 1 ball; Pink, 1 ball. Steel crochet hook No. 11.

Into hemstitching with white cotton work 1 s.c. into each of the first three hemst. meshes, * ch. 4, 1 s.c. into the two loops of the last s.c. to form a p.,



Your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

The gums are the keys to health. You must keep them firm, strong and healthy or your teeth will begin to loosen and eventually come out. This is one of the penalties of Pyorrhea.

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Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to warn you of Pyorrhea's coming. Ward it off by going to your dentist regularly and using Forhan's For the Gums twice a day.

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Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start brushing your gums and teeth once a day with Forhan's.

It is a preparation of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

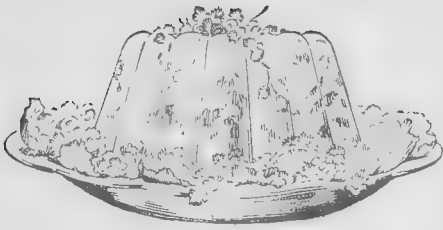
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More than a tooth paste—
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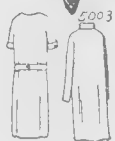
Miss D. Lapointe
319 Garry St. Winnipeg, Man.



4619



5013



5003



5018



4619

4405 5013 5016

A Stylish "Ensemble" Costume—5003-4839. The most popular style of the season is here pictured. It combines in this instance Ladies Coat 5003 and One Piece Dress 4839. Broadcloth, and wool mixtures in black and gray are used together. One could have satin or faille in two shades or in contrasting colors. The smartness of the "ensemble" depends on the combination that expresses harmony with just the right contrast. The coat may be finished in the shorter length that is illustrated in the small view. The fronts may be buttoned to the neck, or rolled open as in the large view. The dress is a simple one-piece "slip on" model, with the fulness caught in rows of upright plaits or tucks. The coat pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The dress is cut in 7 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years for misses and 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure for ladies. To make the costume for a 38-inch size as illustrated in the large view, will require 2 3/4 yards of the wool mixture and 2 1/2 yards of the broadcloth, 54 inches wide, with 3/4 yard of contrasting silk for facings on the coat, or the coat may be lined entirely, the lining to serve as facing. This will require 4 5/8 yards. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Morning Frock for the Woman of Mature Figure—5018. This style closes at the side of the vest portion. The lines are comfortable and pleasing. Percale, gingham, linen and rep are attractive for dresses of this kind. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: bust measure 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 inches, and waist measure 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47 and 49 inches. To make the dress for a 44-inch bust will require 4 3/4 yards 36 inches wide. The width at the foot is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Practical Apron Model—4405. No buttons or snap fasteners to be considered, easy to adjust so easy to launder—and withal so comfortable and neat. An ideal apron indeed. The pattern as here shown was developed in figured percale, and trimmed with rick rack braid. The style is good for all apron materials. In damask with pipings of sateen or linen in a contrasting color, it will be very pleasing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4 5/8 yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot is 2 3/4 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE SPRING STYLES

It is not so much in the selection of high-priced apparel, or a matter of personal attraction that makes a woman appear well-dressed. It is rather the choice of styles and clothes that indicate good taste and suit one's personality, which gives distinction.

Simplicity is the keynote of prevailing fashions. The basis of the straight-line frock remains as it has been for past seasons, chic and simple. It is only the details that mark its new features and because it lends itself to divers ways of trimming, ornamentation and embellishment, the straight-line dress continues in popularity. Prevailing style colors are soft and pleasing and usually blend with several contrasting colors. Red, green and yellow are now presented in such shades that will suit all and any complexion.

Much attention is given to costumes that match in every detail. The "ensemble" style is repeated in the styles for Spring, in suede finished materials, as well as in silks and satins, and in combinations of these materials. The ensemble suit is so attractive and complete that its popularity is very evident.

Kasha is still much favored for dresses for daytime wear, especially. The new tweeds are soft and lovely. They are running very close to the kasha weaves. A tailored costume of tweed is among the essentials in a Spring wardrobe. Usually the jacket is short and fastens either in single or double-breasted style and the skirt is a simple two-piece model, closed or in wrap style.

Quite as attractive as the straight-line frocks are the tunic blouses and tunic dresses, with their smart and elegant trimmings and variety of materials. Tucks, embroidery, braiding, bead and lace trimming are used on tunic blouses. Collar and neck lines are in many varieties. Crepe de chine, satin, faille and tricolette develop beautifully in the tunic styles. The style most popular has the shoulder to shoulder neckline and is in hip length. Its long sleeves are finished with cuffs daintily embroidered. Black satin is used a great deal for tunic blouses and is frequently combined with contrasting colors, with cranberry red or gobelin blue. With white or gold, black is always attractive.

Bead embroideries are used on evening gowns. For day-time wear dresses are embroidered in various forms of simple stitches, in heavy cotton, fibre floss or silk. Wool and chenille is also employed. Some new dresses are decorated with the material. Tiered shoulder capes, high collars and fancy sleeves are new features of the season. On tailored gowns no trimming is used: decorative effects are gained by way of odd stitchings, pin tucks and ingenious inter-crossings of stitchings. Washable neck and sleeve trimmings are again in favor. They form a dainty finish to a simple gown.

Long sleeves are generally used on daytime dresses, but the neck finish is varied. A high collar is in as good style as one that is flat and low. Very smart is the high straight collar with its top turned over a soft wide cravat that is tied in a large bow with short ends.

A very effective neck finish is made with a flat band, bias and about an inch wide. It outlines a shallow square at the back, while the front is low and in "V" effect, finished with long slender tie ends or a tassel.

Wool crepe is suggested for a straight-line dress that is trimmed with slashed tunic portions set on at the hip line. Braided motifs supply the trimming on the tunic, also on the flat collar and flare cuffs.

Wool bengaline made a practical dress. It is trimmed with plaid silk. Pin tucks at the shoulders appear also at the waistline. A costume of charmeen made with back closing, has a deep yoke and close-fitting sleeves cut in one. The long waist is shaped in tabs over the front below which a cascaded apron is attached, which encircles the back in the form of a short tunic.

Metal lace and radium silk combine to make a pretty afternoon dress. The lace is used for a shaped yoke and sleeves and for godets. Crepe satin could be used in place of the lace. A tunic blouse of satin crepe shows exquisite embroidery on pockets, sleeves, collar and hem edges. The embroidery is done in a simple darning stitch with heavy silk. New and novel is the seamless frock, cut on the "crosswise" of the material, and with wrap-around fronts that form a wide revers at the right side.

A comfortable cape of chiffon broadcloth is trimmed with embroidery done in darning stitches.

A Comfortable Suit for the Small Boy—5006. Velvet and pongee, or velvet and broadcloth may be combined for this style. It is good also for linen, seersucker and other wash fabrics. The sleeves may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 1 1/4 yard for the blouse, and 1 1/4 yard for the trousers, cuffs and collar 36 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Slip With New Lines—4777. This model is smooth fitting, with fulness at the centre back laid in a deep inverted plait. It may be finished with shaped shoulders or camisole top. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44;

extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, if made with shaped shoulders. With camisole top 3 1/2 yard less is required. The width at the foot is 1 1/2 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Smart Blouse Style—5004. This portrays a blouse with new features. It is a model especially adapted to slender figures. The collar may be omitted, and the neck edge cut round as in the large view. This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 2 5/8 yards of 40-inch material, with 3/4 yard for collar and sleeve facings.



A Simple Frock for a "Little Miss"—5008. This desirable model is simple of construction and very comfortable. The long portions of the sleeve may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material if made with long sleeves and of one material. For collar, band cuffs and pocket of contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard will be required. If the dress is made with short sleeves $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Neat and Comfortable Play Suit—4619. This model provides a separate blouse. The overalls are sleeveless, and the body portion of the back is buttoned to the waist portion. Seersucker, denim, or gingham could be used for the overalls, and cambric for the blouse, or the entire suit may be of one material. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the overalls, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the blouse. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Model for a School Dress—4500. This is a splendid style for linen, gingham or jersey. The closing is effected under the panel in front. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Brown linen suiting, with ratine bindings in a contrasting color would be attractive for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Smart Version of the Tunic—5014. In this model the tunic effect is shown in the "apron" portion of the front. This slim-line style is youthful and becoming to slender and to mature figures. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, or short, as in the small view. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves $\frac{3}{8}$ yard less material is required. The width at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl—5027. This model is excellent for cotton or wool rep, for poplin, pongee and for flannel. A good development will be brown flannel with binding of tan suede or sateen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Model for a School Dress—4875. Plaid gingham is here combined with white linene. This style will also be suitable for alpaca, crepe and linen. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year



A Stylish Frock for the Woman of Mature Figure—5013. Taffeta or faille would be very attractive for this design. As here portrayed facings of white satin are shown, with lace over chiffon for the vest. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes bust measure: 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches and corresponding waist measure, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45 and 47 inches. The width at the foot is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard. To make the dress as illustrated for a 44-inch bust will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of one material 40 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for collar and cuffs, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of chantilly or other lace all-over 20 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Outfit for a "Small Tot"—5009. Voile, dimity, crepe, silk and chambray are good materials for the little dress here portrayed and for the slip and drawers one could use cambric, or lawn. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2-year size requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material for the drawers, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the slip, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard for the dress if the dress is made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves $\frac{1}{4}$ yard less is required of 36-inch material. If slip is made without ruffle $\frac{1}{8}$ yard less is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Night Gown—5016. Crepe de chine and filet lace are here combined. One could use cotton crepe, finished with fancy stitching or banding in a contrasting color.

A Pleasing House or Morning Dress—4646. This style is especially suited to stout figures. It is in slip-on style. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or cut short in shaped outline. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 42-inch size requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. For collar, facings and vest of contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard is required. The width at the foot is $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple Apron Style—5017. Figured percale, drill or gingham could be used for this design. The flounce and pockets may be omitted. The pattern is cut in one size: medium. It will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material if made with ruffle and pockets, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard if made without. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Many Occasions—4746. For afternoon or evening wear this model is delightful. It is pretty in changeable taffeta, crepe de chine, chiffon or in the new printed voiles or figured silks. The puff sleeves may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 32 inches wide. The width at the foot of the dress is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



Photograph by Steichen. Costume by Frances Clyne.

You can have figure improvement at once

"I can make an inexpensive dress look stunning on a good figure," said a leading couturier, "but all my artistry fails of achieving beauty and charm for an indifferent figure."

If you want to look as beautiful as this lovely photograph—if you want clothes to look their very ultimate best, you must see to your figure. For figure is the foundation of fashion. You can have figure improvement at once, through

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Men knew it but she didn't

AND the pity of it was that the subject was so delicate a one that even her closest friends didn't have the heart to mention it to her.

It was one of those things that people habitually dodge in conversation even though it might be a great boon to the person so handicapped if he or she were informed.

Halitosis is not a pretty subject, perhaps. But how many, many people—men and women—suffer from it and are held back both socially and in business!

Halitosis is the scientific term for unpleasant breath—a trouble thousands suffer from and usually unaware. The insidious thing about halitosis is that you rarely know yourself whether your breath is just right

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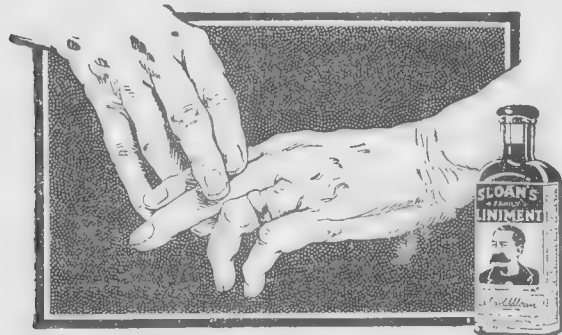
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Pat on gently a little Sloan's. Its stimulating ingredients send freshly purified blood tingling swiftly through the pain-ridden

tissues. And this increased supply of new, rich blood destroys the germs that cause the pain.

Swelling and stiffness pass away, the aching stops. Get this comfort today. All druggists—35 cents.

Sloan's Liniment -kills pain!

Lessons in Home Dressmaking

By Margaret Smith

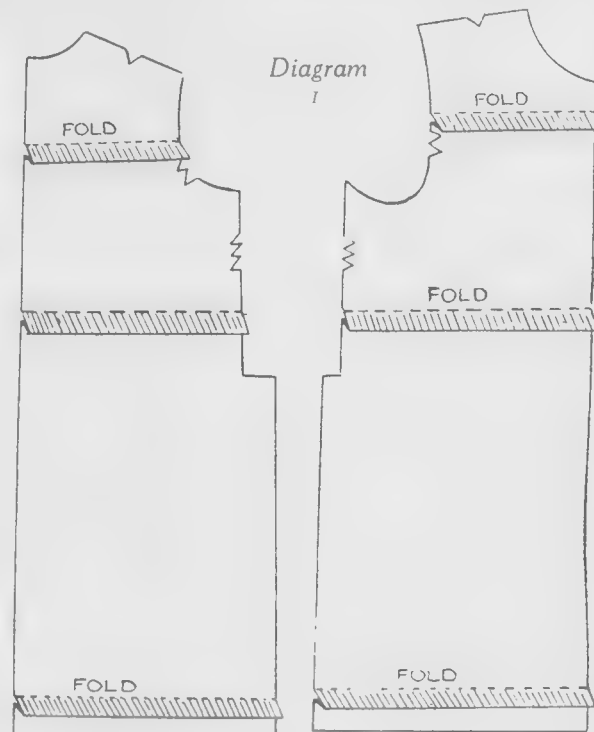
Lesson I.

DRESSMAKING is easy to learn and every woman from the girl in her teens to the mature woman feels she would love to be able to make her own clothes. It does not matter what position we fill in life, we want to look our best on all occasions. It is quite possible for us to do so if we have the necessary knowledge of how to cut out and make our own dresses, suits, coats, etc. It is quite a simple matter to learn the secrets of the dressmaking profession and to be faultlessly dressed for every occasion at a trifling cost, compared with the price of the good ready-to-wear garments.

REMEMBER that our clothes should really seem to be a part of ourselves. They should be made of a material suitable to the time of the day and the occasion. Avoid extreme styles. No truly

well-dressed woman is ever conspicuous. It is a sure sign of poor taste and a lack of good judgment to be over-dressed. Always be sure that collars and cuffs and similar accessories are fresh and immaculate. It does not cost any more to be neat and smart.

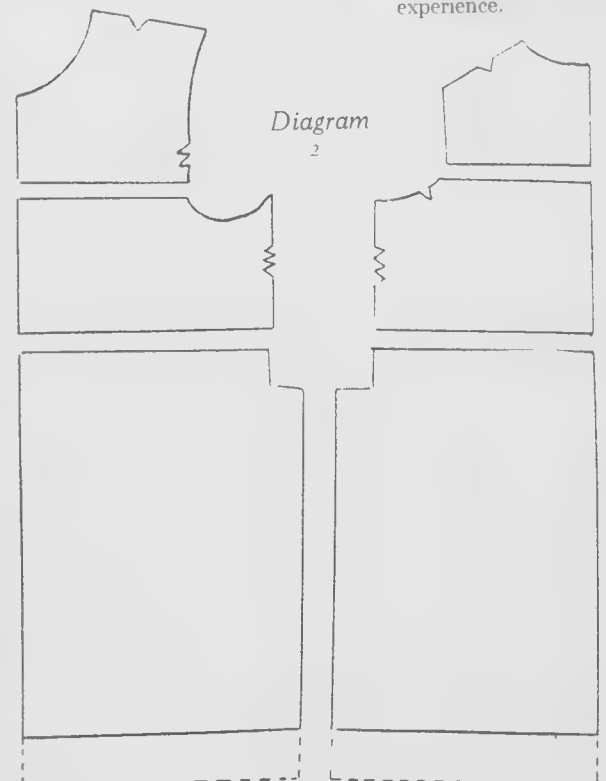
If you have never made a garment for yourself, start right away by following the instructions given each month in the Western Home Monthly. You will be surprised to find how fascinating it can become. You will feel repaid not only by the saving in dollars and cents but by the feeling of having one more accomplishment, which is always something to be proud of, especially these days when every woman is eager to increase her abilities and widen her experience.



You can use your own individuality in your choice of materials, style and trimmings. You will also have the satisfaction of knowing that your garments are unique and distinctive. You can have also just the right touch of color or trimming that will bring out your particular charm and attractiveness, which adds so much to your whole appearance and gives you the feeling of being well-dressed and in the latest style.

Have you noticed how clothes make all the difference in the world to your self-confidence and enjoyment? If you know you are dressed suitably and in good taste, you feel poised and at ease; but if you feel that your clothes are not becoming, perhaps out of style or homemade looking, you are diffident and ill-at-ease and feel out of place with the better-dressed people around you.

When we study the dresses of today with their simple straight lines, cut in one piece, stylish and smart and more becoming to the average woman than any mode worn for fifty years, it is apparent that any woman can make them with a little help on the more intricate parts. These lessons are intended to help the



How to Fit a Commercial Pattern

THE commercial pattern is a friend indeed to the home dressmaker. A good pattern of correct bust size, and the necessary knowledge of how to alter it to suit the individual figure, and one of our greatest dressmaking problems is solved. The commercial pattern is made to suit the normal figure. We are unfortunately not all normal, some being short and some tall, some stout and some slight.

The pattern which fits the medium or normal figure cannot possibly fit the taller or shorter figure. This difficulty can be quite easily overcome by correcting the pattern to fit the individual figure. The first step to take is to fit the pattern on the person the garment is for. Fit the back of the pattern first, and pay particular attention to the fit around the armseye. It should fit well up under the arm. If it does not fit quite close it is cut too low, and a tuck must be placed across the width of the back, half way between the shoulder seam and the armseye. About a quarter to half an inch will be sufficient for the tuck, never more if the pattern is the right bust measure. If a garment is cut too low at the back underarm, the sleeve will have to fill in the deficiency and the result will be that you pull the sleeve out of the armseye, or stick the elbow through the sleeve after the garment is worn for a short time.

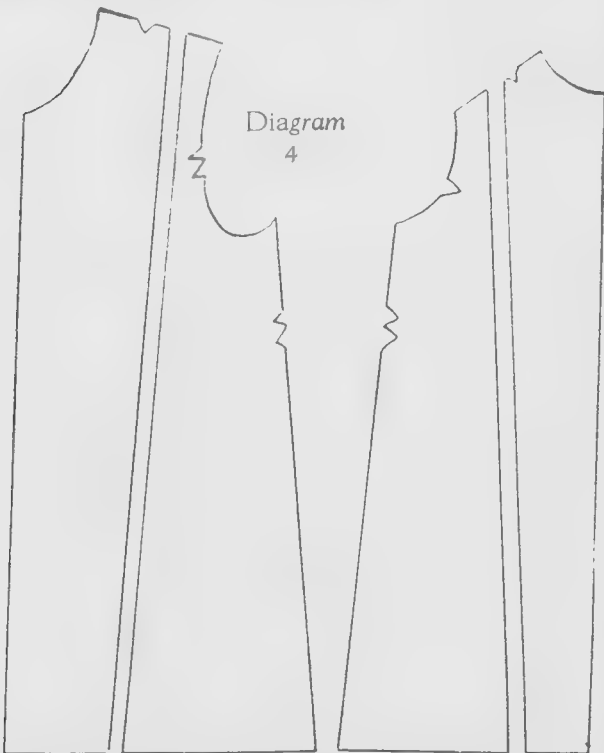
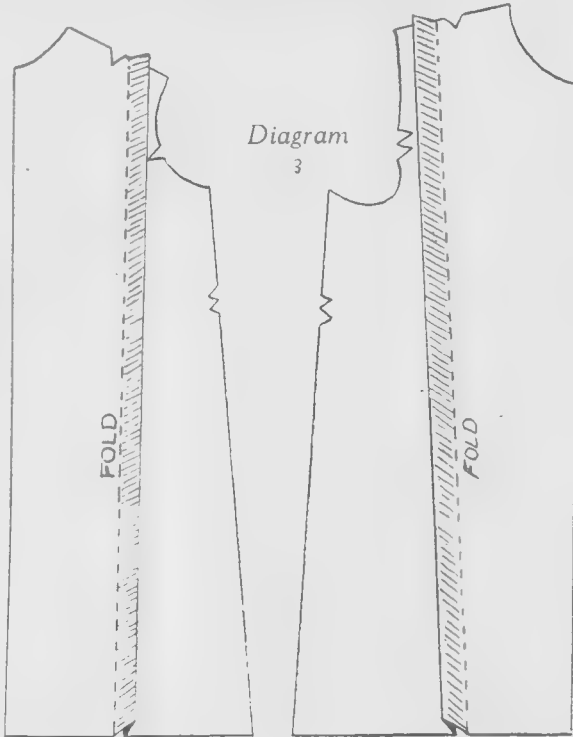
Fit the remainder of the back, and if the pattern is too long-waisted or the gathers on the hips are too low, place another tuck the size required, half way between the armseye and the hip line. Next observe the length of the pattern. If too long, turn up at the bottom to desired length. The fashionable length for skirts is from nine to fourteen inches from the floor. Unless very young, do not wear the extremely short skirt as it makes the older woman look ridiculous. Study the type of figure and the age of the wearer and see that the skirt is of suitable length. Nine inches from the floor can be worn by any woman, irrespective of age, but fourteen is too short altogether unless wearer is in her teens or early twenties. The length of the skirt will make or mar the appearance of the dress. Too short a skirt will spoil the entire effect of some styles and will give a squat appearance, especially if the wearer is short. Too long a dress on the other hand is liable to make the wearer look ungainly and detracts from the smartness of

Some need it in the back only, some in front, and occasionally both back and front tuck is required. This is one reason why it is absolutely necessary to fit a pattern before cutting out the material.

If a tuck is required between the armseye and the hip line at the back, then a tuck must be placed to match in the front, otherwise the underarm seams would be uneven. Turn hem at bottom of front to match back. (See diagram 1).

If the pattern is too short instead of too long, cut the pattern in the same places where tucks are placed, and insert paper to make the pattern the desired length. (See diagram 2). Before cutting the pattern in two pieces, have the paper necessary to insert under the pattern and do not separate the pieces. Keep them flat on the table, as it is quite easy to turn the pieces and have the centre front of one part meeting the underarm seam of the other, especially with the plain one-piece dress.

The commercial patterns have good lines and should not be changed. They are cut by experts and all alterations should be made in the centre of the pattern, so as to avoid spoiling any of the lines, especially the curved lines which require



a highly experienced designer to draft correctly.

If the pattern is too wide, place a tuck from the centre of the shoulder seam to the bottom of the skirt. A quarter-inch tuck back and front will reduce a pattern 2 inches, i.e., from a 40-inch bust to a 38-inch bust. The tuck can be made as small or as large as required. (See diagram 3). If the pattern is narrow, cut the pattern and insert a piece of paper the required size from shoulder to bottom of skirt. (See diagram 4). By using this method one pattern can be used for several dresses of different sizes. This means quite a saving to the mother of growing girls.

Next month we will consider the alteration of sleeve patterns, the kimona-sleeve dress, and a talk on the different types of figures.

Rocked to Sleep

Dibbs—"Where are you going in such a hurry?"

Gibbs—"To the police station to get a warrant for my wife's arrest."

"On what charge?"

"Rocking me to sleep."

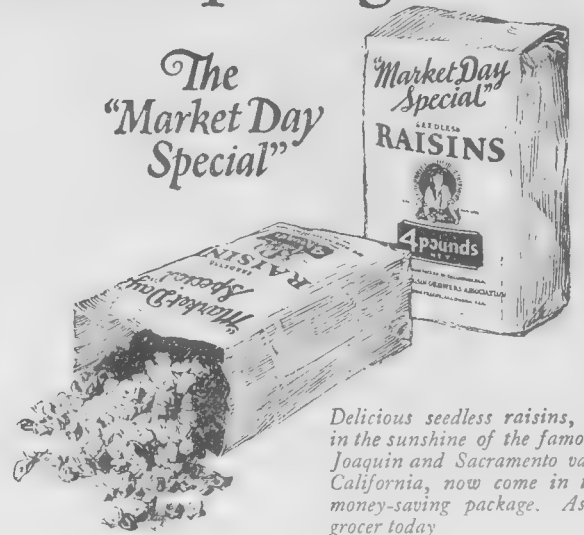
"You can't have your wife arrested for that."

"Can't, eh? You should have seen the rock!"—Exchange.

the gown, unless the frock is for formal wear, when a longer sweep often lends dignity and grace. Women have given up the old practice of dragging their skirts in the dust of the street, however, and for street and business wear the shorter length is preferable.

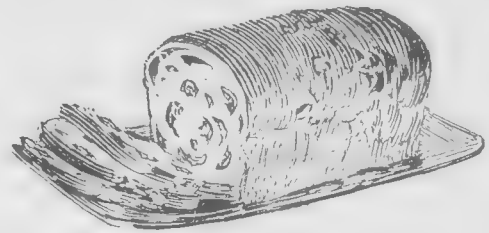
Fit the front of the pattern, observing the armseye, and if too low, place a tuck across the chest line. It does not necessarily follow that because a tuck is required in the back that one will be needed in the front, for it all depends on the figure.

A Bargain Offer— this new 4lb. package of Raisins



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Dangers of Constipation in Advancing Years

ELDERLY people are especially subject to constipation—with its train of headaches, sleeplessness, bilious attacks, etc. But at this period of life constipation presents an added danger—it brings on those diseases to which elderly people are liable. Kidney trouble, high blood pressure and heart disease, all are aggravated by constipation. Says a noted medical writer: "There is now a vast accumulation of evidence to show that the poisons produced in a constipated intestine are the cause of a multitude of destructive changes in the body, involving practically every organ, as well as being the cause of premature old age."

Necessity for Lubrication

After middle age the glands in the intestine whose work it is to supply a fluid to lubricate and soften the food waste become less active and do not produce sufficient of this lubricating fluid. Hence a lubricant is needed to keep the food waste soft and moving. The lubricant, Nujol, fills this need. Nujol is not a medicine and does not gripe. Unlike laxatives, which irritate and inflame the intestinal walls, Nujol simply lubricates and softens the food waste. Thus it insures internal cleanliness—regular and thorough evacuation.

Mothers! Protect the health of the older people and children in your care. See to it that internal cleanliness is maintained regularly, for only through internal cleanliness can health be preserved.

Millions of people are taking Nujol not only to overcome but to prevent constipation; because, like pure water Nujol is harmless. It may be taken as regularly as you wash your face and brush your teeth. Nujol is used in leading hospitals and recommended by physicians all over the world for people of all ages. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey.)

Nujol

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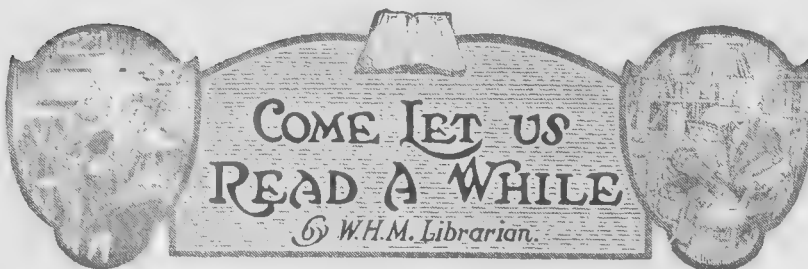
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For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16-page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness". For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name.....

Address.....



I HAVE been asked by the secretary of the Society of Women Journalists to make known to readers of the Western Home Monthly, "The British Empire Competition." Four prizes are offered for the best essay not exceeding one thousand words on, "What Wembley Has Done for the Empire."

All British subjects, men, women and children will be eligible to compete. For adults there are two prizes, fifty and twenty-five pounds each. (Equal to about \$200 and \$100). A ten pound prize for girls under sixteen, and a similar one for boys under sixteen. This is about \$50.

An entrance fee of a shilling or its exact equivalent must be clipped on to each attempt—not postage stamps but money or postal orders. Paragraph your essay, the secretary says, so that its length is marked off into fifties. That is to say twenty paragraphs of fifty words will give the limit of words permitted. Put your name and address clearly in the right hand corner and send a type-written copy if possible in preference to handwritten. Children's essays must be signed by a clergyman or teacher. No essays will be returned.

All essays from Canada must reach the Hon. Organizing Secretary, Society of Women Journalists, Sentinel House, 48 Southhampton Row, London, by May the First, 1925. So get busy, directly you have read this issue of The Western Home Monthly. My advice to you is to send your essays as early as possible. Results will be published in England on the Prince of Wales' birthday, June 23rd. Overseas winners will hear by cable.

A Canadian's Views on Education

FROM the Canadian House of Macmillan comes "Talks on Education," by E. A. Hardy, Head of the Department of History, Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

This is an interesting account of educational progress, particularly in Canada; a clearly expressed exposition of the writer's views on the whole question of education, many of them original, always interesting and informative, and stated succinctly and forcibly.

At the outset the author devotes several chapters on the present educational outlook in Canada. In succeeding chapters he passes on to the teaching of history and gives much helpful matter, emphasizing the importance of pointing out to the students the effect of certain events upon humanity, rather than a mere recital of historic facts and accomplishments.

Professor Hardy makes a strong plea for an increase in the number of residential schools and also in the number of men teachers with real personality. A high tribute is paid to the women teachers in Canadian schools.

I am sure all Professor Hardy's readers will be in sympathy with his plea for the teaching of civics, the inculcation of beauty, the cultivation of flowers in schools, and for the need of growth in the standard of the high school. Attention is called to the need of educational publicity by the press, to the value of inspiration, and for humour in the teacher! All these questions form the subject of racy chapters in this admirable little book. In between the more serious matters dealt with, are descriptions of typical school days in the Hutchinson Central High School of Buffalo and Detroit with appreciative comments on their organizations.

A Poetess of Great Charm

MY thanks are due to Florence Randal Livesay, herself in the front rank of Canadian poets, for introducing me to a slender book of verse I might otherwise have failed to know. The thought hurts. I do not like to think myself deprived of

"Eager Footsteps," by Anne Elizabeth Wilson. Already it has become one of the books "in my library." I can give no warmer praise. How many books one handles but how few gain admittance to the precious library. It was the day before Christmas that the gallant postman, foot-weary, I am sure, brought me a gift from Florence Randal Livesay. Eagerly I cast off its wrappings; eagerly I began to get the "feel" of the book. I could put this, I suppose more elegantly, but not so accurately, and booklovers will understand what I mean by getting the "feel" of a book. Then I slipped out of the room where others were, and found a deep armchair, a glowing fire and solitude. Then I began to read. I read twenty-one poems. I then closed the little book. I had finished "Eager Footsteps" by Anne Elizabeth Wilson.

Of course since then I have re-read many of them and re-adjusted my opinion about some of them. But my first impression remains and forms the basis of my present criticism. It was an impression of a very charming personality rather than of a great craftsman: of a little child singing inconsequently, sometimes unconsciously, as she fares forth to seek fairies; no organ tones here, but sweet haunting sounds from a sensitive delicate instrument; a violin, perhaps, played by the Dawn; or a harp struck by the fingers of the Wind. Here are no exotic flowers, the pride of the cunning experimenter, but wild blossoms we loved to pick when on eager feet, with eager heart, and eager-eyed we skipped hither and thither to see what flowers the prairie yielded. No sonorous blank verse replete with classical illusions, no metaphysical musings, no bitter hates, no abandonment of passion. But simple words threaded upon simple tunes, describing intimate, homely things. Perhaps it is because I once had the pleasure of meeting Miss Wilson, that always, while reading her poems, I could see a face, not hers as I knew her, but the face of a wide-eyed child with a wise heart. Sometimes, rather an impertinent little face, with a nose crinkled at some whimsical thought. A precocious little child with a hint of tears in her eyes when she wrote "Grisette." Surely she chuckled a bit when she wrote "The Fortunate"—chuckled and then swallowed a lump in her throat. Oh can't you, dear reader, see what I am driving at? I admit there isn't much to grasp with firm hand in this little volume; there isn't much around which one can weave pompous criticism dressed in big puffed words. But there are so many darling little illusive things about these verses—a quaint viewpoint, a haunting lilt, a sudden flash of inspiration such as "Or tilt a cup of water on your flower sill;" an unexpected grown-up-ness, as "I that thought to be alone in my austerity;" a spiritual insight. It is these characteristics that make one hope Anne Elizabeth Wilson will soon give us another selection of verses. "Eager Footsteps" is published in Toronto by The Musson Book Company.

A Tragic Friendship

I AM always filled with joyous anticipation when a book by E. M. Delafield comes my way. Her novels are always so clever in conception and workmanship. Her latest "Mrs. Harter" (Hutchinson) is no exception. A curious story this, curiously told. Mrs. Harter is the central figure yet we rarely come in direct contact with her. The things we learn about her come on the breath of gossip, or through the philosophic mind of Sir Miles who speculates much about this strange woman with her sullen and yet attractive personality; or through

Continued on page 33



Building a Baby

Mother—your baby's body is being built now for life. To-day you can influence his future health, in a way you can never do when once the muscle and nerve tissues are developed and the bones are set. The material out of which the body is built is food and food only, but it must be suitable to the infant's power of assimilation.

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Lea & Perrins' served on the table with cold meats, fish, game, cheese, etc., always provides a rare and appetising relish.

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They stand firmly, can be carried anywhere and fold up in small space. Tops finished with green felt, leatherette or green linoleum. Size thirty inches square.

Ask for the New Elite by name.

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Come Let Us Read a While

Continued from page 32

the inspired eyes of young Bill Patch, who alone was permitted to see the hidden loveliness of her unwatered soul; or through the cynical remarks of the smart-witted brother and sister, Sally and Martyn Aubrey. Seldom do the inhabitants of this country-side come face to face with Mrs. Harter, yet they are always discussing her in her absence—as if she so projected her personality into their midst that she dominated every gathering. A story that held me breathless despite the very indirect method of its telling. Curiously enough it was this very indirect style that led a woman of discerning critical ability to throw aside "Mrs. Harter" impatiently as a book with no style. Personally I enjoyed it and I hope it will appeal to some of the readers of The Western Home Monthly.

A Book for the Adventurous

I HAVE not as yet read "Golden Ballast" by H. de Vere Staepoole, but I am going to on the recommendation of two boys, one fifty, the other fifteen, who told me within the same week "it was the best story" they had read for a long time. From their combined efforts I have gleaned this much. "Golden Ballast" (Hutchinson) is a most exciting adventure story about a young man who buys a boat and discovers by accident that its ballast is gold! Moreover, in buying

American. Not a dull moment in the pages of this whirling novel.

A Prize Novel

"A Wise Fool" is the paradoxical title of a novel by Edward Charles Reed which won a five hundred pound prize from its publisher, John Long. The wise fool, Jasper Oram is a research chemist whose ways have not run alongside of women and society until he saves the life of pretty, foolish Iola Duncannon. Although Iola marries a man she does not really love, the quixotic Jasper helps her in all her difficulties until her worthless husband is happily killed. And then—!

An Easter Setting

"SOPHY" by E. S. Stevens (Hurst and Blackett) is a Tale of Bagdad, the story of a young Englishman who went to the East to take up business, who fell in love with a beautiful Armenian girl, and who had many exciting adventures fall to his lot.

This novel is full of intrigue and excitement. The local description and coloring is so expertly done that the author has achieved a picture of the near east which will not easily be forgotten.

The writer's sympathies are evidently on the side of Armenia but in no way does this bias interfere with truthful and realistic characterisation.



Iberian-American Exposition, Seville, Spain—The Sun Dial

this boat he takes over as additional ballast an Irish colleen whose father, the late owner, had just died. The difficulties in disposing of the cargo led to many journeyings and encounters with South American desperados. But eventually the sale is effected for a goodly sum which enabled our hero to set up house with the Irish Sheila. Here, I should say, is a clean, wholesome, thrilling story that fathers will enjoy and will pass on to their schoolboy lads and high spirited daughters knowing that it is one of the few novels absolutely free from the taint of an atmosphere overcharged with perverted sex interest.

A "Movie" Novel

ONE cannot help thinking, as one reads "The Butterfly of Paris," by L. H. Brenning (Cassell and Co.) that if this story has not already appeared as a film, it certainly will. For listen to the plot.

The Butterfly of Paris, "dresser" to a famous but dissolute dancer in Paris, is a girl of aristocratic parents who left her impoverished. Hence her lowly occupation. She is beautiful and attracts the notice of all who come to see her mistress, Lolotte. Lolotte's manager invites her to dinner; she gives an exhibition dance; she becomes the premiere danseuse of Paris. There follows an avalanche of wildly exciting incidents; escapes from unscrupulous men, abductions, fearful fights, rescues, motor rides, lonely houses, love in the form of a smart Arrow Collar type of

Smiles

Smile when you're doleful,
Smile when you're sad;
Smile when you're fretful,
Smile when you're mad.

Smiles oust the demons
Of worry and fret;
Smiles banish shadows
Of pain and regret.

Smiles give the courage
To tackle the wrong;
Smiles meet the odds
With spirit made strong.

Smile then, all the while,
Life's ills to beguile—
Just smile!

—Fred Scott Shepard



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Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Nothing to wash or rub off. Renewed color even and perfectly natural in all lights. No streaking.

My Restorer is a time-tested preparation which I perfected many years ago to renew the original color in my own prematurely gray hair. I ask all who are gray to prove its worth by accepting my absolutely Free Trial Offer.

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Send today for the special patented Free Trial Outfit which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter.

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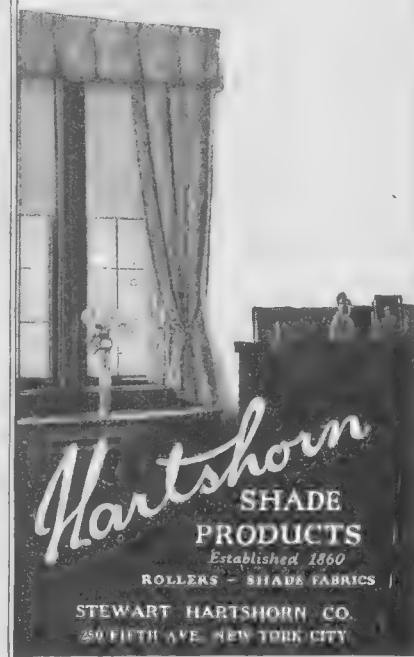
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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Scott's Emulsion

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A veteran of the rapids turns painter



THIS interesting picture, taken on the banks of the St. Lawrence, adds to our family album still another of the infinite variety of painters. Here we see Louis Anenharotonko (alias Louis Deer) applying Rexpar Varnish to protect his sturdy bark against punishment of the rapids. Seventy years old, he has been all his life on the St. Lawrence and along the Ottawa. Few, indeed, are the rapids he has missed. But he is famous not only for his prowess in a canoe—his face is a familiar one to movie fans and he is one of the foremost Indian dancers in North America.

On the opposite side of the canoe from left to right we see Michael, his nephew, who has followed the footsteps of his Uncle in River work. Next to him is John Jocco. This young man is in steel structural work and has himself applied many thousands of gallons of Sherwin-Williams Paint on bridges and buildings. Next is Michael Deerfoot Williams, grandson of the famous runner and nephew of the Deer Brothers who were well known fancy and bareback riders for the late Buffalo Bill. All these Indians are descendants of the Iroquois tribe formerly of New York State that immigrated to the present village of Caughnawaga in the year 1667.



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What will YOU paint this spring?

THERE is something about springtime which almost forces you to inject a fresh note about your place. If your house isn't due for a new coat, very likely some of your rooms need new walls. Or maybe it is merely a question of giving a new color to a set of furniture. And don't forget it's a mighty good thing to add a new note of color in your home. Irrespective of its protecting qualities, fresh paint does wonders for your state of mind. It makes you happier and more contented. So, paint some article this spring! After you decide what it will be, look to the HOUSEHOLD GUIDE for help.

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HOUSEHOLD GUIDE

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AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS.....	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK.....	SWP House Paint: a full oil gloss S-W Concrete Wall Finish: dull finish			Old Dutch Enamel: full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior.....	Flat-Tone: the washable, flat oil paint Decotint; water paint	Scar-Not Varnish: for woodwork only	S-W Handcraft Stain: penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood Sher-Will-Lac: varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	Old Dutch Enamel: assorted colors
Exterior.....	SWP House Paint:	Rexpar Varnish: weather resisting	S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	Old Dutch Enamel: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE.....	S-W Concrete Wall Finish: a paint, resists weather			Old Dutch Enamel: assorted colors
DOORS, Interior.....	SWP House Paint: S-W Family Paint:	Scar-Not Varnish: gloss Velvet Finish Varnish: dries to a dull finish without rubbing	Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined S-W Handcraft Stain: penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	Old Dutch Enamel: assorted colors
Exterior.....	SWP House Paint:	Rexpar Varnish: weather resisting spar varnish	S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	Old Dutch Enamel: white, gray, ivory. For interior and exterior use
FENCES.....	SWP House Paint: Metalastic (iron or wire only) S-W Roof and Bridge Paint: for rough work		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:	
FLOORS Interior (Wood).....	S-W Inside Floor Paint: stands repeated scrubbing	Mar-Nox Varnish: water resisting, heel-proof	Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined	S-W Inside Floor Paint: the enamel-like finish
Concrete.....	S-W Concrete Floor Paint: wears well; washes well			S-W Concrete Floor Paint: high-gloss; durable
Porch.....	S-W Porch Floor Paint:			
FURNITURE, Indoors.....	Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: the decorative enamel	Scar-Not Varnish: stands hard usage	Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined	Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect S-W Enamel: assorted colors
Porch.....	Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: assorted colors	Rexpar Varnish: weather resisting	S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: assorted colors S-W Enamel: assorted colors
HOUSE OR GARAGE, Exterior	SWP House Paint:	Rexpar Varnish: weather resisting	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel: enduring gloss
LINOLEUM.....	S-W Inside Floor Paint: stands repeated scrubbing	Mar-Nox Varnish: protects the pattern	Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined	S-W Inside Floor Paint: the enamel-like finish
RADIATORS.....	Flat-Tone: flat oil paint S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint		Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined	Old Dutch Enamel: assorted colors S-W Enamel: assorted colors Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle.....	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint: Metalastic: Ebamol: black coal tar paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:	
SCREENS.....	S-W Screen Enamel:			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS.....	S-W Family Paint: assorted colors Sher-Will-Lac Enamel:	Rexpar Varnish:	Sher-Will-Lac: (inside use) a varnish and stain combined	S-W Enamel: assorted colors Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard).....	Flat-Tone: the washable, flat oil paint SWP House Paint: a full oil gloss Decotint; water paint		Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	Old Dutch Enamel: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect S-W Enamel: assorted colors
WICKER.....	Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: high gloss assorted colors	Rexpar Varnish: durable, elastic	Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined	Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
WOODWORK, Interior.....	SWP House Paint: gloss Flat-Tone: flat oil paint S-W Family Paint: assorted colors	Scar-Not Varnish: high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish Velvet Finish Varnish: dries dull without rubbing	S-W Handcraft Stain: penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood S-W Oil Stain: for new soft wood Sher-Will-Lac: for new or old wood; a varnish and stain combined	Old Dutch Enamel: white, gray, ivory, dull or gloss; aristocrat of enamels, specified by leading architects S-W Enamel: assorted colors

NOTE:—Best results can only be had by following the carefully prepared directions on labels

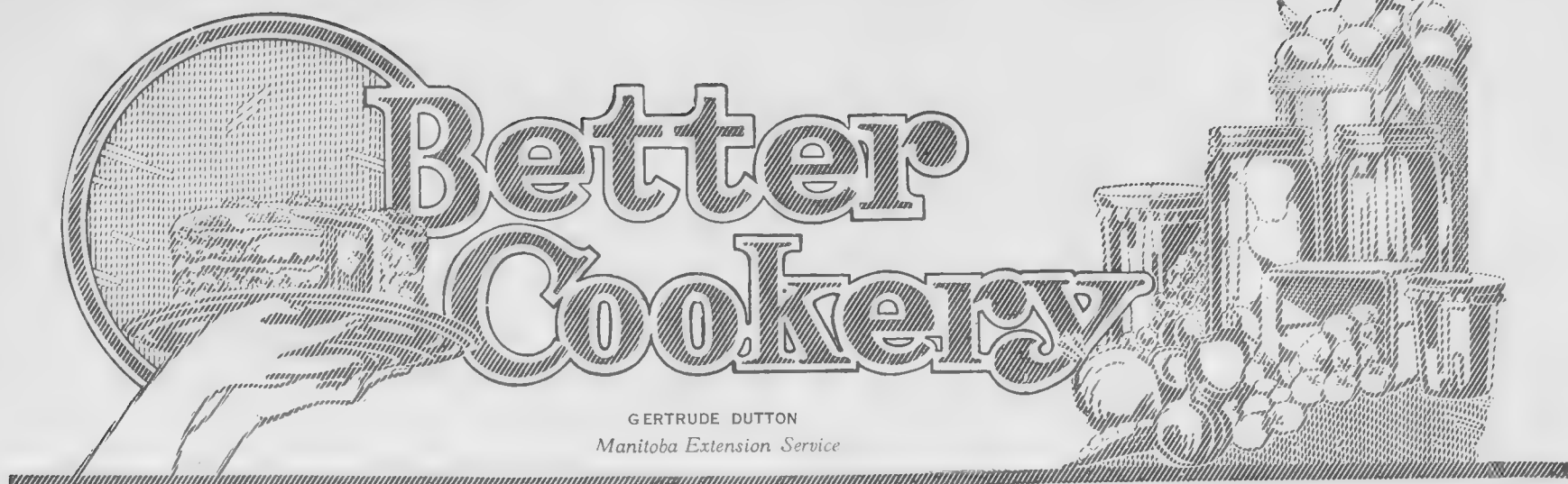
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When Appetites Need Tempting

AS Spring draws near, the hearty winter appetites begin to fail. The acidity and spiciness of pickles is more valuable than at any other time of the year. The supply made last year may be exhausted, but there are several which can be made at any time. Several jams and marmalades may be made from fruits available throughout the year. One's choicest canned fruits and vegetables will be especially appreciated at this time. It is a good opportunity to try out some new recipes for dried fruits. Salads, too, will taste unusually good.

Spices should be fresh, if pickles are to be at their best. Either whole spices in any combination desired, may be tied in a bag, ground spices stirred in, or if a clear unclouded pickle is to be made, the oils of various spices may be purchased at a drug store, and added by the drop, when the cooking is finished. Being volatile, they will evaporate if put in while the cooking is in progress, and as they are very strong, must be used with caution.

Pickled Carrots

Boil carrots till tender, cut in pieces of a suitable size and shape for serving. Make a syrup of equal parts of vinegar and sugar, seasoned to taste with spices. Drop the carrots in the syrup, and boil for 5 minutes. Pack in jars, and fill with the syrup. This vinegar is excellent for salad dressings. The pickles should be allowed to ripen for at least two weeks before using.

Corn Relish I

Corn, 2 cans Vinegar, 1 qt.
Cabbage, 1 small head
Onions, 4 medium sized
Red Pepper, 1 large
Sugar, 1 c. or more
Turmeric, 1 t. Mustard, 1 tb.
Salt, 1 t. Flour, 1 tb.
Celery Seed, 1 tb.

Chop the cabbage and sprinkle with 1 t. salt. Mix together the mustard, salt, celery seed, sugar and vinegar. When it begins to boil, add the flour and turmeric mixed with enough cold water to pour. Add the corn, the cabbage, and the onions and red pepper, chopped fine. Boil about 5 minutes, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. Add more sugar and salt if needed.

Green peppers for pickles may be canned when plentiful in the market, and used when needed. Canned pimientos may be used in place of red peppers.

Corn Relish II

Corn, 4 cans Mustard, 1 t.
Onions, 6 medium Vinegar, 2 qts.
Celery, 3 small bunches
Cabbage, 1 small head
Celery Seed, 1 tb. Sugar, 2 c.
Salt, 1 tb. or more Flour, 2 tb.
Turmeric, 1 t. Cayenne, a speck
Green Peppers, 2 Red Pepper, 1

Chop the onions, cabbage, celery, and peppers, and mix with the salt and 1 qt. of vinegar and the corn. Make a dressing of the other ingredients, and combine the two mixtures. Simmer for 45 minutes, stirring frequently in order that it may not burn. Add more salt and sugar if needed.

Chili Sauce

Tomatoes, 1 can Celery, 1 large head
Onions, 4 chopped Brown Sugar, 1 c.
Red Pepper, 1 Vinegar, 1 c.
Green Pepper, 1 Salt to taste
Mix all together and cook slowly till thick.

Apple Chutney I

Put in a kettle and cook till the apples are done:

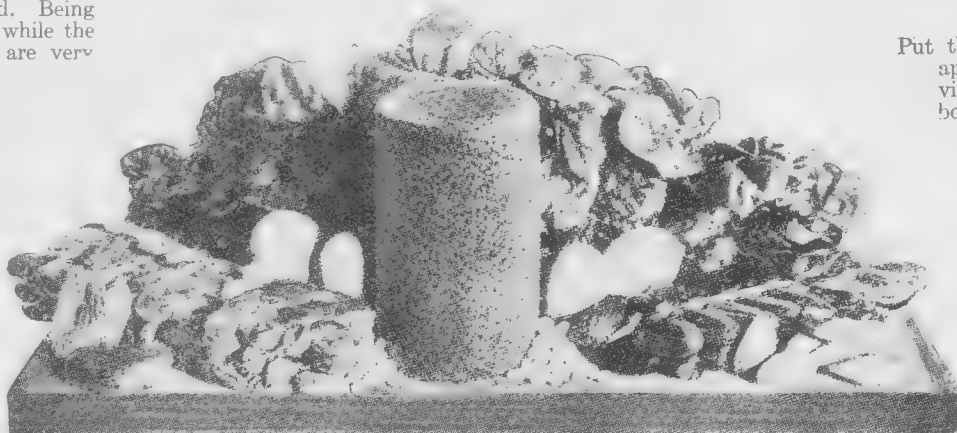
12 large Apples, peeled, cored and cut in pieces
Canned Tomatoes, 1 qt. Ground Mustard, 2 tb.
Brown Sugar, 2 c. Salt, 1 tb.
4 medium sized chopped Onions
Vinegar, 1 qt. Turmeric, 1 t.
Allspice, 1 tb. Cinnamon, 1 tb.

Mix all together, bring to the boiling point, then simmer till thick and cooked.

Apple Chutney II

Green Apples, 12 firm Salt, 1 tb.
Medium Onions, 4 Sugar, 2 c.
Raisins, 1 lb. Mustard Seed, 1 tb.
Vinegar, 1 qt. Whole Cloves, 1 t.

Other Spices if wished



Mineral starvation is frequently caused by lack of foods containing iron



And frequently by lack of foods containing calcium. The foods illustrated are examples, respectively, of those containing large proportions of these elements

Pare and cut the apples in pieces. Peel and slice the onions, chop the raisins. Mix all the ingredients and cook till thick and the apples and onions are tender.

Apple Chutney III

Tart Apples, 12 Raisins, 1 lb.
Green Peppers, 4 Vinegar, 1 qt.
Medium Onions, 4 Brown Sugar, 2 c.
Red Pepper, 1 Salt, 2 t.
Any Spices desired.

Make a syrup of the vinegar, sugar, salt and spices, boil till the sugar is dissolved, then add the apples, peppers, onions, and raisins chopped, and cook slowly till thick, about 1 hour.

Beet and Horseradish Relish

Boil the beets till tender, peel, and chop, or use pickled beets. Add grated horseradish till of the desired pungency, and enough vinegar to moisten well.

Pickled Cabbage

Cabbage, 1 large head Celery Seed, 1 t.
Green Peppers, 2 Mustard Seed, 1 t.
Large Onions, 3 Salt, 2 tb.
Vinegar, 1 qt. Brown Sugar, 2 c.

A small piece of Alum

Chop the cabbage, peppers and onions, sprinkle with the salt and let stand an hour or two. Make a syrup of the vinegar, sugar, celery seed, mustard seed, salt, and alum. Bring to a boil, and pour over the chopped vegetables. Seal, and let stand to ripen for a week or two before using.

Two-four-six Relish

Put through the meat chopper 2 onions, 4 apples, 6 dill pickles. Pour over them 1 c vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. brown sugar brought to a boil. This recipe was sent to us by one of our friends, and is a relish we like particularly well at this time of year.

Carrot Marmalade

Carrots, 3 lbs. Lemon, 1
Water, 2 qts. Sugar
Oranges, 6 medium

Slice the oranges very thin, or put through the meat chopper. Add the water and let stand overnight. Next day, put on the stove and let simmer 15 minutes. While it is coming to a boil, cook, pare and chop the carrots, grate the rind and squeeze the juice from the lemon. Add the carrots and lemon rind and juice to the oranges. Measure, and add $\frac{3}{4}$ as much granulated sugar. Simmer till thick.

Cranberry Conserve I

Raisins, 1 c. Water
Oranges, 3 Sugar
Cranberries, 1 qt.

Pick over and wash the cranberries, and cook in enough water to float them, till they become a mush. Add 2 oranges sliced very thin, and measure the mixture. Add an equal amount of sugar, simmer till thick, adding the raisins a short time before the conserve is cooked.

Grape and Orange Conserve

Chop 2 oranges. Add 3 times as much water. Let stand overnight. Next day, boil for 15 minutes, measure, and add $2\frac{1}{2}$ c. of sugar to 3 c. of the mixture. Add a glass of grape jam or jelly, and simmer till the marmalade is thick.

Fig Conserve

Dried Figs, 3 c. Oranges, 2
Water, 3 c. Lemon, 1
Sugar, 2 c. Raisins, 2 c.
Walnut Meats, 1 c.

Chop the figs and let them stand overnight. Next day, add the very thinly sliced oranges, grated rind and juice of the lemon, and the sugar. Simmer till thick. Add the raisins and walnut meats, and cook 5 minutes longer. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal.

Cranberry Conserve II

Cranberries, 1 qt. Raisins, 1 c.
Oranges, 2 Sugar
Water Walnut Meats, 1 c.

Wash the cranberries and cover with water; slice the oranges very thin, and cook 15 minutes. Measure and add an equal quantity of sugar. Simmer till thick.

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Five minutes before removing from the fire, add the chopped raisins and broken walnut meats. Pour into sterilized glasses.

Apricot Marmalade

Lemon Juice Raisins, 2 c.
Dried Figs, 2 c. Water
Dates, 2 c. Brown Sugar, 3 c.
Dried Apricots, 2 c.

Cut the dried fruit in small pieces. Cover well with cold water and let stand overnight. Add the sugar, and the grated rind and juice of the lemons. Simmer till thick. Seal in sterilized glasses.

Peach Conserve

Dried Peaches, 4 c. Raisins, 2 c.
Water, 4 c. Sugar, 4 c.
Oranges, 2 Almonds, 2 c. or less

Wash the peaches, cut in small pieces, and soak with the thinly sliced oranges in the cold water overnight. Next day, add the sugar, and simmer till thick. 5 minutes before removing from the fire add the raisins and the almonds, blanched and shredded.

Orange Marmalade I

Use thin-skinned, smooth oranges weigh, and allow $\frac{3}{4}$ as much sugar. Peel keeping the peeling in large sections, and boil it till soft in water enough to cover. Drain, reserving the water. Scrape the white pulp from the peel with a silver spoon. Cut the peel in thin strips with scissors or a sharp knife. Remove the seeds and tough skin from the sections of orange. Put with the sugar and the water in which the peel was cooked, in a preserving kettle. Simmer 1 hour. Add the rind and continue cooking till thick.

Orange Marmalade II

Slice 1 dozen oranges and 6 lemons as thinly as possible. Add 5 qts. of water, and let stand 24 hours. Boil 15 minutes and let stand another 24 hours. Measure and add an equal quantity of sugar. Simmer till thick. Seal in sterilized jars.

New Ways With Old Vegetables

AS the winter vegetables become older—more care is needed in their preparation to make them appetizing. If somewhat withered, their freshness may be restored by soaking in cold water.

Casserole of Vegetables

Saute 3 chopped onions and 1 minced green pepper (if available) in 4 tb. of butter. Put in the bottom of a covered bake-dish. Put in alternate layers, 1 turnip diced, 3 potatoes diced, 1 c. of canned corn, 2 c. canned tomatoes. Season with 1 t. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. pepper and 1 tb. butter. Cover, and cook slowly about 2 hours. Just before serving, thicken the sauce with 1 t. of flour, diluted with cold water.

Beets Au Gratin

Grated Cheese, 3 tb. Flour, 4 tb.
Butter, 4 tb. Milk, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt, 1 t. Pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Medium-sized Beets, 6

Boil the beets till tender, drain, peel, and cut in slices. Place in a buttered bake dish, cover with a sauce made of the butter, flour, milk, salt and pepper. Sprinkle with the grated cheese, and place in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Serve very hot.

Cabbage

Cut cabbage in quarters, soak in cold salted water 30 minutes. Drain, cut in pieces, put in a large saucepan, cover with boiling water, add salt and cook rapidly uncovered, for 20 to 30 minutes. Drain, and season in any desired way.

Cabbage Au Gratin

Milk, 1 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Flour, 2 tb. Pepper, $\frac{1}{8}$ t.
Grated Cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Butter, 2 tb.
Cooked Cabbage, 1 head

Chop the cooked cabbage. Make a white sauce of the milk, butter, flour, salt and pepper, and melt the cheese in it. A beaten egg may be stirred in, if they are plentiful. Pour over the cabbage in a buttered bake-dish. Put in a moderate oven till thoroughly heated. The appearance is improved if buttered crumbs are scattered over the top.

Harlequin Cabbage

Apples, chopped, 2 Butter, 2 tb.
Pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Salt, 2 t.
Small Red Cabbage, 1 head
Small White Cabbage, 1 head
Vinegar, 1 tb.

Chop the red cabbage, add the apples, peeled, cored and chopped, the butter, pepper, salt, and vinegar, and enough boiling water to cover. Cook till tender about 30 minutes.

Cook the white cabbage in a separate saucepan till tender, drain, chop and season with salt, pepper and butter. Arrange the two cabbages in alternate piles in a serving dish.

Cabbage and Celery Scallop

Cook a small head of cabbage till tender. Wash and cut in pieces half as much celery. Melt 4 tb. butter, add the celery, cover closely and cook 15 minutes or till tender. Add 4 tb. flour, and when well blended, 2 c. milk, season with salt and pepper, and cook till smooth and thickened. Pour carefully on the chopped cabbage in a buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs, and brown in a hot oven. A larger proportion of celery may be used.

Baked Macedoine

Lima Beans, 1 c. Small Turnip, 1
Salt Pork, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Carrots, 4
Salt and Pepper Onions, 3

Pick over the lima beans and soak overnight in water to cover them. In the morning, add the other vegetables, and the piece of pork, and cook till the beans are tender. Drain, reserving the liquid. Arrange the vegetables in a baking dish. Thicken the liquid, and season it with salt, pepper and paprika. Dice the pork and scatter over the top. Cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven for an hour, uncovering it for the last fifteen minutes, to brown the cubes of pork.

Carrot and Spinach Molds

Cooked Carrots, 2 c. Cooked Spinach, 2 c.
Butter, 1 tb. Butter, 2 tb.
Salt and Pepper to taste Egg, 1

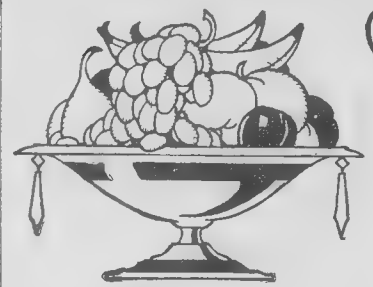
Chop the carrots and mix with the beaten egg, and 1 tb. of butter, season to taste. Fill small greased molds half full of the mixture. Drain and chop the spinach, season with salt, pepper and 2 tb. of butter. Fill the molds to the top with the spinach, packing it in well. Set the molds in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Turn out on a hot platter, and garnish with parsley. Serve with egg sauce.

Vegetable Slaw

Put through the meat chopper, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a head of cabbage which has stood for half an hour in cold salted water, a few stalks of celery, 3 medium sized carrots, 2 slices of turnip, 3 tart apples, and if wished, a slice of onion. Mix well, season with salt and sugar to taste, and moisten with vinegar.

Scalloped Tomatoes

Remove contents from one can tomatoes and drain from some of their liquor. Season with salt, pepper, a few drops of onion juice, and sugar if preferred sweet. Cover the bottom of a buttered baking-dish with buttered bread crumbs, cover with tomatoes, and sprinkle top thickly with buttered crumbs. Bake in a hot oven until crumbs are brown.



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Orange Charlotte

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water
1 cup orange juice and pulp
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice 1 cup sugar
Lady fingers Whites of 3 eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly, and add orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat until light, using a wire whisk; then add stiffly beaten egg whites and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers or stale cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

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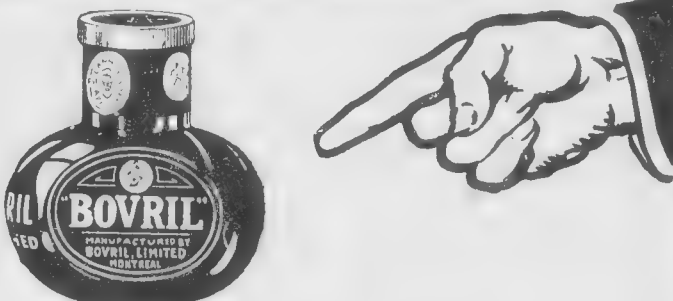
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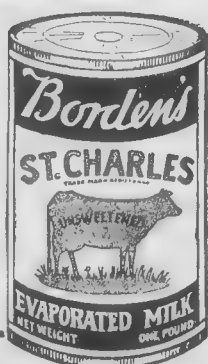
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Every Day Reminders for the Thrifty Housewife

By Emma Gray Wallace

PIES which must be kept from one day to the next, should be placed in *cool dry storage*. Dampness of all kind injures the crisp flakiness of pastry. For this reason, few housewives put pies in the ice chest unless the circulatory system of such a refrigerator be of a kind to insure dry, cold air, in place of cold, moist air.

Usually a cupboard with a screen or ventilated door in a cool spot is best for pastry. In the South, this is called a "Food Safe."

If the pastry has a soft or cream filling, or is of a custard nature, the storage must be considered carefully to prevent souring. Quite often such supplies are of necessity placed in the refrigerator. Two crust pies which have been cut, may be covered with an inverted pie tin of the same size, and keep them fresh in flavor and appearance.

In all cases where foods are served the second time, it is important that they be made attractive by clean plates and perhaps a little different treatment. For example, yesterday's apple pie may be given special zest by serving it a la mode. A small amount of ice cream will suffice. Or the cake which has appeared several times and is beginning to be looked upon with suspicion, may have a fresh icing or a little fancy decoration added to it. All of this is included in keeping food supplies at their best.

Vegetables which are of a perishable nature, should be bought in limited quantities and their early use planned. Otherwise they will soon grow wilted and flavorless.

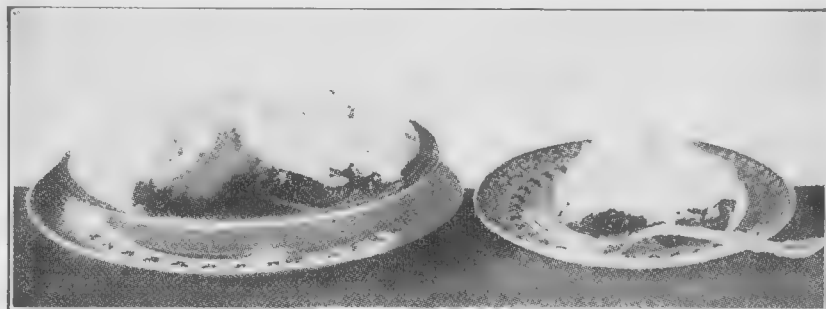
put in the refrigerator. There is just enough moisture to keep the leaves cool, and they are ready for salads or sandwiches at a moment's notice.

Celery which is to be kept any length of time, is best stored in sand, but the housewife usually only buys enough for immediate use. This is trimmed for market and so wilting occurs rapidly. If the celery is placed in a can or pitcher with a little water in the bottom, moisture will be supplied to keep the stalks crisp and juicy. Once the celery has been dressed for the table, it should be wrapped in damp cloth and put in the refrigerator. It will then be ready for the next meal when it is wanted.

Root vegetables like beets, carrots, and turnips, dry and shrivel when out of the earth for some time. They too, may be packed in sand if they are to be kept for any length of time. Or if small quantities are purchased, they should be watched for signs of withering. When it is evident that they are shrinking, the vegetables should be used as soon as possible, and before they are used they will be freshened and made crisper by being put into water for twenty-four hours. The water should be changed a couple of times.

Vegetables of this class should be cooked without any more cutting than is necessary, for they part with their juices readily and become tasteless.

The tomato is a rather delicate vegetable, or rather, fruit. It decays quickly and a softening of the surface precedes the actual steps to decay. For this



Prune Cream Pie

A cauliflower is a delicious titbit which soon grows rusty after being clipped of its roots and outer leaves and prepared for market. To keep cauliflower at its best, particularly after the season is advanced, it is often necessary to moisten a paper thoroughly with water and to wrap the cauliflower in this. A paper should be chosen which does not carry printer's ink.

Examine the cauliflower each day, and if the moisture or paper needs renewing, it will only take a moment to do it, and the vegetable may be kept fresh for days after it would begin to yellow and darken. As soon as expedient, it should be cooked and eaten.

Cabbages are best placed in a cool, dry and dark place. The heads will remain more solid if the head stalks are left on. If these have been trimmed off, the cabbage should be watched for signs of mildew on the outer leaves, and those which show signs of deterioration used first. If a cabbage is cut and only part of it prepared for the table, the other part should be wrapped tightly in a glazed paper and kept away from the heat. It will remain in a good condition for several days.

Lettuce and similar salad vegetables are tender and delicate in leaf texture. Quite the best way is to wrap these supplies in cheesecloth and lay in the refrigerator. If they are put away in water, they begin to decay, as is evidenced by a slimy feeling.

A loose head of lettuce is often satisfactorily treated by taking it apart, washing it thoroughly in cold water, shaking the leaves free from clinging drops, and laying these leaves in a little paper-lined grape basket. The basket is then

reason, the tomatoes should be turned out upon a table or cellar bottom, or in a box where they can rest without touching each other. If they are put in the refrigerator, they should be left there until just before they are wanted, as they will deteriorate rapidly when brought to the warm air. The tomato which is slightly green will ripen if placed in the sun, but it must be watched that it does not get over-ripe or it is not wholesome.

Cucumbers rapidly develop a bitter taste throughout their crisp substance if they are allowed to become warm and flabby. This is the case because the bitter material next to the skin is absorbed by the whole cellular mass. To prevent this put the cucumbers where it is very cold—in the ice chest if possible.

Radishes are soon spoiled in flavor if dropped into water. They become water-soaked and flat. Wrap them in a damp paper and put them in a cool place.

Egg plant withers if exposed to the heat. Store in a cool, well-ventilated place.

Lemons and oranges have a certain measure of protection in the oil in their skin, but bacteria and bruising or chilling will often cause softening and decay. Place them so that they do not touch each other unless they are to be used very quickly, and examine every day that those showing extreme ripeness be used first.

Asparagus is such a delicate vegetable that it must be given special attention. Stand the bunches upright in a shallow pan containing an inch or so of water and use as soon as possible.

Potatoes are best selected of medium, uniform size, kept in a cool, dark place, and watched for any signs of sprouting.

They are likely to do this in the winter particularly. In this case, the sprouts should be rubbed off or broken away, or the potatoes will be quite ruined by the growth.

Onions, and in fact any vegetable, should be taken from the paper sack in which they often come from the grocery, and put in ventilated crates or slatted baskets. When onions sprout, the flavor is injured, and they soon become soft at the heart and unfit for use. Keep watch of onions. The sprouts may be cut off, washed, and are delicious minced and used in soups and salads.

String beans soon get rusty, develop black specks, or grow wilted. When they do not snap audibly when bent, they are past their best. To keep them at this stage, they should be piled lightly in a pan, kept in cool storage, and used as soon after picking as possible. If they are not going to be wanted, it is really better to cook them and to can them for a few days, than to let them become worthless as food.

Green peas are an especially delicate vegetable. The canneries which prepare these for market, never stop after they are brought in from the fields until the canning process is finished and the cans ready to label. Peas should be left in the pod until they are to be shelled for cooking, as the pod is Nature's protection. Keep the pea pods in a shallow, open container and avoid their becoming heated.

Green corn is best left in the husks until it is to be cooked. As the milk in the corn is subject to souring, the corn should be kept cool and dry. Over-

cooking toughens corn, hence it is best only to prepare enough for the table, so that it will be used up. To warm it over is usually to spoil it.

Apples keep better when clean, and should only be put away when dry, otherwise the moisture tends to cause decay. Even if only a small quantity of apples are purchased, they should be frequently looked over and the ones beginning to become spotted, selected for use.

Squash, either of the summer or winter variety, does not keep long. Summer squash grows quickly and spoils quickly. When they are old, they become tough and woody. Select the young squash, the skin of which may be pierced with the thumb nail. Keep cool and use within a few days at longest.

Winter squashes require constant attention, and should be turned frequently if they are in a box or rest on a cement floor. otherwise decay is likely to set in where the pressure of the weight comes. Once a squash has been cut, the cut surface should be covered with a waxed paper and the remainder of this vegetable must be cooked soon or it will not remain sound. It spoils rapidly after the air reaches the inner surface. The same is true of pumpkins.

In either case, it is better to cook the squash or the pumpkin and to can for use a little later. If this food is to be used within a few days, it may be seasoned, put in a bowl, covered with a saucer and kept in a cool place with comparatively little danger of spoilage.

Basements should be thoroughly aired and kept cool. Stopped drains or accumulated moisture of any kind will collect a heavy toll in food spoilage.

Recipes With Oranges

BREADS AND SANDWICHES

Lemon Honey Sandwiches

1 Cream Cheese 4 tb. Lemon Honey Bread

Work the cheese with a silver fork until it is soft; add lemon honey, and mix. Cut bread in thin slices; spread with mixture; put together in pairs, and cut in triangles or strips. This mixture can be spread on thin crackers, and sprinkled with chopped nuts.

Orange Honey Sandwiches

1 c. Sugar 1/4 c. Water
1/4 c. Orange Juice 1/2 t. Vanilla
1/2 c. Finely-chopped Orange Peel

Boil sugar, water and orange juice until syrup will spin a thread when dropped from tip of spoon. Add orange peel, from which the white must be removed before peel is chopped, and one-half teaspoon vanilla. Again bring to boiling point; cool, and use as sandwich filling between thin slices of buttered bread.

Savory Butter Sandwiches

2 t. Lemon Juice 2 t. Anchovy Paste
2 t. Mustard 4 tb. Butter
4 t. Roquefort Cheese

Put all ingredients into a bowl; beat until smooth and creamy; spread on crackers; cover each with another cracker, and use with cocktails or simpler salads.

SALADS AND DRESSINGS

Orange and Peanut Salad

1 Banana 2 Oranges
1/2 c. Peanuts Lettuce
French Dressing

Remove skin from banana; scrape, and cut in quarters (lengthwise) and thirds (crosswise), and roll in peanuts, finely chopped. Pare oranges, cut in slices (crosswise); stamp out centre, and insert a piece of banana through each slice. Arrange on bed of lettuce, and serve with French dressing.

Peanut Rice Salad

3 tb. Rice 1 c. Orange Juice
Boiling Salted Water Cream Cheese Balls
Lettuce French Dressing
1/2 c. Finely-chopped Peanuts

Wash rice; cook seven minutes in boiled salted water. Drain; cover with orange juice, and cook, in double boiler, until rice is tender. Cool; mix (using a fork) with finely-chopped peanuts; sprinkle with salt; arrange on lettuce leaves with small balls made from cream cheese, and serve with French dressing.

New York Salad

4 slices Pineapple 1/2 c. Celery
1/2 c. Nuts Chopped 2 Oranges
Cream Mayonnaise Lettuce

Arrange slices of pineapple on nests of lettuce leaves. Cut celery in slender strips, one and one-half inches long, and mix with nut meats. Pile in centre of pineapple, and garnish with four sections of orange, free from membrane.

Frozen Fruit Salad

1 tb. Melted Butter 2 Egg Yolks
3 1/2 tb. Flour 3 tb. Sugar
1 t. Salt 1/3 t. Paprika
Few grains Cayenne 2/3 c. Milk
M c. Lemon Juice 1 c. Cream
Orange }
Cherries } 1 c. in all
Pineapple }
Banana }

Put butter in double boiler; add well-beaten egg yolks and flour, mixed with sugar, salt, paprika, and cayenne. Then add milk and lemon juice; cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Strain into bowl; beat two minutes; then cool. Add one cup mixed fruit, cut in small pieces; fold in stiffly-beaten cream; put into a pint brick mold or baking-powder boxes; cover with buttered paper and tin cover; pack in ice and salt, and let stand two hours. Cut in slices, and serve on lettuce.

Orange Salad

2 Oranges Few grains Mustard
French Dressing Watercress

Pare oranges, cut in very thin slices, and slices in quarters. Marinate with French Dressing, to which is added a few grains of mustard, and serve on a bed of watercress.

Orange Pectin Extraction

With a sharp knife remove every particle of the outside, thin, yellow rind from oranges. Remove the white peel from the orange and put it through a meat chopper. To each cupful, pressed down, of chopped white peel, add the juice of one lemon, and let stand one hour. Add two cups of water; heat to boiling point, and let boil five minutes. Let stand over night; add four cups of water; heat to boiling point, and boil ten minutes. Strain through a cotton flannel jelly bag. This extraction can be poured at once into sterile bottles and kept until needed, or flavored, as desired, and made into jelly.

Half the world is half asleep

It is terrible to feel all dragged out — to live from one day to the next in a constant state of weariness. Yet thousands do, because constipation is destroying their energy—even their interest in life. Only Kellogg's ALL-BRAN brings sure and safe relief from this disease.



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Serve Kellogg's All-Bran with milk or cream, sprinkled over cereals; cooked with hot cereals; in soups, or made into the many recipes given on the package. Delicious with fruit, baked apple, etc.

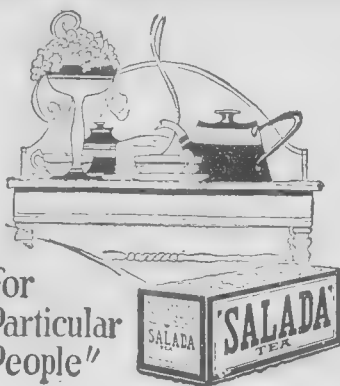
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School Lunches

Continued from February Issue

Summary

The problem of planning, preparing, and serving the midday meal for the child in school will vary with the region, the location and equipment of the school, and many other factors. No general discussion can give detailed advice suited to all different conditions.

In the foregoing article, matters of fundamental interest are considered. The child's dietetic needs are outlined. Food combinations are suggested, which will be of use in schoolroom menu making, and directions are given for making a number of dishes which may be taken as examples of those which can be prepared at school. Such dishes should be supplemented by bread, butter, fruit or vegetables, and sweets, which can be brought from home or prepared at the school, if this is more convenient. Reasons are given for the recommendations that the lunch at school receive thought and attention at all times and that, wherever children are unable to go home at noon, the school lunch form a definite part of the educational program.

An adequately supervised lunch at school, whether prepared there or at home, or partly in one place and partly in the other, is conceded to contribute to the child's health and to his readiness to learn. Furthermore, it may be made to enrich the content of education by directing attention to the importance of food problems.

Serving the Lunch

CERTAIN conventional rules, though not arbitrary, have grown up little by little during hundreds of years, just as the common laws of the land have grown. While these rules may change, one may observe that they are based on one fundamental principle—consideration for others.

Rules for Table Setting and Serving

The method of serving suggested is: to have the teacher or guests use a table, or possibly the teacher's desk, and the pupils sit at their own desks.

1. Place the cover neatly on the table. A silence cloth may be put on first, if desired. See that all sides hang straight and even from the edge of the table. Smooth out all creases.

2. A dainty plant or bouquet of flowers may be placed in the centre, or at one corner if the table is small.

3. "Laying the cover" is an expression meaning arranging the dishes and silver for one individual. For this a space from 20 to 30 inches is allowed.

Silver—The silver should be placed one-half inch from, and at right angles to the edge of the table. Place the knives at the right, with the cutting edge turned inward.

To the right of the knives place the spoons with the bowls up.

The forks are placed at the left with the tines up.

The general rule for arrangement is to place the silver in the order of use, beginning from without. The distance between the fork and the knife should be sufficient to place the plate without touching the silver.

Glass—Place the glass at the tip of the knife and slightly to the right.

Bread and butter plate—Place the bread and butter plate at the tip of the fork and slightly to the left. If butter spreaders are used they are placed slantingly on the plate, but if a tea-knife is used it is placed with the other silver at the right side of the cover.

The napkin—The napkin should be placed at the left of the plate with the loose edges parallel to the edge of the table, and to the forks.

Serving silver—The serving silver may be placed beside the food to be served, or at the outside edge of the individual cover.

Salt and pepper—Place on a doily near the corners of the table.

SOME corn-meal recipes which will prove useful for school lunches follow. The corn-meal biscuits are good cold. The wafers and cookies can be used like similar foods made from wheat.

Corn-Meal Biscuits

1¼ cups corn meal 1 teaspoon salt
2 cups sour milk 2 eggs
1 teaspoon soda 1 tablespoon water.

Heat together the corn meal, sour milk and salt in a double boiler for 10 minutes. When cool, add the well-beaten eggs and the soda dissolved in the water. Bake in small pans that will give a large amount of crust. The kind used for "finger" rolls is best.

Corn-Meal Wafers

½ cup corn meal ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup rye flour 1 tablespoon fat
3 tablespoons milk (about).

Sift the flour, meal, and salt together. Cut in the fat and add the liquid. The dough should be stiff enough to be rolled into a very thin sheet. Cut into diamonds or other shapes. Bake quickly in a hot oven.

For the sake of variety sprinkle a little grated cheese and paprika over the top after the dough is rolled thin. Cut into strips, bake, and use like crackers. This recipe makes about 60 wafers 2 inches by 2 inches.

Corn-Meal Cookies

½ cup fat 2 cups corn meal
½ cup corn syrup ½ teaspoon soda
½ cup molasses 1 cup flour
1 egg 1 teaspoon cinnamon
6 tablespoons sour milk.

Combine the melted fat, syrup molasses, beaten egg, and sour milk. Sift together the corn meal, soda, and flour. Add the liquid ingredients to the dry ingredients. Drop from a teaspoon into a greased pan and bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven. This recipe makes 55 to 60 cookies 2 inches in diameter.

All of the various mixed breads can be used in the school lunch.

Saving Sugar

Satisfactory sweets can be made without wheat flour or sugar. Oatmeal is useful in place of wheat flour for such purposes, and honey, syrup, and dried sweet fruits are good to replace sugar.

Oatmeal Cookies

1 egg 1 cup rolled oats
1/3 cup honey 1/3 teaspoon salt.

Beat the egg until light and add other ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls on a thoroughly greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven.

Honey drop cakes are sweetened with honey and raisins and are also very good.

Sweets made from chopped dried fruits, for which recipe was given previously, are especially useful. Variation may be secured by making the fruit paste with equal parts of chopped figs, raisins and dates, and omitting the nuts.

Suggested Bills of Fare Designed to Save Meat, Wheat and Sugar For the Lunch Basket

Cottage cheese, rye bread, celery, and honey drop cakes.

Egg and lettuce sandwiches made of oatmeal bread, corn-meal cakes and fruit.

Rice cooked in skim milk and molded in cups, corn-meal wafers, and baked or stewed apples.

Lunches Prepared Partly or Entirely at School

Creamed potatoes, corn biscuits, and fruit paste made from chopped figs, dates and raisins.

Salt codfish chowder, corn-meal wafers, orange or sliced oranges, and oatmeal cookies.

Spoon bread, cocoa, raisin sandwiches, and an apple.

Bean or pea soup, crackers, lettuce sandwich made with corn-meal and wheat yeast bread, and stewed figs.



Chairs—Place the chair so that the front edge touches, or is just below the edge of the table cloth. The chair should be close enough so that it will only require the minimum amount of moving when being seated.

Serving—When placing food on the table, place it from the right. If offering food for one to help themselves, offer from the left. When placing and removing food use the hand farthest away from the one being served. Remove all food first, and then remove the dishes used by the individual, from the right. When a visitor is present, serve the guest first and then the teacher.

Do not lift a glass to refill it. Place the hand near the bottom of the glass, never near the top, and move the glass near the edge of the table for convenience, if necessary, and refill.

Move quietly and quickly.

Table Manners

1. Remain standing until the hostess (teacher) is seated. Be seated from the left and rise to the left also.

2. After grace is said, neatly arrange the napkin on the lap and sit erect at the table.

3. Hold the knife and fork by their handles and not by the blade or the tines. Be careful not to hold them upright on the table or to make them conspicuous in any way. When a plate is sent back for a second helping, be careful to place the knife and fork straight on the plate a little to one side. At no time during a meal should the knife and fork be placed with handles on the table and the other ends on the plate.

The knife should never be put in the mouth nor used to cut salad or pie. The fork may be used to remove fish bones or gristle from the mouth to the plate.

4. When finished with the food, never push the plate away from you. It suggests hurry.

5. In using the soup spoon, dip away from you, and sip noiselessly from the side. A spoon is used only for foods too soft to be handled conveniently by a fork.

6. Avoid making a noise when eating or drinking. Keep the lips closed and chew the food slowly and thoroughly. Do not talk or take a drink with food in the mouth.

7. Never spread bread on the table. Break it into small pieces and only spread a small piece at a time.

8. Avoid tipping the soup plate in a conspicuous way. If the soup plate is flat bottomed, it is permissible to tip the plate slightly away from you. Do not break crackers or bread into the soup.

9. If you wish to use bread to absorb gravy or sauce on your plate, do not handle it with the hand in mopping fashion, but use the knife and fork as when eating other food. Unless there is a considerable quantity it is not good form to try to wipe the plate absolutely clean.

10. When seated at a table see that those next you are served.

11. The handkerchief should not be in evidence at the table. Picking the teeth, touching the hair, or face, or putting the fingers in the mouth should be avoided.

12. Remarks on the food are usually considered in bad taste. Avoid unpleasant topics and arguments. Aim at keeping the conversation pleasant.

13. Never leave the table without being excused, except when you are a waitress. At the end of the meal, just before leaving the table, neatly fold the napkin and place it where you found it. Wait until the hostess rises to leave and then all will rise at the same time.

14. Remember always that your personal appearance should be clean and tidy—clean hands and face, with hair neatly arranged and clothes carefully brushed.

Macaroni Recipes

MACARONI is a valuable food, as it is economical and nutritious; but being deficient in fat, it should be combined with cream, butter or cheese to make a perfect food.

Macaroni, Italian Style

1 cup macaroni 1½ c. scalded milk
2 tb. butter 2/3 c. grated cheese
2 tb. flour salt and paprika
¼ c. finely chopped cold boiled ham.

Break macaroni in one-inch pieces and cook in boiling salted water, drain, and reheat in sauce made of butter, flour and milk, to which is added cheese. As soon as cheese is melted, season with salt and paprika, and turn on to a serving dish. Sprinkle with ham, and garnish with parsley.

Macaroni à la Milanaise

Cook three-quarters cup macaroni in boiling salted water with half tablespoonful of butter and half an onion stuck with cloves. Reheat in tomato sauce, add six sliced mushrooms, two slices cooked smoked beef tongue cut in strips, and one-half cup grated cheese.

Macaroni and White Sauce

½ c. macaroni broken in inch pieces.
2 qts. boiling water 1 tb. salt.
1½ cups white sauce.

Cook macaroni until tender in the boiling water and salt, and reheat in white sauce.

White Sauce—Melt two tablespoonfuls butter, add two tablespoonfuls flour with one-half teaspoon salt, and pour on slowly one and one-half cups scalded milk, stirring constantly.

This recipe is very nice when placed in buttered baking dish, covered with buttered crumbs, and baked until crumbs are brown.

Macaroni and Cheese

4 ozs. macaroni, 2 oz. cheese, 1 oz. butter, ½ oz. flour, ½ pint milk, made mustard, salt and pepper, browned bread-crumbs.

Place a saucepan holding about two quarts of water on the fire. When boiling add salt, and macaroni, broken small.

Cook until tender, but not too soft. Make a sauce by blending the butter and flour together over the fire, add the milk, stir until boiling, put in cheese, macaroni, mustard, salt, pepper to taste. Turn mixture into buttered pie dish, sprinkle the surface with browned bread crumbs and grated cheese and little lumps of butter. Bake in a brisk oven for about 10 minutes.

Macaroni and Onion Fritters

2 ozs. macaroni, 4 ozs. onions, 6 ozs. of breadcrumbs, 2 eggs and seasoning.

Boil macaroni until tender, drain and cut into small pieces, add onions boiled and chopped, the breadcrumbs moistened with a little water, and the eggs well beaten; season with pepper and salt, mix all well together and shape them; next fry the shapes and serve with brown sauce.

Macaroni and Tomatoes

½ lb. macaroni, salt and water, ½ oz. of flour, ½ oz. butter, 3 tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, 1 onion stuck with cloves.

Drop the macaroni into quick boiling water with salt and the onion and boil for ½ hour, or until tender, then drain the water off. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and water (of which there should be a little less than ½ pint) let it boil, add the tomato sauce and the macaroni. When it is hot through it is ready to serve. Remove the onion.

Macaroni Pudding (Steamed)

6 ozs. macaroni, ¼ lb. bread, 1 teaspoonful of parsley, ½ teaspoonful of mixed herbs, lemon peel, spice, pepper, salt, 3 ozs. butter, 1 egg.

Boil macaroni and with it line a pint basin previously buttered. Soak the bread in cold water, squeeze it dry, add the rest of the ingredients with any macaroni that may be over cut into pieces. Fill the basin and press it down, cover it with buttered paper, and steam for 1¼ hours. Serve hot with white or brown sauce.



Serve Macaroni Regularly

Macaroni is rapidly increasing in popularity throughout Canada because it is made of the heart of Canadian Hard Wheat and is very easily prepared and digested. It is also unusually rich in food value—very palatable and may be served a different way every day.

Macaroni Week, March 6-14, is a National event which will further familiarize everyone with macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, shells, stars and alphabets which are relished in a steaming bowl of soup.

Ask your grocer for a Macaroni Week recipe book and plan to serve macaroni regularly in your home winter and summer.

Try This Tasty Dish Today

Macaroni and Cheese—Ingredients: 4 ozs Macaroni, 2 oz. of cheese, 1 oz. butter, ½ oz. flour, ½ pint milk, made mustard, salt and pepper, browned breadcrumbs.

Method—Place a saucepan holding about 2 quarts of water on the fire. When boiling add salt, and Macaroni broken small, cook until tender, but not too soft. Make a sauce by

blending the butter and flour together over the fire, add the milk, stir until boiling, put in cheese, Macaroni, mustard, salt, pepper to taste. Turn mixture into a buttered pie dish, sprinkle the surface with browned bread crumbs, and grated cheese, and little lumps of butter, bake in a brisk oven for about 10 minutes.



The Canadian Macaroni Manufacturers Association

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A Self-Repairing Machine

A FRIEND of The Philosopher's was talking about doctors. "We read that the human body is a machine," he said. "But the doctors are simply not in it with the mechanical engineers, when the mechanical engineers have to diagnose and cure trouble in a machine—say in an automobile engine, for instance." But between the most ingenious and most nearly perfect mechanism ever made by man there is no comparison possible. The high-class automobile engine is the most nearly perfect mechanical triumph of the age, in respect of the ingenuity of its design, its power, durability, speed and ease of control. But it is but a child's toy in comparison with the crowning triumph of all creation, the human organism. For one possibility of something going wrong in the man-made machine there are a thousand where the infinitely complex human machine may slip into trouble. The greatest difference between them, however, a difference infinitely too great to be expressed in words, is the mystery of life, the fact that the human machine is self-repairing. To begin to match that, the automobile would have to be capable of building up the walls of its cylinders, the surfaces of its piston rings and the seating of its valves, and of building them up in the exact measure in which they are worn away from hour to hour. And the automobile would have to be able to grow new rubber constantly to replace the wearing away of its tires; and if a gash was cut in a tire, it would have to have the power of making the wound heal. Where would the doctors and surgeons be without this marvellous power of self-repair?

The Good Canadian Citizen

WHAT is it makes the good Canadian citizen? Is it not, more than anything else, whole-hearted willingness to work with other Canadians for the general progress and welfare? The ideal of citizenship is co-operation for the greatest possible good in life for all. It means team-work for the betterment of the conditions of life and work. Not that patriotism is a sentiment born of merely material and physical well-being. The history, century after century, of many of the greatest countries in the world has proved that. The size of a country does not greatly matter, either. Some of the countries in Europe with the greatest history are not as large as some of the provinces of our Dominion. The best citizen is the one whose life is guided most truly by love of his country, which includes love of his fellow-countrymen, and devotion to the general welfare of his country, which includes devotion to the progress of humanity. A man without love of country and devotion to the cause of civilization and human progress may observe all the laws, but he is still far from being a good citizen. Patriotism, like religion, is a thing of the spirit rather than of the mind, of the heart as well as the head, and patriotism should go hand-in-hand with the knowing and understanding of our duties and responsibilities as citizens. We must understand our Canadian system of self-government, and realize that we are responsible for the right working of our institutions of government. We must study the history of our country's development and growth. We must maintain a constant interest in public policies and public affairs. These things are necessary, if we are to be good Canadians.

Silly Sarcasm About "Small Towns"

IT is high time that a protest was made against the nonsense that has been written and talked so plentifully about "the small town." The much-talked-about novel "Main Street" consists for the most part of clever ridicule of such a community, written with the skillfulness of a sharp-eyed newspaper reporter who misses nothing that is on the surface, but has little or no vision of the values that are below the surface. A cynic has been defined as one who knows the price of everything, but does not know the value of anything. Human values, the true worth of character, genuine happiness, and in a word the real meanings of life are not confined to the great cities and absent from the small towns. Cynicism and hard materialism flourish in the big cities. Not that city-dwellers are all hard and cynical, and all dwellers in small towns the opposite. The people in great cities and the people in small towns are all human beings—brothers and sisters under their skin; and it is that brotherhood and sisterhood which smart and sarcastic writers like the author of "Main Street" shut their eyes to. And they shut their eyes to the fact that it is in the small town the best conditions exist for a happy childhood close to nature and away from the artificialities of the city, and that it is in the small town the most binding friendships are formed, and that it is in the small town the fundamental things of greatest value in life can be experienced most satisfyingly. The smart writers of sarcastic "bunk" about small towns are too ignorant to realize that it is in the small town you will find oftenest the people in whom there is the pioneering spirit, which is the essential source and foundation of the greatness of nations. Know the small town thoroughly, and you will not need to be told that nowhere else is practical human sympathy developed more helpfully.

The Philosopher

The World's Most Healthful Region

WESTERN CANADA," says a prominent Winnipeg physician, "has as the best and most valuable of its natural resources, a climate which is the most healthful in the world." He says it is a never-failing cause of surprise to him that the average prairie dweller seems to be unaware of this fact. "It is like the nose on his face," says the doctor, who has almost as great a capacity for being humorous as he has for being serious. "He has to have it smashed before he realizes its great value to him." But on this subject the doctor's seriousness becomes intense earnestness. For the healthful growth of human beings and the preservation of their good health, he points out, there are four essentials which a climate should have. The first is sunshine in plenty. The second is a right degree of dryness of the air, which should not be too humid. The third and fourth are variations of temperature, within right limits, in order to provide the right measure of heat in summer and the right, tonic measure of cold in winter—both the heat and the cold, each in its right time and right measure promoting health and vigor and elasticity both of body and mind. These are things we prairie-dwellers have reason to be thankful for, summer and winter—in summer, when we have such long days of golden sunlight, and in winter, when we have brilliant sunshine, too, and the cold is nipping, with the nippingness that is good for the bodies and spirits of right-living people.

Wind, Sunshine and Power

IN connection with the recent celebration of the fiftieth birthday of Winnipeg mention was made of the prophecies of future development and progress in Western Canada that were made in 1874 by leading citizens of the infant city, prophecies which have now been more than justified. It is interesting and important to note that such factors in the life and work of the present time as hydro-electric power were undreamed of by those hopeful prophets of fifty years ago. Who can say what extensions and developments of the transmission of hydro-electric power the coming years will see? And who can tell today what factors of even greater importance than hydro-electric power will enter into the life and work of this country a quarter of a century from now—factors, it may be, which are as undreamed of by us today as hydro-electric power was undreamed of by even the most hopeful forward-lookers of fifty years ago? Sooner or later the energy of the winds that blow across the prairies, energy that now goes to waste, will be turned into electric power and stored in a cheap, fool-proof and durable battery. The intermittent energy of the wind will then be available as continuous electric power. Think of what that will mean in the agricultural industry of the West! And this is no idle dream. The great English scientist, J. B. S. Haldane, writes that "it is only a question of time until we tap those inexhaustible sources of power, the wind and the sunlight—the problem is simply one of storing their energy in a form as convenient as coal and petrol."

The Point of View

IN regard to the movement for the erection of a Winnipeg cenotaph as a memorial to those whose lives were cut off in the Great War, one of the Winnipeg newspapers recalled the time when, as recorded in the sacred Scriptures, "the people gathered themselves together as one man to Jerusalem" and "the builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord." The cenotaph, it was added, would have the sacredness of a temple, and surely the hearts of all the people would be in accord in their devotion to the work of making it a worthy memorial of the glorious dead, as there was accord in the cornerstone-laying when the Jews, after their return to Jerusalem, began the rebuilding of that sacred edifice. The newspaper's reference to the Bible made The Philosopher read that passage about the rebuilding of the temple in Jerusalem; and interesting reading it is, too. One of the most interesting things in it is the account of how some of the people, mostly the old, as they recalled the glories of Solomon's temple, wept, while many others, mostly the young, shouted with joy because the return from exile had been safely made and the foundations of a new temple were being laid. There must have been a good deal of confusion, between the shouting and the weeping of the emotional people. Isn't a good deal of the confusion in the world nowadays due to the difference between the forward-lookers, who see good times coming, and the doubters and pessimists who cannot see ahead any signs of the return of "the good old times?"

World Population and Food

AS far back as Queen Elizabeth's time there were anxious thinkers who made calculations about the increase of the population of the world and the coming of a time when there would be so many people that there would not be food for them all. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote that the earth would be overflowing with human beings, if it were not for the effects of hunger, pestilence, crime and war. Bacon and other writers of the same time held the view that the main cause of wars was the pressure of population on the means of subsistence. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that so many wars were caused by religious feeling, by the dynastic quarrels of reigning families and other causes which had nothing to do with problems of food supply. It was Thomas Malthus, a clergyman in England, who at the beginning of the nineteenth century published a book which at once became famous and gave his name to the doctrine that population increased faster than food supply. Great Britain at that time (that is to say, England and Scotland, saying nothing of Ireland) had a population of less than 10,000,000; and Malthus proved mathematically that Great Britain was then over-populated, and there was then no remedy against the coming of starvation except emigration. But before the end of the nineteenth century Great Britain had a population of more than four times 10,000,000. Malthusianism has been out of fashion for some time, but there are writers now who are trying to revive it. Dr. Henry Fairchild Pratt, Professor of Political Economy in the University of New York, takes a front seat among the new-Malthusians by predicting that by the end of the present century there will be in the United States 550,000,000 people, or one-third more than there are in China today. Somebody will be demonstrating mathematically some of these days that the time will come when there will be only one-and-a-half square feet for every human being on the earth's surface, and billions will have to live in skyscrapers in order to find standing room. But actual world developments always dispose of these extreme calculations. One thing which can be figured on with certainty is that the future is on the side of countries like Canada, South Africa, Argentine and Australia, which have small populations and vast areas of fertile land still uncultivated. It is also a certainty that within the next two decades the United States will have to import large quantities of wheat and other foodstuffs, for which Canada will be the main source of supply. And Europe, with diminishing food supplies from the United States, will also have to draw increasingly on this country.

In Regard to Human Motives

IT is not easy to analyze human motives. A great deal of study nevertheless is being devoted by scientific investigators, to the problems of motivation and also to the subtle elements in environment which affect human conduct and human energy—just as the engine of the automobile, as every motorist knows, has more power on a moist day. Professor Todd, of the University of Minnesota, who has been studying the question "Why Do People Work," has come to the conclusion that the answer to this question is to be found in seven main instincts, namely: self-preservation, love or home-making, self-respect, loyalty, self-expression or workmanship, worship and play. Different investigations, no doubt, would place these instincts in different orders. Without going into that, and without considering whether these seven instincts are the seven main reasons why people work, it will be generally admitted that with the average human being some of these instincts are constantly in action. Indeed, these seven instincts merge into each other very largely. The more these things are considered the plainer it becomes that it is no easy matter to analyze the motives of human conduct down to too fine a point.

Expression

WHO has not had the experience of taking pains in writing a letter, so as to make it say just what he meant to say, and then mailing the letter, feeling that he has succeeded in making his meaning clear, and then—and then learning, after a time, that the letter was taken as meaning something different from what it was intended to mean? Perhaps there may be many readers of these lines who have not had that experience. But they have probably had a similar experience in putting their meaning into speech. At best, words, whether written or spoken, are imperfect vehicles for the conveyance of thought and emotion fully. There is a proverb which says that actions speak more loudly than words. And they can communicate thought and feeling more truly and adequately. Without thinking too much about the how or the why, express yourself in acts, when that is possible, and you will find that by some kindly magic what was in your brain and heart has found its way straight to the brains and hearts of others.

The Sedan

as built by
GENERAL MOTORS of CANADA
LIMITED

sets the Style in Closed Cars
"For every purse and Purpose"

THE high standards of craftsmanship and design exemplified in the Sedan, as built by General Motors of Canada, have been largely responsible for the greatly-increased demand for high-grade closed cars.

From the lowest-priced to the highest, the entire range of General Motors Sedans possesses every evidence of continued quality, style and completeness. All have the graceful, luxurious "Body by Fisher".

All have high-grade interior trimmings, Ternstedt window regulators, automatic windshield wiper, beautiful and durable upholstery, artistic lighting and all closed-car conveniences. All are handsomely finished in harmonious color-schemes, in the remarkable new Duco finish. And, in addition, all are equipped with the last word in closed-car refinement, the exclusive, Fisher V V One-piece Ventilating Windshield.

There is a General Motors of Canada Sedan to suit you—at a price to suit your purse. All may be purchased on the GMAC Extended Payment Plan.



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*Branches and Dealers in all Leading Towns and Cities.
Write for information and name of your nearest dealer
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CADILLAC
SEVEN PASSENGER
SEDAN

The Woman with Money

THE woman with a bank account—be she housewife saving from her allowance, or the business girl saving from her salary—is the woman who can afford the little extra luxuries that help to make life more enjoyable.

With "money in the bank," she can face the future with confidence and hope, prepared for any emergency.

The easiest and surest way of building up a reserve fund is to put away in the bank a small sum each week or each month.



The Measure of Your Income is the name of a booklet which will be found of great help to all women. Ask for a copy.

The Royal Bank of Canada

2437

He made money on the farm

OF many a farmer retiring to a well-earned rest it has been said, "He made a lot of money on that farm." The fact is that he made no more money than his neighbour, but he saved a great deal more.

Acquiring wealth is largely a matter of systematic spending and saving. Without a definite plan few men get anywhere. Hard work is not enough; the fruits of the work must be conserved.

Save your money regularly. Open an interest bearing Savings Account.

"A Bank Where Small Accounts Are Welcome"

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established over 100 years
Total Assets in excess of \$700,000,000

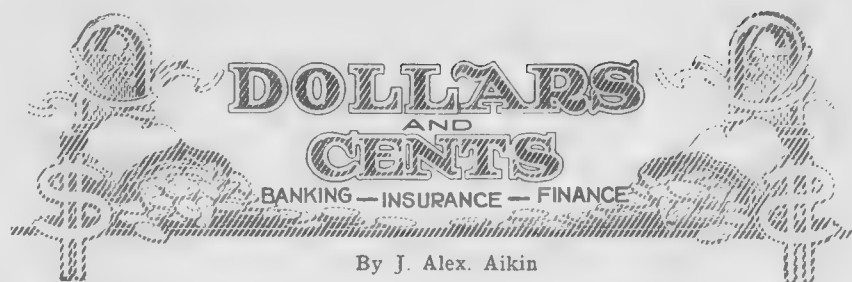
To Insurance Beneficiaries

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually through the unwise investment or careless spending of monies received for insurance death claims and matured endowments. A Union Bank Savings Account is the proper place for the deposit of such monies. The funds will then be in safe keeping and earning interest for the beneficiaries.

981R

UNION BANK

OF CANADA



By J. Alex. Aikin

Returning to the Gold Standard

WITH the Canadian dollar at or near parity for some months, with a larger gold reserve in the Federal Treasury and with the chartered banks of Canada, and having a favorable trade balance of \$250,000,000 for the past year, it becomes ever more evident that Canada will at an early date resume specie payments. The bank leaders of the country have intimated in their annual report that it is quite obvious the day for resumption is at hand, but with the usual caution it is suggested there should be no hurry.

The real solution of the problem, for Canada, as for Finland and other lands large and small, is apparently looked for in the anticipated action of Great Britain. In pre-war days Canadian money was always at or near parity, above or below according to the value of the demand for bills on New York or London. We always sold more to the United Kingdom, more than we bought, and bought more from the United States than we sold. But it was largely a matter of exchanging bills for or against and the loss or gain by the exchange was never heavy. It is most desirable that former conditions should return so far as exchange parity is concerned.

The British bankers are anxious to see resumption of specie payments, mainly for the reason that they can then live on the financial level with the United States and save the nation large sums in handling the war debt payments. Discussing the question at the annual meeting of Lloyd's Bank, Chairman J. Beaumont Pease said: "There is no effective rival of any standing or consequences. Gold is almost universally recognized as the only practical international measure of value, and the only real problem for us is the precise date when we can safely re-establish a free market in gold."

Special financial envoys have visited the United States with the purpose of arranging for co-operation, which will not be denied from so valiant a creditor. It is quite possible the announcement will be made very soon that payment in gold have been resumed in Great Britain, which will be the signal for resumption in Canada and some other countries waiting for leadership.

The Humble but Valuable Potato

IN a year when wheat has passed the two dollar mark and is still hovering near that point, it is interesting to observe that the potato crop has played a part of more than usual importance. Day by day the potato forms an essential part of the best meal for old and young, rich and poor. It is not only in Ireland and Germany that the potato is regarded as an important factor in production and revenue. Even in North America the potato crop is an important contributor to local prosperity in many parts. A shortage in one portion of this hemisphere calls for relief from some other part, but the demand is always steady and the market dependable for quantity provided the quality is kept up.

From estimates now available it is reported that the crop of 1924 was 4,445,492,000 bushels, being an increase of 428,000,000 bushels or about 11 per cent. over 1923.

Of that total Europe is credited with a crop of 3,891,470,000 bushels, an increase of 384,909,000 bushels over 1923, which accounts in part for the manner in which Europe has been able to subsist on a short grain crop and limited imports of bread grains.

The potato crop of the United States for 1924 amounted to 454,784,000 bushels and for Canada 96,782,000 bushels. The crop for the United Kingdom, including North Ireland, amounted to 161,351,000.

There are no figures available for the Irish Free State, though it is known the crop was smaller than usual in that state with loss and suffering entailed.

Britain's Generous War Debt Terms

THE preliminary conversations held in Paris in January between the British Chancellor and the French President prepared the way for formal negotiations between the governments dealing with settlement of the war debt owing Britain by France. The position taken in the Balfour note and restated by Lord Curzon has been reaffirmed by Churchill in a form which means reduction of the French debt by half. It is safe to say the French will be equal to the opportunity, being a thrifty people and thoroughly desirous of settling all claims against them.

The British claim amounts to approximately three billion dollars, or 12 billion gold marks. It is estimated the Dawes settlement will net Great Britain eight billion gold marks, assuming Germany will pay, a matter on which there is always room for doubt. Having informed France that all it is proposed to collect from her Allies will be the amount of 14 billion marks to cover the debt owing the United States, it is made plain in the note to France that the settlement will be made with this end in view.

From all of which it is apparent that Great Britain is confirmed in the purpose of shouldering all her war costs and £800,000,000 foreign securities assumed prior to the time in 1917 when the United States entered the war. The decision announced in the note to France makes it clear that while Britain will adhere to the purpose of paying all her own war bills right on to the end of the great struggle it is not the intention to discharge all bills receivable, but to collect sufficient to pay the bonded debt to the United States which remains unpaid. All reparation returns which may be received will go to discharge the war debt to the United States but France, Italy and Belgium will be expected to pay in regard to relative wealth and paying capacity to meet the six billion gold marks over and above what it is estimated the Reich will take care of.

Italy Moves to Refund Debt to U.S.

IT is reported from Washington that Premier Mussolini has instructed the new Italian Ambassador to Washington to open negotiations on the Italian debt which he has power to arrange. On Nov. 1st last, the Italian debt stood at \$2,097,347,122, of which \$450,000,000 represents accrued interest. It is probable that Italy will be influenced by the example and good fortune of France in relation with Great Britain and act accordingly before settling up with the United States.

Meantime it is learned that statistics on German trade are not reassuring. The imports into Germany for the year 1924 amounted to 9,316,840,000 gold marks, while exports amounted to 6,566,800,000 gold marks, an adverse balance of trade amounting to the huge sum of 2,749,990,000 gold marks. This is the worst record made by Germany except 1921 when all figures were unreliable. The German states continue to borrow abroad at a rate which has drawn out warnings from German financial leaders. It is all in line with the crooked financial record made by Germany in the past five years and goes to confirm doubts as to the integrity of the German state and people and their purpose to discharge their obligations.

Speaking in Paris at a farewell dinner tendered him by Paris newspaper correspondents Lord Bradbury, who has been the British representative on the Reparation Commission, said that while

France had in recent months become the most liberal minded of the nations of Europe, a change in the wrong direction had come over Germany.

Referring to the Treaty of Versailles, "as curious a document as any set of men ever had to work with," Lord Bradbury proceeded to say that through it ran two separate refrains, one spoke of the millenium and the other of milliards. They were never easily reconcilable. At times they contradicted each other flagrantly. But thanks to the experts and to the wisdom shown at the London Conference there was an end of the question of milliards for the present. For how long depended upon the attitude and conduct of Germany. With Russia laying in large supplies of flour and war munitions of all kinds, it would appear as if the opportunity for a test of German purpose will not be long delayed. Russia is apparently bent on a campaign for early spring.

Sun Life Assurance Company

THE 54th annual report of the Sun Life Assurance Company now being published shows that during the year 1924 great strides were made by this giant institution. New policies were issued and paid for representing \$177,466,384 out of a total of \$165,505,000 applied for. In addition a large block of profitable British and foreign business was acquired from a big American company by reinsurance, as well as the business of a colonial company operating in the East. The policies of a small Canadian company were also assumed. Assurances in force with the Sun Life have reached the tremendous total of \$871,636,457.

The resources of the Sun Life show an increase for the year of \$64,873,094 and now amount to a gross of \$274,130,407. This gain for 1924 equals the total assets seven years ago.

Policy-holders received or had allowed to them during the year 1924 \$6,681,652. The rate of interest earned on the mean invested assets amounted to 6.38 per cent. The sum of \$31,881,639 was paid to policy-holders and beneficiaries in 1924, which brings the sum total paid out by this company to \$193,798,128. The surplus increased by \$4,234,490 and amounted to \$22,107,357.

It Would Not Show

That everything should be neat and shipshape is most important aboard a yacht. A writer in the Mariner's Advocate tells the story of the captain of a certain sloop, who crossed the deck in a hurry, seemingly very much perplexed. A lady stopped him and asked what the trouble was.

"The fact is, ma'am," he said, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under water nearly all the time, no one will notice it."

The Theme

Read me a tender poem,
For tonight I am weary and sad,
And its music may soothe and strengthen,
Yes, even may make me glad.
None of your pagan fancies,
No matter how sweet the rhyme,
Nor chant of a modern credo,
Nor ballad of fairy time.

Not of sublime endeavor,
For I would forget awhile
The burdens that must be lifted,
The dust of the extra mile.
All that I crave is music,
And that I need is rest.
Then sing me a song of loving;
So shall my soul be blest.

Love, the undying fire
Enkindled by breath divine,
The splendor of purest passion—
This be your theme, and mine!
Then read me a restful poem,
A love song tender and true,
And I'll pray that its sweetest echo
May live in the heart of you.
—Lillian Leveridge.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE - - MONTREAL

A STATEMENT OF REMARKABLE PROGRESS

1924

New Assurances Paid For **\$137,466,000**
Increase \$30,075,000

Total Income **\$62,245,000**
Increase \$15,280,000

Payments to Policyholders
and Beneficiaries **\$31,881,000**
(Total paid since organization,
\$183,798,000)

Assets at December 31st **\$274,130,000**
Increase \$64,873,000

Reserves for Unforeseen
Contingencies **\$7,500,000**

Surplus Over All Liabilities
and Contingency Reserves **\$22,107,000**
Increase \$4,234,000

Assurances in Force (Net) **\$871,636,000**
Increase \$167,871,000

Policies in force (excluding Group Policies) 384,113
Employees of firms protected by Group Policies 30,160

*Dividends to policyholders again
increased*

The Sun Life ranks amongst the Foremost
Life Assurance Institutions of the World

Incorporated 1865 Began business 1871

Billy Atwood is sure of an Education -

Frank Atwood had the right idea when he took out a \$5,000 North American Life Child's Endowment Policy for his baby son, Billy.

"Some day," said Mr. Atwood, "I'm going to send Billy to University—going to give him a good education.

"Of course the best laid plans might go astray, but Billy's Child's Endowment Policy provides for every possible contingency.

"For instance, I might die to-morrow. In that case, there would be no more premiums to pay—but Billy would receive his \$5,000 in 1940, just as I planned.

"If Billy died before the age of fifteen, I would receive back every cent I'd paid in—plus interest.

"If Billy died after his fifteenth birthday, I would receive the full amount of the policy."

Is your child's future provided for as securely as Billy Atwood's? It might pay you to investigate this unexcelled "Savings, Protection and Investment" policy.

The attached coupon will bring our booklet, "Child's Endowment." Write for it to-day.

Agents in Every Important
Centre in Canada

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY**
"Solid as the Continent"

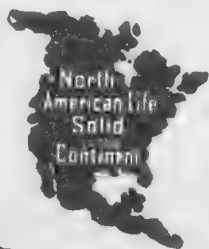
Head Office—Toronto, Canada.

Send me your booklet, "Child's Endowment"

Name

Address

Age Occupation



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In DeForest-Crosley Radiophones, radio engineering skill has combined volume, selectivity and long distance with unusual simplicity—resulting in unsurpassed radio results and low prices. Visit the DeForest-Crosley dealer or write us for full particulars.

DeForest Radio Corporation Ltd., Toronto

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DEALERS ONLY

There's
a Radiophone for
Every Home

The Best Investments

By Emily F. Murphy
(Janey Canuck)

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SINCE writing last month about the man in the moon who was so small, and comparing him with the earth-man who refused to protect his children, several persons have been wanting to know more about this.

Now, it is not right that I should deceive you, for I have never really been on the moon, but have heard tell a lot about its staying out all night and being reduced to its last quarter.

I have read, too, that scientists say what we call "gravitation," that is, speaking roughly, the force that holds us to the earth, is six times less on the moon, so that anyone who can jump three feet high here, could jump eighteen feet there. In other words, it is a great place for leap-frog.

Also, it would be a fine place for those light-headed persons who jump to conclusions about what they call "the inutility" of life assurance, without ever having looked into the subject for themselves. These are the men who look upon the insurance broker as an insistent and persistent person who solicits for something that can be of little value to anyone but the broker himself.

We have all heard such men hold forth on how they are "bothered," and of what insulting words they have said. Usually they end up by saying, "I am going to build up my own estate—that's sure—and no insurance broker need talk to me about it."

And yet, as a rule, they are the wealthy men who insure. These insure in the first place because good investments are becoming increasingly difficult to secure and, in the second place, because a big estate that has to be wound up by a trust company, or by executors, needs a very considerable sum of money to protect it against premature sale, or against a shrinkage in value.

With no ready cash available, many a rich man's family has suffered both painful inconvenience and embarrassment. These are probably some of the reasons why Rodman Wanamaker has his agents searching the world for companies that will give him still more coverage in the way of life assurance. "Give me the limit," he said recently, "I'll take whatever you can secure for me."

It is said that the limit cannot exceed \$7,200,000. We cannot say as to this, but we do know that Wanamaker is now carrying more than six million dollars' worth.

No, no! He is not playing leap-frog on the moon, but is a cool-headed business man of sixty-one years of age, who has found out that life assurance is a safe and sound investment, and one of the few enterprises that passed through the world-war with its assets and prestige unimpaired, in spite of the death-rate—indeed, with its assets increased.

Incidentally, it may be said that Wanamaker was the first man in the world to take on a million-dollar policy. Many magnates have since followed his example, and we are making no conjecture whatsoever in declaring that the procession has only started on its road.

That's so we had nearly forgotten to say it—the man who talks about being "bothered" by the insurance broker, is the man who is too selfish to insure his life for his family, or is too poor to pay the premium. That's what he is doing: playing leap-frog on the moon.

Emily F. Murphy

Over Eleven Million DOLLARS

is invested in the Guaranteed Investment Certificates of this Corporation. These Certificates are issued for sums of \$500 and upwards repayable in 3 or 5 years. They carry a double guarantee of safety—first mortgages and other "trustee securities" held as collateral for each investor, and our written guarantee as to payment of interest and repayment of principal.

They bear interest at $5\frac{1}{4}\%$ per annum, payable by cheque half yearly.

Write for further information regarding this safe investment.

The
**Toronto General
Trusts Corporation**

Total assets under administration exceed:
\$144,000,000.00

Head Office - Toronto

OTTAWA, WINNIPEG, SASKATOON,
VANCOUVER



For coughs take half a teaspoon of Minard's internally in molasses. For sore throat and chest heat and rub well into affected parts. For cold in head heat and inhale.

Minard's gives quick relief 40



Hardy Fruits for Western Gardens

Hardy Apples, Crab-Apples, and Apple Seedlings, Hybrid Plums and Cherries, fruit the first year, Currants, Gooseberry, and Strawberry Plants.

Write for our 1925 Catalog.

THE PATMORE NURSERY COMPANY
BRANDON MAN.



RADIO week was celebrated in Winnipeg starting February 2nd, and was a great success, quite a number of people visiting stores where radio equipment could be purchased, and many sets finding new homes. This winter, on the whole, has been a good one for radio reception, although fans living in Winnipeg and other large cities have been bothered with squealing and reradiation from other sets. We ask you to consider carefully the following fourteen points as by heeding the advice given, you are going to make radio reception better for yourself and also for everybody else in the neighborhood.

To Operators of Radio Receiving Sets

1. You are licensed by the government to receive.
2. When a receiving set whistles, or howls it is transmitting.
3. It is against the law to transmit without a transmitting license.
4. When receiving, it is not necessary to let your set whistle or howl.
5. And when it does this, it causes similar sounds in the receivers of your neighbors, thus spoiling their reception, as well as your own.
6. We are sure you would not intentionally interfere with your neighbor's reception.
7. This can be avoided by proper tuning.
8. Use both hands in tuning—one for the tuning control (condenser) and the other for regeneration control (tickler or variometer or rheostat).
9. When tuning, keep the regeneration control always just below the point of oscillation (whistling), as your set is then in its most sensitive condition.
10. If your set then accidentally is thrown out of balance and oscillates (whistles), turn back the regeneration control at once.
11. Do not try to find a station by the whistle—if your set is tuned just below the whistling point, the signals will come in clear, and your regeneration control can be turned a little further to increase volume.
12. Do not try for stations beyond your range—be content with those that you can really hear.
13. Add one or two stages of radio-frequency amplification to your set as soon as you can afford it. This will bring in the more distant stations easily and with plenty of volume.
14. Be a good sport—don't let your set whistle, and tell other radio fans how to tune without transmitting whistles, etc.

Condensers

The fixed condenser in a receiving set should have mica dielectrics for best results. Do not use condensers in which the dielectric is paraffin paper. For the best operation of a set, it is important to use the condenser of the proper capacity for the part of the circuit it is in.

Radio to Aid Work in Rural Schools

RURAL schools in Manitoba are to be put as nearly as possible on a par with the educational institutions of the city by the use of radio to teach history in English, French and any other subjects which will lend themselves to being taught "by air." CKY, the Manitoba Government Telephones system station, announces that it is making arrangements to radiocast lessons to be given by prominent Manitoba educators, every Tuesday, at 4:15 p.m.

The first talk was given by E. K. Marshall, secretary of the Manitoba Teacher's Federation. An effort is being made to provide facilities in every rural school which will enable them to benefit by these programs. Charles Cannon, provincial minister of education, has endorsed the plan, stating that it will be of particular value in those isolated districts where mail and news are received infrequently.

Radiocast Sermons Bring Donations From Train Fans

THE joke about the man who preferred listening to church services by radio because there was no collection plate, will have to be discarded.

A report has been received at headquarters of the Canadian National Railways from William Stapleton, district passenger agent at Saskatoon, that when the Continental Limited was approaching Saskatoon last Sunday morning the radio operator on board tuned in on a service being radiocast from the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Saskatoon.

The sermon by the Rev. George A. Dixon of Knox Church, Calgary, who was preaching in Westminster Church, so delighted the passengers in the radio observation car that a collection was taken up and sent to the minister of the Westminster Church when the train reached Saskatoon shortly after noon.

Tasmania Hears Seattle

A program radiocast from Seattle from the new 1000 watt radio station, KJR, was heard for one hour in Tasmania, approximately 6,500 miles from Seattle, according to a telegram received signed "Scott." The program was radiocast in an attempt to reach Japan, but no word had been received concerning the reception.

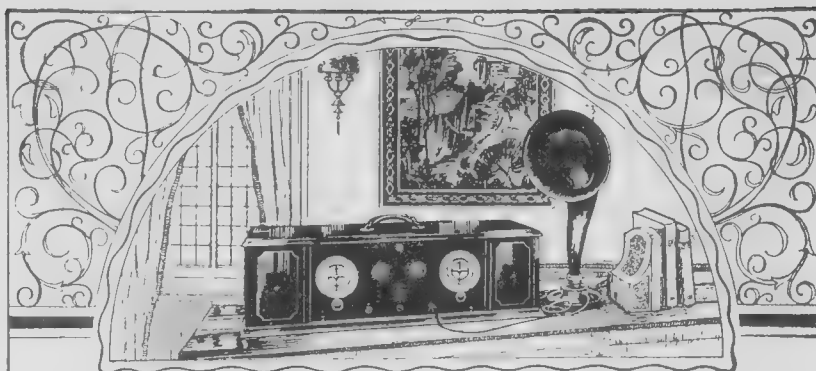
Radiocast Order for Fruit Filled

A limited commercial use of radio in a business emergency when telegraph lines failed has been reported to the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, Los Angeles, from a citrus fruit jobber at Des Moines, Ia.

A representative of this firm, unable to obtain telegraphic communication with his home office, radiocast an order for \$500 worth of citrus products over KFLZ at Atlantic, Ia. The message was picked up by a radio fan at Des Moines, who forwarded it to its destination. An answer, radiocast over WHO at Des Moines, was received the same day, and the fruit shortly after.



Speeches by prominent railway officials have been a feature of C.N.R. broadcasts. The above is a picture of Mr. W. D. Robb, making his initial appearance before a microphone



Radiola

Super Heterodyne

THE set that brings in far distant stations without ground connections or aerials—that gets the station you want—gets it always at the same marked spot—gets it simply—clearly!

UV-199 RADIOTRONS

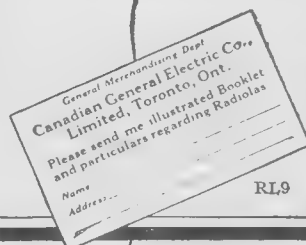
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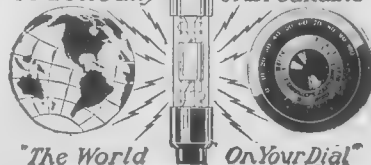
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Fighting Fate on the Great Slave Lake

Continued from page 15

the boat off, which much to their surprise, they did. Then the scattered cargo on the beach was collected and re-loaded, and they were ready to start when they found that the rocks had crushed the rudder and it had disappeared.

A sweep was made and put out astern in place of the rudder, and with a few rags of canvas set, the inland sailors set off, but unable to control the vessel without proper steering gear they had not gone over two miles when they were again blown up on another reef.

Fortunately the wind again changed, blowing off-shore and, says Murdoff simply, "she did not hang long and we started off again." Steering with the partial aid of the sweep and by raising and lowering the remnants of the sails the schooner managed to reach McQueen brothers' main cabin on the west shore of the Great Slave.

Here for four days, Trone, the engineer, toiled with the engine finally coming to the conclusion that it could not be made to work unless provided with a new battery. Therefore Murdoff made up his mind to go to Fort Rae where he might be able to get the necessary machine. He set off alone in a canoe and after four days of paddling, and sleeping out at night on the rocks, finally reached Fort Rae to find that the only battery which the post possessed would do anything but work. No further aid being forthcoming he turned his canoe about and on reaching the schooner again found that the men had pulled her out by means of blocks and tackle and had made a new rudder.

The vessel was not seaworthy and after "this three weeks of monkeying around," Murdoff realized that it was a waste of time, so the three men left the schooner on the beach setting off for Fort Resolution, across the Great Slave Lake in a canoe, with the intention of getting one of the vessels there to go to the aid of the *Speed*.

Arrived at the post they found the inhabitants at the church praying for their safety and learned that the Mounted Police were out on the lake in their patrol cruiser searching for the bodies. When the Mounties arrived back in port the same evening they were rather surprised to see the "corpses" sitting in the Northern Trading Company's trade room and laughing over the adventure. All the boats had been pulled out of the water for the winter and none of their owners would agree to venture forth fearing to be trapped in the forming ice, so until the spring thaws release the far north the *Speed* will sit on the Great Slave rocks—a silent tribute to the courage of northmen.

In concluding his terse report Murdoff states that during the month he and his companions were battling with the elements that "the weather was very unpleasant and the only time I was warm was when I got to the post at Rae." Strange things happen in the north and the strangest of all the *Speed's* adventures is that the icy water and snow, the frozen food and blankets and the general misery completely cured Murdoff of his rheumatism; his crutches have been cast away and he is again able to live up to his northern reputation of "a hardy kind of fella!"

Night

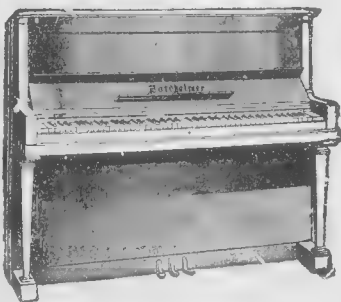
The virgin snow hath fallen on the ground
 From wintry skies whose black is now profound.
 The trees are clothed in robes of driven white—
 Their crystal sparkling in the starry night.
 The silver moon doth court the silent sea
 Restoring dreams, that vanished were, of thee.
 The ripples on its bosom dance and play—
 I heed them not, my thoughts are far away.
 The wind hath come to pierce the silence through,
 But oh, it cannot pierce my dreams of you.
 —Rae Verrill.

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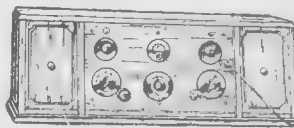
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The Mystery of a Pack of Cards

By Granville Langham

A PRIVATE soldier by the name of John Orten was taken before a magistrate recently for playing cards during divine service. It appears that a sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church and when the parson had read the prayers, he took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out, but this soldier had neither a Bible nor a common prayer book; but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them before him, looking at one card and then at another.

The sergeant of the company saw him and said, "John put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said John.

When the service was over, the constable took John before the Mayor.

"Well," said the Mayor, "what have you brought this soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Well soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, Sir. I hope."

"Very good: If not I will punish you more than man was ever punished."

"I have been," said John, "about six weeks on a march. I have neither Bible nor common prayer book, I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I'll satisfy your Worship of the purity of my intentions," and spreading the cards before the Mayor he began with the ace.

"When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God; when I see the deuce, it reminds me of Father and Son; when I see the tray it reminds me of Father, Son and Holy Ghost; when I see the four spot it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; when I see the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins, that trimmed their lamps—there were ten, but five were wise and five were foolish and were shut out; when I see the six it reminds me that the Lord made Heaven and earth in six days, when I see the seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day He rested from the great work he had created and hallowed it; when I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world viz. Noah and his wife, with their three sons and their wives; when I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour—there were nine out of ten who never returned thanks; when I see the ten it reminds me of the ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on tablets of stone; when I see the King, it reminds me of the King of Heaven, which is God Almighty; when I see the Queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls all dressed in boys apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash, the girls washed to the elbow and the boys to the wrist, so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have given a good description of all the cards but one."

"What is that?"

"The Knave," said the Mayor.

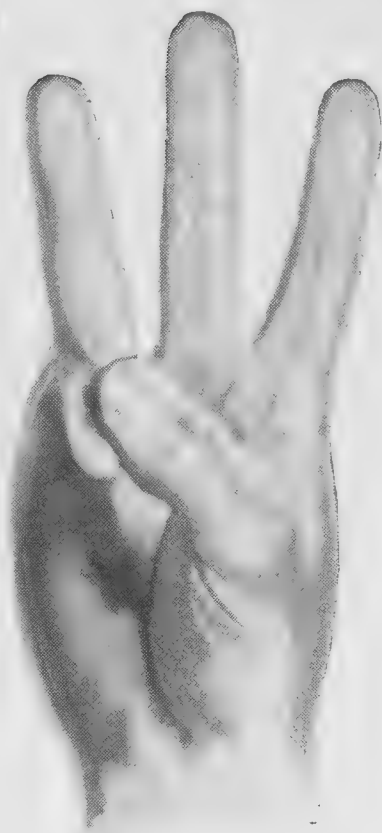
"I will give your honor a description on that too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the Mayor, "if you do not term me to be the Knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest Knave that I know is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the Mayor, "if he is the greatest Knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards I find 365, as many as there are days in a year; when I count the number of cards in a pack I find there are 52, the number of weeks in a year; I find there are 12 picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year; and on counting the tricks, I find 13, the number of weeks in a quarter. There are four different suit cards, representing the four seasons, so you see Sir, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, Alamanac and common prayer book."



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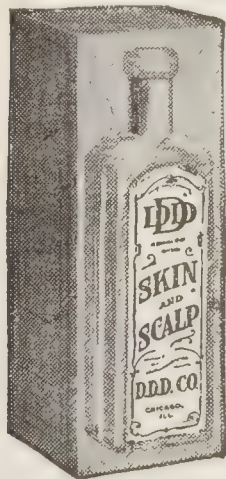
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Wives. Be in Subjection—Continued from page 6

"Thank you, dear. What am I supposed to do for that masterly compliment to my poor physiognomy? Give your mad scheme my august approval?"

"We—ell if Jimmie talks to you about it, it wouldn't do any harm if you told him you thought it was all right."

"Very well, Kitten, I'll try to manage Jimmie if you are determined to look for happiness in the glare of the foot-lights. Now, little girl, run back to your aunt. I must finish this paper before luncheon."

"Oh, thanks, you darling Nunky! You understand me better than Jimmie does. He needn't make such a fuss. I'm not leaving home—yet."

Betty returned to Aunt Letitia smilingly triumphant. "Uncle Charlie's going to talk to Jimmie, so everything will be all right," she said. "Bye-bye, Auntie. I must run now."

AFTER Betty's departure her relatives held a brief conference which resulted in Jimmie being called to the telephone for a short conversation which sent him back to his desk with a happier expression than he had been wearing all morning. Jimmie's married life would have been very difficult at times if it were not for the two who understood Betty's nature so well.

Later that afternoon when he left Mr. Tremaine's office at the Orpheum Theatre, he wore an expression of triumph which didn't fade even when Betty's enthusiasm over his consent to her new scheme reached almost hysterical heights.

"Oh, Jimsie, you old darling! I knew you really didn't mind," Betty exclaimed, when he came home from the office, apparently in his usual placid frame of mind and told her he had withdrawn his opposition.

"I do mind, Betty, but who am I to stand between you and Fame," he said with a laugh.

"Now, Jimmie, you're talking! I'll get you a ticket for the first performance."

"Thanks!" said Jimmie with a peculiar smile. "But remember, girlie, just this week, no more."

Betty's expression changed as he said this, and for a few moments Jimmie feared a renewal of her rebellion of the morning. Suddenly a mischievous smile chased away the suggestion of defiance.

"Perhaps that will be long enough," she said softly.

Then followed a week of study and rehearsing, which made Jimmie feel very glad that he had not agreed to a longer period. Betty was so absorbed in her new venture that she could talk of nothing else. To her it was a wonderful time, and the following Monday evening found her still eagerly enthusiastic and radiantly confident.

Half an hour before the time when the curtain was to rise on Betty's initial appearance on the stage, Mr. Tremaine was in his office trying to soothe the irritation of an attractive young woman who stood by his desk drumming impatient fingers on its scratched top.

"It's a perfectly crazy idea. I've told you so all along. She's sure to be nervous and spoil the whole performance. Why should I understudy a rank amateur?"

"Look here, Kit. I know it's your part she's taking, but I ain't so sure she will be nervous. Look at the rehearsals—"

"I know, but a rehearsal isn't the actual performance with an audience."

"Well, the agreement was that she would be given a part that would be too heavy for an amateur. Now, Sis, you know I couldn't do anything else. Anyone but you would raise a devil of a row, but you'll stand by, I know."

"Yes, I always have to be the goat to pay for being your sister, but no one seems to realize that, and I get in Dutch with someone about three times a week because I'm supposed to be favored in some way. Favored! I'll broadcast it to the universe that I am—Not!"

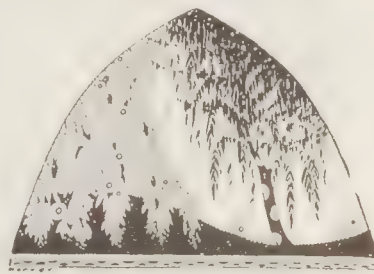
"But listen, Kit. We've made our reputation in this town, and one bum supe isn't goin' to queer it in half a performance. You know just how I've planned it. Mrs. Carson goes on. The first sign of falling down in the part, she's off—sick—see? I'll go out front and

explain. You go on with the part, Kit, as if she'd never begun. And don't forget this, Sis—" and Tremaine waved a pink slip of paper before her eyes, "a third to you besides your regular pay, another third pays her, and the rest goes to big brother to pay for the trouble she may make. Not bad, eh? The trouble is, it looks as though Carson's scheme is N.G. She's good, darn good for an amateur. Wish I could encourage her. She'd prove a find, I'll bet my hat. Born actress."

"Perhaps you're right, but that doesn't make her any more popular with me than she is right now. Supposing she walks away with my part. I'm no Mrs. Pat Campbell, you know."

"Well, don't worry, kid. Carson gave his consent for only a week, you know."

OUTSIDE, the orchestra struck up the opening bars of the overture, and Tremaine and his sister, who was already dressed for the part in case Betty should prove a failure, took their places in the wings where they could watch the beginning of the performance. Betty and



two others of the company were on when the curtain rose, and for the watchers most interested, Tremaine, his sister, Kitty, and Jimmie, seated about half-way back in the orchestra seats, it was a tense moment. Instead of a part with little to do and less to say, such as is usually given to amateurs, Betty had been given a fairly prominent role at Jimmie's suggestion, an arrangement which had cost him the generous pink slip, in the hope that, given too much to do, she would be nervous and fail. Kitty Tremaine, whose part she had been given, was not cast for the performance, but was prepared to go on as soon as Betty would show the expected signs of breaking down.

To their surprise it was a very self-possessed young performer who began the opening lines of the play, excelling her work at the rehearsals, and before the first act was over Jimmie was watching her with incredulous admiration, mingled with doubt as to the success of his scheme for discouraging her. Tremaine was openly delighted and Kitty was scornful, while Betty, radiantly enthusiastic, was thoroughly enjoying the novelty of her first performance, apparently as far from stage fright as the older members of the company.

Naturally many of the faults of an amateur were in evidence, but it was clear to all that Betty possessed decided talent for the stage. But not everyone wished her success. Katherine Tremaine, usually known as Kit, was extremely jealous by nature, and though her brother was good natured, he was sometimes on the point of asking her to find another position. But she was a capable versatile actress, though not equal to leading roles, and he was loath to discharge his own sister, even though she gave him many uncomfortable moments. On the other hand Kit realized that her position was not any too secure in spite of the relationship and it was because of this that she had consented to the arrangement to understudy Betty.

When she saw the favorable impression that Betty had made on her fellow-players and on the audiences, her jealousy was further aroused, and she resolved to interfere in some way with the continuance of Betty's success. Tuesday evening's performance and the Wednesday matinee had brought more applause for Betty's work, and Kit resolved that, if possible, Wednesday evening should bring her downfall.

During the first act Betty had to make

one change in costume from the dainty afternoon dress which she wore when the curtain rose, to street costume. Only a few moments were allowed for this change, and Betty, unaccustomed to dressing in such limited time, required every minute. Wednesday evening, when she flew into the dressing room she found Kit, who shared it with her, just leaving. There was a glint of triumph in her eyes as Betty entered.

"Everything goin' O.K.?" she asked.

"Fine," Betty answered, as she began removing her gown. As Kit closed the door she threw the dress on a chair and reached for the costume, a tailored suit, which she was to wear. Instead of finding it on its accustomed hook, her hands closed on the dress she was to wear on the third act. Betty, who was orderly in spite of her natural frivolity, was aghast at the possible loss of time. The few costumes which she wore during the play were hung in the order in which they were to be worn, and she was sure she had not made any such mistake in their arrangement at the close of the matinee. Frantically she pushed aside the hanging garments but found no trace of the one needed.

Suddenly she remembered the expression on Kit's face as she had asked the brief question a few moments before, and it flashed into her mind that Kit would be able to explain the disappearance of the suit. Though she had heard nor seen nothing definite she had sensed during the time she had spent at the theatre that her presence there was for some reason resented by this one member of the company, and now she felt that she was being given proof of it. Betty was not red-haired for nothing, and the blue eyes grew steely-gray as she determined to save the situation though the moments were flying and she was trembling with fear that she would not be in time for her cue. Her fingers flew, and Jimmie, out in the audience, as well as Tremaine and the other performers were astonished to see Betty, when just another moment's delay would have made an unpleasant break, appear in her own dark street dress and small hat, which she had worn to the theatre. Only those accustomed to her usual manner could detect the nervousness which she felt during the remainder of the performance.

Kit, who had placed herself where she could easily be called by her brother, disappeared immediately, and when Betty returned to the dressing-room to prepare for the next act, a hasty search revealed the missing suit occupying the hook which belonged to another costume. Betty was sure that it had not been there when she made her first search, and her suspicions were strengthened.

"Hmph! Something rotten in the state of Denmark," she murmured. "I'll keep my eyes open."

Before the curtain went up for the next act Mr. Tremaine sent for her.

"What's the big idea—wearing that dress?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Tremaine, I don't understand it, but the costume I should have worn wasn't in the dressing room, I am sure, and yet just now I found it hanging in the wrong place. There was so little time that I just put on my own dress and hat."

"Hm! Darn queer! You're sure you left it there?"

"Yes, I know I did, for I remember brushing some powder off the sleeve when I hung it up after the matinee."

Mr. Tremaine cast a quick look around as though in search of someone, and Betty was certain she knew whom he wished to see. Apparently he was really annoyed.

"Perhaps one of the women who were tidying the dressing-room may have rearranged things for some reason," she suggested.

"Probably, probably," he said, apparently relieved. "I'll speak to them about it and see that it doesn't happen again."

Betty was quite aware that he did not accept this explanation, himself, but that he hoped she did. The fact that Kit's belongings were removed from the dressing-room the next day, and the pretty

Continued on page 62

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The Disappearance of Louise Merrilow

Continued from page 9

through the stillness the swish of a canoe and the sound of paddles. I peered down, but could see nothing till a friendly moon broke through the pall of cloud and showed me a canoe with a man and woman paddling. The woman was Louise Merrilow! In the momentary vivid illumination, she saw me, looked straight up at me, then bent her head, said something to the man, and the two went off as if racing for their lives. In vain my eyes sought to follow them. They passed around a curve of our island and disappeared in a channel formed by neighboring isles.

The air had grown suddenly chill; the wind had risen; I had barely reached the tent when the storm broke. Flashes of lightning, crashes of thunder, roarings of turbulent wind roused every sleeper. The storm was long remembered on those waters; Indians tell of it to this day. It cast terrible wreckage on their shores, and among the wreckage was a canoe, tossed and torn, but gripping yet in its broken sides a woman's glove and a man's cap.

An Indian brought both to us late in the next day; but we had no need of these silent witnesses to tell us of the fate of that man and woman. Those who believed that they knew, said that no small craft could have survived that storm; yet they searched the shores of the islands for miles. Denis O'Moragh had gone from us without a word. Louise Merrilow had left a note for Alice, pinned near the entrance of the tent we used as a dining hall in bad weather. The brief note expressed deepest gratitude for kindness and a pitiful plea for forgiveness for a rash but inevitable disappearance. It closed with the words: "Though you may never see nor hear from me again, try to think of me kindly. I will carry you on my heart till my life's end. God bless you and yours. With dearest love, Louise."

We heard rumors that a tall, dark woman, heavily veiled, had been seen in the early morning at the nearest mainland station accompanied by a fair-haired young man of the appearance of Denis. The couple had gone to a cottage near the station to dry their clothing, said they had been drenched in the storm. They had appeared nervous and anxious. The rumor roused a faint hope that the erring pair had swum to land; but later we heard that they had been identified as a man and wife from a neighboring village.

The tongue of scandal was not entirely silenced; but it moved in whispers, seeming to dread uttering aloud any evil of her who was lying stilled beneath the waters. When it was too late to comfort her by praise, we learned of many kindnesses that she had done. On the day after we returned from camp, a little maid came into Alice's room and laid a dress on the bed. "Oh, ma'am!" she sobbed, "it almost breaks my heart to look at it. That dear lady sat up late one night to make it over for me from one of hers. I was asked to a party and had nothing to put on. All of us in the kitchen loved her. We didn't want her to give to us. We knew she had not much. It was because she cared in her heart. She was so understanding. If we had a worry, we told her."

Captain Rayce sent a pathetic letter in reply to Alice's story of the tragedy. "Poor, dear girl," he mourned, "her's was a pitiful story. We had hoped that time would heal her trouble, and that she would marry a good man. But it had cut too deep. I think it made her reckless. She did not seem to care what she said or did. We never heard what became of that wretched Edric. She would not hear a word against him. Ah, well! I suppose we ought to be thankful that the poor, storm-tossed soul is at rest!"

Who was Edric? What had he done? I wanted Alice to write and ask, but she would not. Edward Rayce evidently thought that we knew. If Louise had not chosen to tell us, it would be unfair to pry into her secret now.

AS time passed, we spoke of Louise at longer intervals, when some circumstance brought back a vivid memory. Five years had gone. On another August day, the anniversary of the storm, I was sitting with Alice in the verandah when she suddenly gripped my arm: "Phyllis!" she gasped, "that man coming up the street is the image—the image—of Denis O'Moragh!"

I stood up in amazement. Alice held on to me, trembling. It was—it must be—Denis! I could not mistake the swing of him, the gay smile of him, the twinkle of his blue eyes, and presently, before he reached the gate, we heard the voice of him, crying jauntily: "Well, friends, isn't this an unexpected—"

He hesitated, choked a little. The smile faded. He looked very serious indeed. "Ah, now," he said, with a pathetic plea in that once gay voice of his, "can't you forgive me? Won't you hold out a hand of welcome? I know the way I lit out that night was outrageous; but I was very young. I'm ages older and wiser now, quite a reformed character. Dear Mrs. Kelford, you were always so good, so kind! Forgive the young fool that I was. If you won't do it for my sake, do it for the wife and kiddies. I've brought their picture along."

Alice's face softened: "Then you really married her. I am thankful for that!"

He stared at her: "I don't understand what you mean! Of course I married her in double quick time. I had some trouble to persuade her at first; but she says she's glad now."

Alice smiled; but sat down. She was overcome. She faltered out: "Why, oh



Patio of Oranges, Cathedral and Giralda Tower, Seville, Spain

why did you never write? It was cruel to leave us in such awful suspense! I cannot understand how she did it!"

"How she did what? You are talking in riddles!"

"Went off that way, and never told us whether she was alive or dead!"

He turned to me in distress: "Has she been ill, had any shock? She seems—"

"She is perfectly sane and well balanced," I answered testily, "decidedly more sane than some people."

"I accept the compliment," he smiled.

"But really, Miss Phyllis, I am not so sky-rockety as I was. My little woman has helped to adjust the ballast quite evenly."

Alice again looked at him searchingly and faltered out: "I am glad, thankful that you are both happy; but it was hideously cruel to leave us in suspense."

"But—really," he said; "I was not vain enough to suppose that my taking off would worry anyone except my mother; and I thought that even she could not grieve over the end of an idle, useless life. I did not write to her for a year—not till we were married."

Alice glared at him: "You admit that you went away together—and were not—married—for a whole year!"

"Now what are you driving at?" he asked in seeming perplexity. "I never met my wife till I had been nearly a year in San Francisco."

"Do you mean to tell me that your wife is not Louise Merrilow?"

"Certainly not. She was Aline Butler, a girl I met in Frisco."

Alice sprang up, pointed an accusing finger at him, and exclaimed in heavy tragedy tones, "Then what—what—have you done—with Miss Merrilow?"

His face turned a dull red. He regarded my sister with a startled stare.

"I knew nothing about Miss Merrilow after I left the camp. What happened? Did she go away too?"

"You do know what happened!" thundered Alice. "How dare you sit there and pretend? Is she alive—or—dead? Your canoe was found bottom upwards! Your hat and her gloves were stuck to it! Did you save yourself—and—let—her—drown?"

The red had faded out of his face. It was deadly white; he shivered; his lips were blue as if they had been newly drawn from the water. For moments he tried to speak and was wordless; then he uttered: "Drowned! Drowned! How I loved that woman! And—I had almost—forgotten."

He put his hand before his face as if to hide some vision on which he dared not look.

"I am thankful you have some fragment of conscience left," spoke Alice bitterly.

He pulled away his shielding hand and looked her straight in the eyes: "Mrs. Kelford, I am not the cursed coward that you think me. If Miss Merrilow left the camp on the same night as I, she did not leave with me. She liked me as a young brother, treated me as such, and no more. I was mad about her; mad in Dellbrooke and madder in camp. That was why I went away in the dark of the night five years ago. I chose to come back on the anniversary to beg your pardon. I saw her on the beach alone when I thought I was parting from her forever, and I thought my heart was breaking. I never again looked at any woman with interest till I met Aline. That is the truth, nothing but the truth. I swear it on my honor."

His words, his tone, seemed to carry conviction; yet we doubted. If he was swearing to a falsehood, he was the most hardened sinner I had ever seen. He did not look the part.

"I saw her in the canoe with a man beside her. It was after midnight, before the storm came. In the morning, the wreck was found with the hat and gloves."

I looked at him steadfastly as I spoke, and he did not flinch.

"I was in a boat, not a canoe," he answered. "I sheltered in a cove until the storm was over. I had believed that I did not care whether I lived or died; but I did my best to save myself. I arrived at the mainland in the morning with my hat on my head and my boat whole."

Philip came through the gate. He looked at Denis without surprise and bowed stiffly without the offer of a hand.

"I heard that you had been seen in Dellbrooke," he remarked coldly.

Alice and I began to repeat Denis' story together, with Denis interjecting a word here and there. Philip let us finish without interruption; then he inquired:

"Do you expect Dellbrooke to believe that you did not see Miss Merrilow drown? If that is the case, why did you hide for five years?"

Denis sighed drearily: "It's no use. I cannot convince you. Believing as you do about me, you'd be pleased to have me take myself out of your way."

"For the sake of your own skin, you'd better," retorted Philip brutally. "Unless you can prove by corroborative evidence that you were alone that night, and give some satisfactory reason for concealment of your existence for five

Continued on page 58



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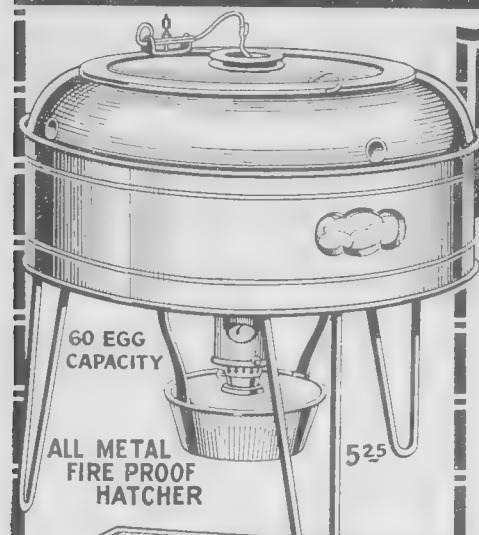
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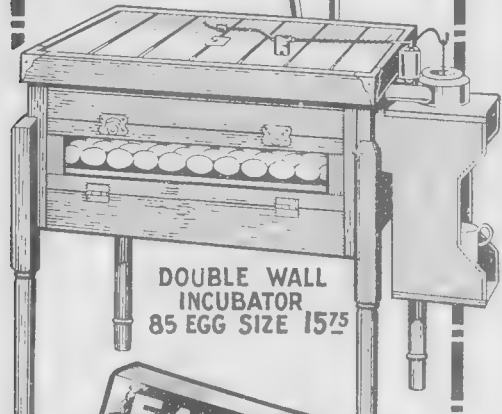
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The Home Garden

Conducted by Allan Campbell

Protection From Wind, Worth While

WHEN making plans for the spring it is well worth while to include at least a start in establishing a windbreak. It has been said that starting to grow trees and shrubs does not always produce the results that are claimed for it. This opinion, of course, has been formed by the fact that the planter has planted his trees in such a manner that they have been at the mercy of some of the most unsuitable conditions, as for example, the young and tender trees may have been planted in the fall in dried-out land where there has not been sufficient moisture from either rain or snow until late the following spring and then it has come too late, or they may have been planted in the spring during a temporary respite from the usual work of the farm and the job done hurriedly so that there has been insufficient tramping to firm the soil around the roots to allow sufficient moisture to benefit the rootlets when they need it most. There are several other factors that go toward failure in tree planting.

Now, there is one kind of tree that will stand a great deal of abuse, neglect and carelessness and, in spite of all, “come through smiling” as it were. This particular tree is the Caragana, or Siberian Pea tree, introduced into this country from Russia in 1887. By planting an outer defence of such trees one is enabled to create a protected zone in which the planting of other trees, or, in fact, any other plant may be done with a better chance of ultimate success than would be the case were they left in the open, as this tree makes an ideal hedge to plant around a garden or orchard.

It has been estimated that the protective influence of a windbreak is 50 feet for every foot in height, that is to say, a shelter belt 10 feet in height will protect 500 feet of the land adjoining. As the Caragana forms a tight hedge and is a good grower, one is assured of its protective influence and may go ahead with the plans of making a plantation within the protected zone.

In order to hasten the growth of the hedge, a strip of land extending out to about three feet each side of it should be kept well cultivated to conserve the moisture and to combat the moisture-robbing weeds. The spring is the best time to plant a Caragana hedge, when the frost is out of the ground. The young trees (one or two years old) should be planted at intervals of a foot, and after a certain length of time the branches will intermingle and thus form a tight hedge and form a barrier to destructive winds though such winds will not prove destructive to the hedge.

If the planting of fruit trees is on the list of the spring projects, these could be included in this plantation inside the hedge, while for future seasons a space could be allotted for the growing of such vegetables as require special protection in the early stages of their growth.

In regard to the flower garden, this kind of a hedge may be used advantageously on the more windy side of the garden, or say, one hedge on the east and one on the west, the garden being on the south of the house.

Hatching by the Hen

Then hen and the horse have had their rivals on the farm and in the town for a good many years, but in spite of this fact they are still carrying on at their old trade. The horse is not displaced by the gasoline engine nor is the hen exactly dethroned as a hatcher by the incubator.

When setting a hen it must be taken into consideration that she produces best results when she is located in some place where other hens are not likely to disturb her. The sitting hen should be in a rather dark place, which is quiet and away from the layers and bad setters. If you are obliged to change her to another nest or another place, do so

in the evening so that she may be disturbed as little as possible. A convenient nest is easily made with a box about fifteen inches square with some earth or a sod in the bottom and the corners so filled that no eggs can roll out from the hen and get chilled. A covering of about two inches of straw or chaff should be put in. Try the sitter on some china eggs and if she is quiet for some considerable time you will be safe in putting the eggs under her. Feed and water must be within easy reach and a dust bath should also be available. At the very start the hen will have a better chance if dusted with insect powder when set and also a few days before the hatch comes off. This will keep the vermin in check.

After the chicks have hatched they should not be disturbed until they show signs of leaving the nest of their own accord, then the hen should be removed with the chicks to a coop. If the ground is not dry the coop should have a floor in it on which chaff or sand should be spread. All coops should be thoroughly disinfected before put into use. A hen should be given no more chicks than she can comfortably keep warm.

Spring Among the Bees

THE generally conceded signal for the bees to be brought out of winter quarters and placed on the summer stands, is the advent of the pussy willow. This period in the year's programme is a very important one, and one that calls for particular care on the part of the apiarist. The available stores must be checked up and all weak colonies located. Where there is a scale within handy reach all hives should be weighed, but failing this one may fairly well ascertain where the stores are lacking by the feel of the hives as they are carried out of the cellar.

If the bees have been well prepared for winter there should be less anxiety in the spring, but advantage should be taken of the first warm day when the bees are flying, to make a quick examination of the interior of the hives, when combs containing stores may be taken from colonies that have more than they need and given to those that are lacking in sufficient stores to keep them going until the honey flow. It is often possible to save a weak colony by placing it on top of a strong one with a queen excluder between the two, care being taken to see that the weak colony has a little brood to keep the bees from deserting. If it be necessary, such brood may be taken from the strong colony previously. This work of uniting is best done towards evening and the colonies disturbed as little as possible. In two or three weeks these colonies may be separated, moving the stronger one to a new stand.

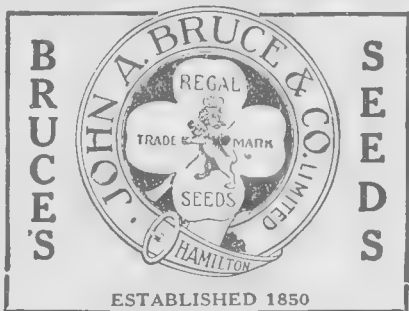
The size of the entrances to the hives should be kept small in early spring, and in the case of weak colonies it should be only an inch or two. A high temperature is needed for brood rearing, provision should be made to have the hives protected by sacks should the temperature remain low.

On the first really warm day, on which the bees are flying freely, a thorough examination of the brood nest should be made. Any colony that is found to be queenless should be united to one containing a fertile queen. Combs of emerging brood may be placed in weak colonies to strengthen them.

A weekly examination should be made when settled weather sets in to see that the stores are being consumed and replaced by brood. Where stores are accumulating rapidly, remove a part of them and replace with empty comb. At this time too, there is likely to be an interval between the blooming periods of the various sources of nectar such as willows, maples, dandelions and the various other plants. This should be taken into consideration so that there

Continued on page 55

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Better than a Mustard Plaster

The Home Garden

Continued from page 54

may be no starvation and a little feeding may be done where needed. Later in the season when the honey gathering is in full swing, the tendency for excessive swarming must be coped with. Before swarming, the bees commence to rear queens and the old queen quits her domain with her followers about the time when the earliest queen cells are capped. If there are trees in or near the apiary, and it is far better that there should be, the swarm will likely settle on a branch. When the bees have ceased to circulate round and have formed into a ball on the limb of the tree, a hive containing empty comb should be placed immediately under the branch on which the bees have formed and by giving the branch a sudden jerk the bees will fall on to the top of the frames—the lid of the hive having been left off—and will work their way down between the frames and after a while the lid may be replaced and any bees not yet in their new quarters will find their way in by way of the entrance. When evening comes the hive may be gently removed from under the tree and placed alongside the other hives in the apiary. The writer has found it advantageous at times to elevate the hive by means of a step ladder so as to reduce the distance between the cluster of bees and the top of the frames thus reducing the fall and making surer of the aim for the hive.

Another method that is in use is to dump the bees into a box and then empty it on to a sheet spread out in front of the new hive.

Modern bee keeping aims to produce as much honey as possible, and to accomplish this it is necessary that swarming be rigidly controlled, for the production of new swarms means the lessening of the honey crop. There are several ways by which swarming may be controlled such as giving more ventilation when the weather is warm by raising the front of the hive by blocks and by giving the bees plenty of room for brood production and storage of honey and by destroying all queen cells that contain eggs or larvae.

Notes on Lawn Making

A LAWN will make a vast difference to the appearance of the home and will so enhance the general outlook that it is well worth the endeavor to establish one. Without the lawn there must be flower beds, or a shrubbery, or weeds. If one is too busy to give attention to the cultivation that a well kept garden needs, a lawn with perhaps a few shrubs here and there will be a good substitute, while it will maintain the tidiness that is essential to all homes.

Special care is needed when starting a lawn, and it is just as well to give such care at the start, and start right, rather than be regretful in later years. The soil should be pulverized and enriched by some well rotted manure. Before the seed is sown the soil should be made as near perfectly level as possible. A method of seeding that is recommended is to scatter the seed broadcast on the surface, and rake it with a fine toothed garden rake. After sowing the seed and raking it in, the surface should be well firmed with a garden roller to firm the soil around the seed; this will cause a quicker growth than if it were not rolled, under normal conditions.

Kentucky Blue grass or Canadian Blue grass are very desirable types for making a fine lawn. It is recommended that the seeding be done in the early part of the summer before the summer rains have begun.

For winter it is a good plan to give the lawn a covering of strawy manure, both for holding the snow and adding fertility to the soil.

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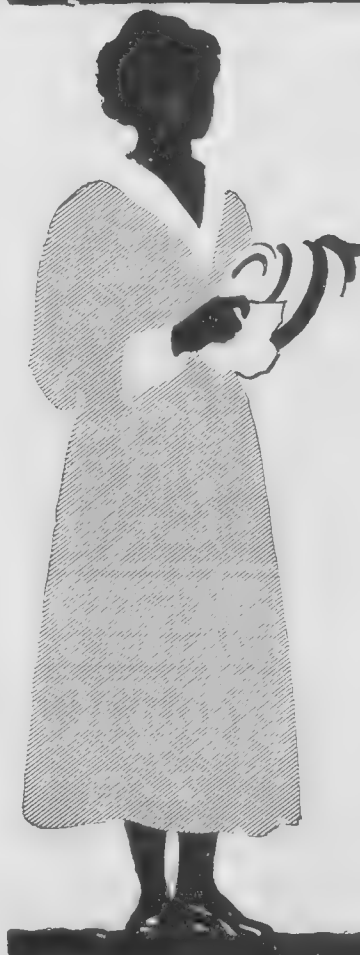
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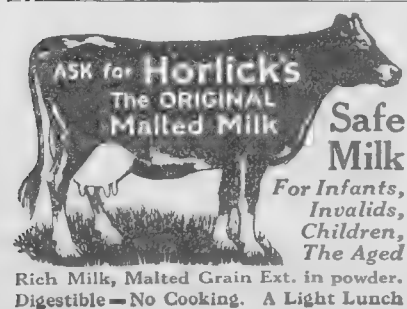
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The Home Doctor

Preventing the Spring Cold

By Emma Gary Wallace

WHEN colds are contracted in the
spring, they are usually difficult
to get rid of because of changing
weather conditions and the temptation
to lay off the heavier clothing of the
winter.

Prevention is better than cure, and a
little bit of forethought and care will
usually bring even the delicate child or
adult through safely. The main thing is
to face the situation and meet it
adequately and fully.

Colds are readily contracted in the
spring because, in many cases, a certain
sensitiveness has been developed through
the winter. This is the result of the
indoor life, the artificial heating of our
houses, and often a tendency to over-
clothe the body. The body should be
protected at all times, but the clothing
so regulated as to meet the temperature
of both indoors and out-of-doors.

With the coming of spring we always
have the winds of March and April,
intended by nature to dry and warm the
earth. At the same time these breezes
carry with them the dust and germs of
the streets and ground, and so unless
extra care is taken to keep the nose and
the mouth and throat clean and aseptic,
not only colds but other diseases as well
are likely to be contracted.

In the spring the system is inclined
to be sluggish. This is the case because
of the heavier and heartier foods eaten
during the past months as a reinforce-
ment against the cold. In many instances
there has not been activity enough to
balance this heavier diet, or the system
has been allowed to become somewhat
clogged with the refuse. These condi-
tions, singly or in combination, are very
likely to encourage a disposition toward
colds.

Now, the logical methods of meeting
this situation are neither troublesome
nor expensive. It is merely a case of
applied intelligence.

First of all, the skin of the body should
be kept clean and the pores free. The
warmer weather makes us perspire more
readily, and the dust which is in the air
in large quantities clings to moist
surface. Baths will be especially enjoy-
able at this time. And those who have
been inclined to bronchial and throat
troubles will find it to their advantage to
begin to sponge the throat and trunk of
the body with tepid water the first thing
upon arising in the morning. Gradually,
the temperature of the water may be
cooled, until it is used just as it comes
from the faucet. A week or ten days
will be necessary to educate the skin so
that this will not be uncomfortable.

The addition of a handful of salt to
each quart of water so used for bathing,
will have a marked tonic influence.
A convenient way of handling this,
especially where there are children, is to
take a good sized jar holding a couple of
gallons. Into this empty a bag of sea
salt. Fill the jar with hot water as this
will help dissolve the salt. Allow to
cool. Possibly, part of the salt will
remain undissolved in the bottom of the
jar. That will do no harm. If any
scum arises to the surface, skim it off.

Take a cupful of this solution each
morning, or more as needed, and add to
the water in which throat and trunk
are bathed. As long as there is un-
dissolved sea salt in the bottom of the
jar, more water may be added, either hot
or cold. The surface of the skin should
be rubbed with a Turkish towel until
glowing. This treatment will accustom
the skin to ordinary changes of tempera-
ture and will greatly increase the
resistance to colds.

In order to encourage elimination, the
diet should be somewhat lightened, and
fresh fruits and green vegetables freely
eaten. Oranges, pineapple, grapefruit,
apples, berries and cranberries are
desirable. Stewed fruits very lightly

sweetened may now be substituted for
heavier desserts, and stewed prunes are
especially wholesome. Bran, graham,
and whole wheat breads, lettuce, aspara-
gus, and spinach particularly should be
used quite freely.

Food authorities are now telling us
that we should eat thin leaf vegetables
twice a day for health. We may take
these as salads or cooked. But once a
day we should take one raw leaf
vegetable for the vitamins.

In the springtime, plenty of water
should be taken to flush the system, and
great pains observed in keeping the nose
and throat and tongue clean. In clean-
ing the teeth, the inside and outside
should be scrubbed, both crossways and
up and down. The tongue, with its rough
surface calls for regular attention, or it
will catch and hold germs, permitting
them to be mixed with the food and
carried into the system.

It is now recognized that the tongue
should be cleaned with a soft brush or a
clean piece of linen. The part of the
tongue at the back of the throat should
be given extra care, as here the greatest
number of germs are found to lodge.
The throat and tonsils and nose should
not be neglected. Probably the best
way to reach the throat and tonsils is
first by a gargle of an antiseptic
character which will wash and purify.
This gargle may be plain salt and water,
as salt is a disinfectant, or a very
effective gargle which is extremely
purifying is made by shaking three or
four drops of liquid synol soap into a
third of a glass of water. Such a wash-
ing should be given at least once a day,
and nose and throat sprayed by means
of an atomizer containing some soothing
antiseptic preparation. This only takes
a minute and is decidedly agreeable and
beneficial.

Some people lay off their heavy cloth-
ing on the last day of April or at some
other stated time, regardless of the
weather. This is foolish and usually
leads to illness. It is a mistake to
continue wearing clothing which causes
one to perspire upon the slightest
exertion. Naturally, there is danger of a
chill. That means a congestion and a
cold. On a warm day or in a warm
house, less clothing is needed than dur-
ing a cold or damp season.

The feet should be protected in rainy
and sloppy weather. Many a mysterious
case of illness has come from wet feet—
not because the cool water in itself was
very harmful, but because shoes and
stockings were permitted to remain damp
until the body became chilled. Wet foot
covering should be changed at once, the
feet rubbed briskly or sponged in salt
and water, and dried. Children especially,
have a great fondness for walking in
melting streams of water during the
springtime. They love to see the clear,
purling brook running in the little
channel it has worn away, and the
temptation is often great to walk in
this stream, "just for the fun of it." Wet
feet are sure to be the result unless
rubber boots which do not leak are worn.
Even these cause perspiration and should
not be worn too long at a time.

Preventing the spring cold has a
distinct advantage aside from the
immediate illness prevented. It calls for
the establishment of hygienic habits and
gives so much "pep" that the individual
is ready to enjoy both the spring and
the "good old summer time."

When Someone Gets Burned

HAVE ready (for you never know
when an emergency will arise), a
bottle holding equal parts of linseed
oil and lime water. The bottle should
only be about two-thirds full. Label
"Carron Oil" and mark "Shake before
using." The shaking will make a creamy
emulsion, and if the Carron Oil is turned
directly upon the burn, and the air kept
out of the dressing by sterile absorbent
cotton, great relief will be experienced.

Gold Dust and Muskeg

Continued from page 5

of the fallen tree, where Jim, wide-eyed and exhausted, awaited him. Bill got to within reach of Jim, then, staring into Jim's frightened face, he said: "You all-fired idiot! Why didn't you look where you was going?"

"Lost my bearings," mumbled Jim. "I been here about four hours! I've got a cramp, and am near froze to death."

"Serve you jolly well right for your stupidity!" replied the unrelenting Bill. "I've half a mind to let you sink! Now hand over the dust, then I'll pull you out."

A gleam of distrust came into Jim's eyes. "No blinking fear," said he. "If I give you the dust, you'll go off and leave me."

"I'll jolly well leave you if you don't give me the dust," answered Bill. "You may have struck a sucker in the other chap, but you ain't in me."

Hollick clutched his club, and crept a yard nearer. Jim began to whine. "Fair do's Bill," he pleaded. "Pull me out and I'll bring the dust along, then we can split it up fair. It ain't my fault that I'm stuck!"

"Nor is it mine," said Bill stoutly. "The whole business was your idea, anyway, so you deserve all that's coming to you. You reckoned you were going to Porcupine, where we was to meet, instead of which you bore north. You meant to catch the gasoline launch at Mattagimi, and leave me out of it. Well, I reckon you fell into your own canoe."

At this Jim waxed blubberingly indignant. Yes, he was actually blubbering now. "S'welp me Bill, I didn't!" he expostulated. "No I didn't—straight. I lost my bearings, Bill, I tell you. I did, honest!"

Still Bill was unmoved. "Tell that to the Horse Marines, and hand over that bag!" he shouted. "If you don't I'll push you under, then come along and get the pack myself."

It really looked as though Bill meant what he said, and blubbering and cursing Jim fished the pack out of the mire, and with cramped and trembling fingers handed it to Bill. Bill took it with an air of triumph, then he waved it high over his head and dealt Jim a resounding wallop across the face with its wet and clinging side. "Now you can jolly well stew in your own gravy!" shouted Bill. "Now you can jolly well sink till you come out the other side, and serve you blame well right too!"

He tossed the bag ashore, and turning began to creep back. At this juncture Hollick decided that it was time to act. He got up, collared the bag, hung it over a branch, and stood with his hands on his hips looking at Bill. And Bill crouched like a frightened squirrel, flattened out along the trunk.

"Want to come ashore?" queried Hollick jovially.

Bill's chin dropped. "Of course I want to come ashore," he answered in a whisper.

"Well, you jolly well aren't coming," replied Hollick. "You can stew in your own beastly gravy!"

Bill stared helplessly. "Don't play it low down on me, governor," he pleaded. "It was me who let you loose."

"Yes, old son," retorted Hollick, "and also it was you who locked me up! You're a couple of blacklegs, and both of you deserve all that's coming to you. What's more, you're going to get it!"

Then, with his eyes fixed in a snake-like stare on Bill's countenance, Hollick began to creep out along the tree towards him—to stalk him, as a cat stalks a cornered mouse. Hollick held the heavy club in his hand, and from the look of him he meant to use it. Bill was actually too scared to fight, though as a matter of fact one might have read in his weak face that he was not a fighting man, unless, perchance, he came across someone unable to resist.

"A sucker, am I?" muttered Hollick. "I'll give you sucks! If it wasn't that you let me out of the fly-proof safe, I'd drown you. See?"

Bill merely stared. "You'd be there still if it hadn't been for me," he mumbled thickly.

"If it hadn't been for you and your weasel-faced pal I shouldn't have got the hammering that I did," replied Hollick, and as he spoke he poked Bill under the chin with his club. Bill's teeth went together with a click; he lost his hold, and next instant was floundering in the mire, clinging to the branches with both hands, while he strove in vain to attain the upright. Then Hollick got up, and, sitting astride the tree, put one foot on the nape of Bill's neck, and trod him in, as it were. He rammed Bill's face into the mud till Bill was nearly suffocated. Then he let him up and dragged him out, again staring into Bill's slimy and dripping face.

"You swipe!" cried Bill hysterically. "You ungrateful, low-down swipe! I'll be even with you for this!"

"If you have any sense, you'll make yourself scarce," replied Hollick. "You don't seem to realize what you're up against! And take a tip from me—you leave crime alone. You aren't cut out for it. You'd be better shelling peas or selling millinery. Now git!"

Hollick brandished his club, and Bill got. He started at a walk, one eye on Hollick, but as Hollick followed he smartened his pace. He ran—he dived into the bush, and half a minute later Hollick saw him a surprising distance away, sprinting at top speed over the bluff.

Hollick went back, and got the bag of dust. He turned and looked at the wretched Jim, drooping in his muddy bath, having apparently lost all interest in life.

"You'll get all that's coming to you, anyway," he said, "so I won't waste time."

Then Hollick went back to the mine, where he found the Super. and Mr. Brown and several others inspecting the empty meat safe. "Here we are," cried Hollick. "I've got your man for you—stuck in the muskeg just over there! And here's the dust he pinched—"

Hollick handed the bag to the Super. If any proof were needed that was proof enough, though on the face of it all, things were fairly clear. It took only ten minutes to sort the whole matter out, and the footprints in the clay proved Hollick's story. There was Jim, stuck in the mud, and it required a mule to pull him ashore, but—where was Bill, the watchman? That was what they never found out.

"We're awfully grateful to you, sir," said the Super. to Hollick, "and we must make amends of some sort for the rough time you've had. As a matter of fact we're wanting a man of your type as surveyor; anyway, let's have some breakfast and talk it over."

"Mr. Brown," said the Super., "there's that steak for Sunday's dinner in the safe. Tell the cook we'll have it for breakfast."

"Pardon me, sir," put in Hollick, "but the steak is here!"

And he produced it from his inside pocket.

Dream On

Sleep, the stars above are keeping
Watch with me;
Slumber lays her drowsy mantle
Over thee;
The birds have hushed their music
On the bending bough;
And the roses, by thy window
Droop in darkness now.

Sleep, I hear the rustling motion
Of the trees;
As their branches bow and quiver
In the breeze;
Thy guardian angel hovers
O'er thy pillow white;
And the Father keeps His children
Ever in His sight.

Sleep, night's velvet wings so gently
Touch thy brow;
Sleep, it may be thou art dreaming
Of me, now;
Above, the stars are paling.
Still, my watch I keep;
Sleep, no evil can come near thee;
Sleep, beloved, sleep.

—Frances.

The dainty woman is ashamed of Corns



They show a lack of personal care and daintiness. . . . It is her respect for all the *Unseen* parts of the body which marks the gentlewoman. . . . Any woman will look after her face. A lady will take just as much care of her feet. A blemish *there* is just as much of a personal reproach. . . . For the well-bred woman considers her feet as a definite contribution to her beauty. So she keeps them so exquisite that they could be viewed at any time, without the faintest embarrassment. . . . The face may deceive—the feet never. *There* one discovers the breeding of a woman. She is peasant or princess according to the degree of their daintiness.

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Blue-jay

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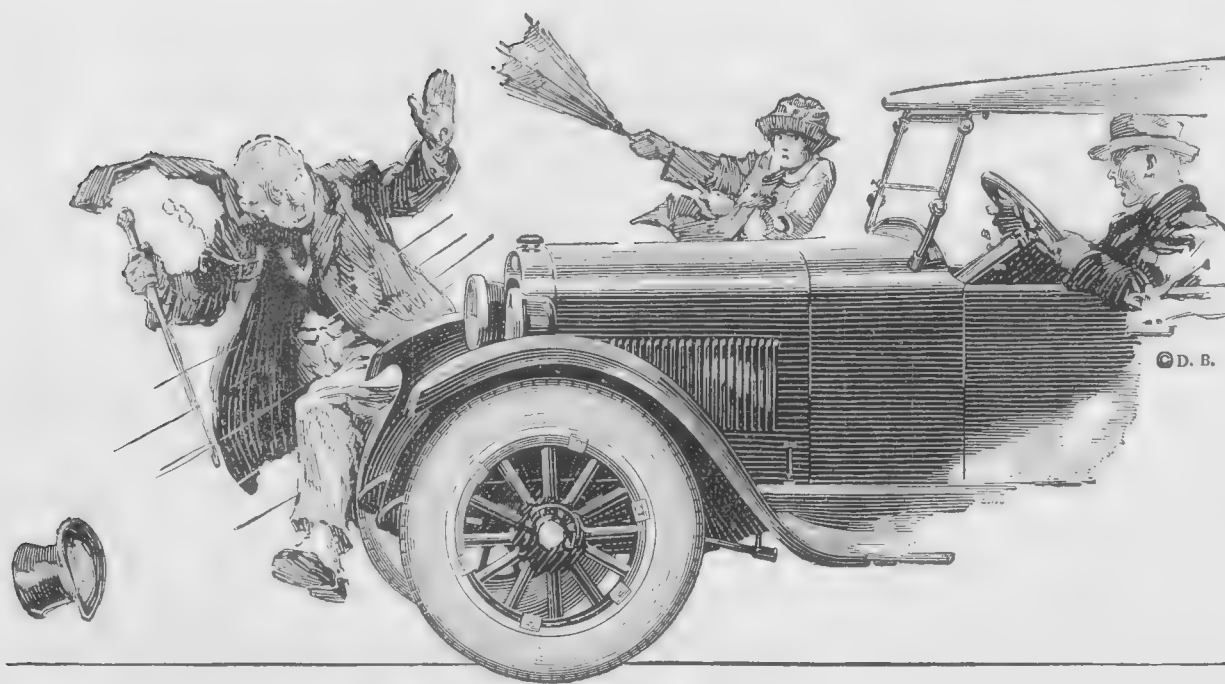
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A perfect rinsing, then smart rubbing when drying is the best guarantee of a fine smooth skin in any weather.

The Disappearance of Louise Merrilow

Continued from page 53

years, it will be healthier for you to hop out of this town before awkward inquiries begin."

Apparently sorely puzzled, deeply dejected, the young man took his departure without the grasp of one friendly hand. He wrote to us from Chicago, where he was now settled, offering to swear to his story in court, if an investigation was desired; but for reasons that I never clearly understood, the whole matter was dropped. In time Alice and I began to believe that he had spoken the truth; but the mystery of Louise Merrilow had darkened.

OUR world was at war. Alice's eldest boy, Philip, was in France, and I, who had been waiting at Folkestone in case he should need me, had received a hurried message that he was lying wounded in hospital. The illness of a younger child had kept Alice in Canada.

The boy was sleeping when I arrived, sleeping quietly, but with a look on his face that turned me to the nurse with a question I dared not ask.

She answered it gently: "The doctor thinks, he has little doubt, that your nephew will pull through now. He was very low yesterday; but the woman who fought for his life last night seemed to snatch him out of the very grip of death. She said she knew his mother, and she was going to give her back her boy."

"Who was she?" I was puzzled. I had not heard that any of our friends were here.

"A lady from South America, Colombia. Her husband was a mining engineer there; but he had been an English officer, and he joined up again for the war. She said she took a course of nursing so she might know what to do when there were accidents at the mines, far from any doctors."

My perplexity deepened. We had no friends in Colombia.

"Her name?" I asked.

"Redisdel. Her husband is Colonel Redisdel now. He got the V.C. the other day."

I shook my head. I had never heard the name. I was following the nurse while she attended to patients, and could ask questions only at intervals. I went back to sit beside our boy, and it seemed to me that I had waited long when she came to me in a brief leisure.

"There was a strange story about Colonel Redisdel that may help you to remember." She paused doubtfully, then went on: "It cannot do harm to repeat it, for it is well known now. When he was a very young man, he was treasurer of some club or society in his regiment. I do not know exact particulars. The money was missing and he disappeared. Not a trace of him was discovered, no one knew whether he was living or dead, till he returned to offer to aid in the fight. He had no near relations, and perhaps the regiment did not care to search far. He said he came back for love of his country, and to redeem his name for his wife and children."

I clasped my hands. "The poor woman!" I uttered. "How thankful she must be for what he has done! Perhaps he never meant to be dishonest, thought he was only borrowing and meant to give back."

"He did not take it for himself at all. That's the shame of it for others. A worthless fellow by the name of Jarman, the son of a woman who had been like a mother to Redisdel, persuaded him to lend it, said that if he, Jarman, did not get it he would be disgraced forever and his mother's heart broken. He promised to pay it back and failed; then, for the mother's sake, when Redisdel could not in any way find the money to replace, he took the blame entirely on himself and fled. It came out years afterward, when a companion of Jarman's, who had known the facts all along, turned against him and told the truth in court, when Jarman had been arrested for a swindle. Jarman's mother was dead, happily for her. It was in the

papers at the time; but the news never reached Colombia. It was believed that Redisdell was dead."

"But the woman, the wife," I said. "I do not understand. We never heard anything of this; never heard of any friend who might have married him."

"She had been engaged to him, trusted him absolutely and traced him to Canada."

I started. She went on. "They married and fled to the Republic of Colombia. For fear he might be discovered, she cut herself off from every relation and friend. They were in poverty for years. She worked—he is proud to tell of it—like any native woman. When he had learned mining engineering, he made some valuable discoveries, and is rich now. He paid back the money long ago, sent it by a Spaniard from Colombia, who would not tell where he came from, or who had sent him. He would admit only that the money had been entrusted to him by a friend of Edric Redisdell."

"Edric!" I gasped. I had heard that

name, but could not recall the connection.

When the door opened; when a tall, dark woman came into the ward, I remembered. She had changed, changed greatly in more than twenty years of strain; but I could never forget those lovely, pathetic eyes.

"Louise!" I cried, and she cried "Phyllis!" then for moments we were silent in one another's arms.

She was the first to speak: "Phyllis, when you know all, you will forgive all. Tell Alice I have blessed her, loved her, but dared not write. I have never met anyone like her, the dear, great-hearted soul. How I have thanked God that it was given to me to help to save her boy!"

When I met her husband, a soldierly, noble-looking man, he spoke of the hardships she had endured for his sake. "I can never, never repay her," he said; "the brave, splendid woman; but now I can begin to give back a little."

I wrote to Alice that night and added, after my long story: "I think we all ought to apologize to Denis O'Morag."

The Last Hand

Continued from page 10

where the other halfbreed lay smoking, watching the six-year-old child at play.

Returning about a quarter of an hour later, Johnny was just turning the point of wooded river bank which shut off the view of the two tents a hundred-odd feet farther on, when he heard a frightened call from the other boatman. On the run Johnny came into view of the camp to see his fellow halfbreed at the river's brink staring into the churning, swift-flowing rapid, which carried the helpless form of six-year-old Billy now some twenty feet away downstream. The halfbreed, Johnny noted, had been quick to act. He was paying out a light stout rope to the end of which was attached a short length of firewood, serving as a rude but adequate buoy. The stick now bobbed close to the child, but he was too young and panic-stricken to note it, or to have grasped its significance even if he had. Johnny realized that this form of succor, valuable in aiding an adult, was hopeless. Aware of this, he ran full speed along the bank, thus making faster time than the floating body. Coming opposite it, he sprang into the water. Attired only in moccasins, shirt and overalls, he swam with ease. As he struck the water he had noticed that the other boatman, having reached the end of the rope, was now running along the bank, thus performing the same duty as he had formerly by paying it out, in so far as keeping it near to the child.

With long, powerful overhand strokes Johnny fairly threw himself forward, cutting across the current, though swiftly carried down river toward the fall. A dozen strokes and he reached the rope. A precious two seconds he lost before he caught it in his teeth close to the buoy of firewood.

The rapids of the "shutes" have a strange effect upon a floating, helpless body, tending to roll it over and over in the peculiar cross swirls and choppy little waves of the channel. As he plunged on with the rope tightly held, Johnny saw the tiny and no-longer struggling body lift on the crest directly ahead. And he knew the urgent need for haste, for the toning diapason of those six feet of falls thundered ever louder in his ears. Full well Johnny knew that, though men might jump the "shutes" in flat-bottomed scows, no human form stood any chance to go over that fall and remain alive. For it is a peculiarity of

this "shutes" to carry under and churn about in eddying undertows a body for considerable time, sometimes until beaten to a pulp.

He put all the strength of his trained arms and stout legs into a desperate spurt toward the tossing mite, so near now for a fleeting moment to his hand. He reached Billy; with one hand caught his wide coat collar, and the man on shore, seeing, ceased his movement. Anticipating now being towed in, Johnny's free left hand caught the rope from his teeth, and his heart leaped with joy as he felt it go taut. With both arms hampered, and his body held fighting against the stream, Johnny went under one minute, was up the next, then tugged under once more, getting full in the face the swirling waves created by the rapidly flowing water. And so did his unconscious burden. Less than a minute of this buffeting and there came to Johnny the realization that the man on shore could make only the slowest of headway in drawing them in against the full force of the rapid at this point running at its greatest strength. So much time would elapse that they would both be drowned, or at least, for a certainty, the unconscious child.

There remained one thing to do. Into Johnny's mind came decision, a decision perhaps born of some of the finer blood of a distant chivalrous ancestor of the Scottish heath.

Drawing hard upon the line, with the skill of one long accustomed to ropes, he made the child fast to the tossing buoy, then let go, and the eager, sucking waters dashed him away to the brink of the boiling, gurgling flood, then over its edge so smooth into the whirlpool beneath that beat and whisked him in a trough formed by the falling waters and returning eddies, till at last the waters relenting would move the battered clay upon the quieter waters; to move on toward the distant and icy Arctic sea.

But back on shore little Billy lived.

Months after, at great expense, the grateful Professor, who had heard later the story of Johnny's card-playing and ostracising, had barged down the Peace a ponderous stone and raised it at the spot where little Billy was brought to shore.

No body lies beneath this granite, for seldom does the Peace give up its victims, but carved upon the stone are these words: "He played the last hand fair."

The Clutch of the Privateer

Continued from page 7

cat-like movement, and peering through the gloom of the 'tween decks, he discerned a dark form behind a bulkhead. His heart gave a sudden leap; it was Lloyd.

"Line out?"

"Yes."

"You are ready none too soon."

Eight bells struck. At once the boats-

wain's whistle piped shrill and clear throughout the ship and a scurrying of feet sounded overhead as the fresh watch tumbled up on deck.

"Heaven grant you courage and strength," whispered Lloyd.

Dobbyn caught him by the hand and pressed it in a silent farewell. Then he

Continued on page 60

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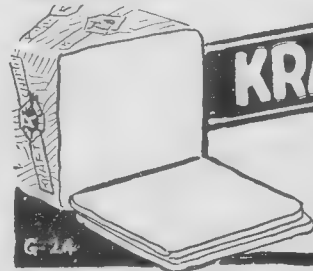
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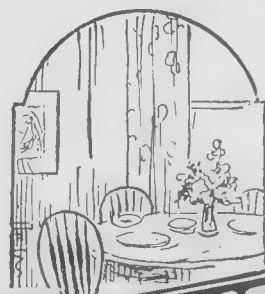
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Clutch of the Privateer

Continued from page 59

crept through the porthole to where a hempen rope dangled to the black brine below. Noiselessly the water closed over him, the line relaxed and he was gone.

"What think you is that yonder?"

The second lieutenant paused with his hand on the poop railing and pointed to a phosphorescent gleam that for an instant broke from the water a short distance away.

"See, there it is again!"

The third lieutenant, who had just come up from below, glanced carelessly at the streak of light, now half a cable's length farther away. It came, went, and some distance beyond, reappeared and again went.

"Something is swimming out there, Pearson!"

"Pest! A shark!" the officer of the watch laughed vaguely to himself as he said it.

Rolling over on his back, Dobbyn swam slowly away. He was now at a safe distance from the vessel, a huge pile of shadow rearing up from the heaving blackness of the deep.

Suddenly the silence was startled by a sing-song drawl from the deck: "Twelve o'clock and all—'s wel—I." Then he knew that he would not be missed until morning.

That swim was one which Richard Dobbyn remembered to his dying day. It was only hours that he was in the water, but it seemed days and weeks. Ever since he had been old enough to paddle about in rain puddles he had been at home in the water and this was a swim for more than his own life; but after a time his eyes grew dizzy with watching the rounded backs of the swell, welling out of the gloom and bearing down upon him without end. Strange washings began to fill the air and through it all he was conscious of but one thing—that he must swim on and on towards the little light that sat low on the water.

He scarcely knew how, but at last he reached the brig. A lethargy was stealing over him; his limbs were numb and he had barely enough strength left to crawl into the chain-wales, by means of a loose rigging rope, before he swooned completely away.

When he came to his senses he could hear voices conversing in low tones and somebody was pacing backward and forward with tiresome regularity. Occasionally the water gurgled and somewhere a plank was creaking in unison to the tackle aloft, as the swell rolled up out of the darkness and vanished to leeward.

After a time he noiselessly made his way up the side and climbed inboard, standing near the quarter-boat. Light was coming from the galley and the cabin skylight, while footfalls on the deck continued, though the individual himself was invisible.

Dobbyn was standing irresolute, trying to map out the wisest course of action, when a figure came suddenly within the radiance of the skylight. The man was very tall and lanky and his face was long, thin and sharp-featured. A small scraggy beard clung to his chin and throat and as he peered over into the cabin below, Dobbyn saw that he had a badly blackened eye in the green-and-yellow stage of recuperation.

Having satisfied himself as to the condition of affairs below, this person, who might be the captain but was probably one of the mates, resumed his walk and Dobbyn lost sight of him. The watch was also invisible, but plainly the long-legged individual in charge of the deck was the one to be dealt with. Accordingly, Dobbyn stepped boldly out of concealment, his bare feet spragging audibly across the water-worn deck.

"That you, Hytes?" came sharply out of the gloom.

"No sir, it's me," said Dobbyn, stepping alongside the skylight where he could be seen.

"You!" The man rapped out a curse which startled the negligent watch in the bows and brought some of them hurrying aft. He strode into the light and stood examining the intruder with restless little eyes that were full of amazement and distrust. It was not to be wondered at, viewing as he did a

scantly-clad apparition, springing apparently from nowhere and standing there, dripping wet.

"Who'n blazes are you?" he snapped. Dobbyn told him briefly and asked for the captain. The lanky individual did not at first seem inclined to grant him the interview, but he finally opened the skylight and called down to the captain who had turned in for a wink of sleep.

"Eh? what's that? Oh yes! All right, Rawlins—coming!" cried a brisk voice below. "Thank heaven! the wind at last! What quarter, Rawlins?"

"It's not the wind but a Britisher as swim aboard an' wants to see you. Send'm down, Cap.?"

A monotone of mumbled ejaculations came up through the open skylight, followed by a quick: "Yes, yes, Rawlins; right away."

A moment later, Dobbyn was standing before a lively little red-faced man with a bald head, a very round middle, and a turned-up nose. For the space of a full minute this much-astonished, greatly-bewildered and intently-staring little man could do nothing but click his tongue against the roof of his mouth and ejaculate: "Well! Well! Well!" Then with a facetious wink and an infectious chuckle he hustled the young man into the cabin and not until Dobbyn was in dry clothes and sipping a stiff bumper of grog, would he listen to his story.

"And what about Lawyer Shark? Weren't you afraid of him?" asked Captain Braceby, kindly.

"Sharks!" gasped Dobbyn in dismay. "Not once did I think of them!"

"You may thank your lucky godmother for that, my friend, or 'twould be a monkey's fist to me if you were not cruising under water instead of being aboard the brig Madison, of New York."

The whole-souled American skipper grasped him by the hand as he spoke and Dobbyn, feeling that he would not lack friends aboard the brig, turned in for a much-needed rest.

Shortly after daybreak a wind sprang up and no sooner did the breeze reach the privateer than her courses filled on a northerly tack and she came bowling along, heading straight for the brig. A puff of white smoke broke from her bow and the shot skipped athwart the American's bows.

Captain Braceby frowned; but he had anticipated something of the kind and made haste to arouse Dobbyn.

"Let'm come," he chuckled: "let'm come. But if they get you, then I'm a salamander."

He quickly made his way to a small hatchway that led down into the run and after lighting a lantern, descended and called up for Dobbyn to follow. The place was a section of the hold known as the "lazarette." The light revealed a few barrels of pork standing about, together with some rum casks, jars of lime

juice, casks of flour and biscuit and several cases of tinned meats.

The captain returned to the deck a few minutes afterward, leaving Dobbyn boxed up in an empty case. The scheme was pretty desperate, but the American skipper was confident of its success and Dobbyn himself was ready for anything. He had reason afterwards to be thankful, as a search party boarded the brig amid the scowls of her crew, and after pretending to examine her papers, ransacked the vessel in the hope of finding him. Braceby went with them in the capacity of escort but they got no satisfaction from him.

The "lazarette" was the last place searched and by that time, Dobbyn was suffering much bodily discomfort. By that time also, the British officer in charge was thoroughly disgusted with the wildness of the goose-chase and was of a mind to leave the brig without more ado. Nevertheless he ordered his men about and they made a hasty investigation. By a covert kick against the side of the box that held the runaway, Braceby apprised him that they were on the point of moving it.

Dobbyn scarcely dared to breathe and the chills of suspense ran back and forth in his spine as he braced himself firmly and waited. No less than three times was that box shifted and once it was turned over on its side: but its secret remained unknown. At length, when the lantern had been swung into every nook which seemed likely to afford a hiding place, the privateersman turned on his heel, unable longer to conceal his anger and mortification.

"If there is aught else in which we can oblige you," began the affable Braceby, bowing low, "believe me—"

"Curse him!" cried the officer. "The sharks have got him and welcome they are."

A month later Richard Dobbyn was in Montreal. His anguish of mind was great, but he was not without hope that the Divine Hand which had guided him thus far would show him some trace of his wife.

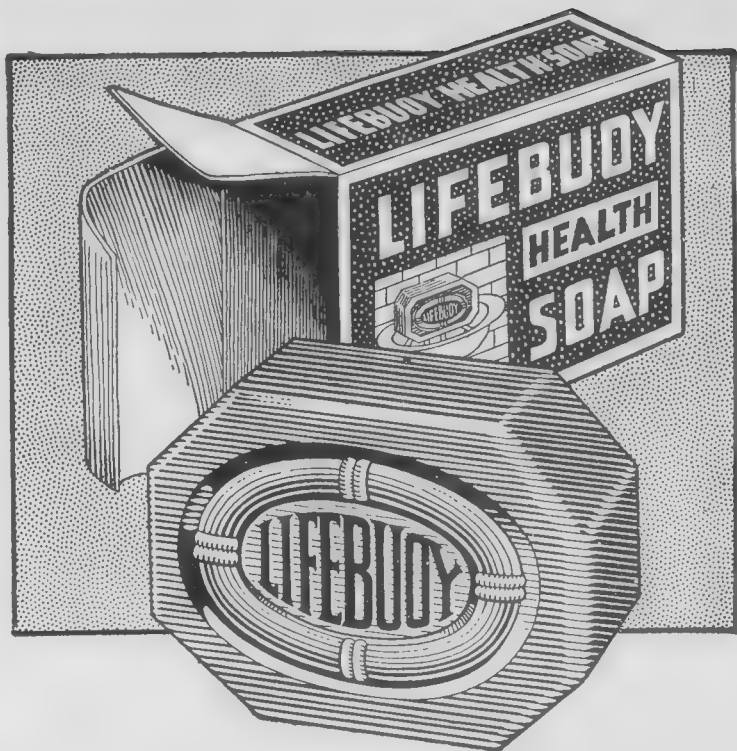
And so it turned out. An emigrant ship had sailed up the St. Lawrence, not three days before his arrival, and after some enquiry he discovered that his wife's name was on the ship's list. From a man who had come over in the vessel he learned that the party she had been with had left the day previous for the Upper Province, but whether she had gone with them or not the man was unable to say.

Then Dobbyn went again to the Government office and on the very threshold espied a familiar figure. Stumbling forward in his haste, he shouted aloud:

"Maria! Maria!"

Turning quickly, she saw him and with a gasp of joy and a swift little run was in his arms.

"Oh Richard!" she sobbed. "What kept you so late?"



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HEALTH SOAP

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L-565

Women's Institutes—Continued from page 26

SWAN LAKE have started a Memorial Fund. To help this fund off to a good start, a successful play was recently staged. This Institute finds a "question box" a splendid way in which to make the meetings interesting.

WARREN are using the "talent" system for raising money. Each member was given a dollar at their January meeting, which they are to invest and re-invest, and see how much they can bring in, in November next. Five lady directors were appointed on the directorate of the Agricultural Society for the coming year. Miss Strindlund, the local nurse, gave a talk on "Malnourished Children."

Reports from British Columbia

Mount Lehman.—The regular monthly meeting was held Wednesday, January 14th, in the annex to the Orange Hall, which has just been built by the Institute. The programme for the year was submitted and includes three annual events: Garden Party, Recipe Meeting and Musical Afternoon. Other features are: Speaker from Peace and Freedom League, Inter-Institute Debate, speaker on Laws for Women, Demonstrations on Basketry and Crystallizing Fruit.

Oliver.—At the regular monthly meeting the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. A. Mitchell; vice-president, Mrs. J. B. McNaughton; secretary, Mrs. A. E. McGuffie; treasurer, Mrs. John Marr; director, Mrs. Dick Simpson. It was decided to hold the meetings at the various homes of the members, as it gives the meetings a pleasant social atmosphere.

Victoria.—At the regular meeting held January 16th, the Standing and Working Committees were formed. The president offered a prize to the member bringing in most new members. The Institute have taken over the charge of the New Sun Room at the Royal Jubilee Hospital, and the members are busy embroidering the curtains in time for the opening. The usual monthly concert to the T.B. patients in the R.J.H. was given on January 20th, and on the first Wednesday of each month the members send tobacco and cigarettes. The directors entertained the members at a social tea on January 30th. A social afternoon is held once a month and card drives every two weeks, under the Ways and Means Committee. The rooms of the Institute are open during the day for the convenience of the country members of Institutes.

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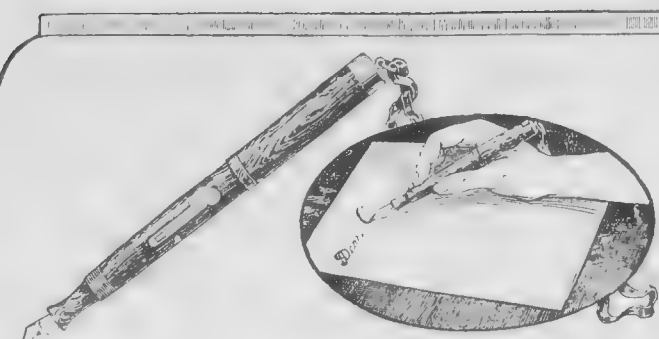
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Wives, Be in Subjection

Continued from page 50

little ingenue appeared in Kit's place confirmed Betty in her suspicions regarding Kit's desire to embarrass her in some way, and also convinced her that Mr. Tremaine knew it too. After this transfer everything went smoothly, and at no performance during the remainder of the week was there any falling off in the quality of Betty's acting.

EVERY evening, as faithful Jimmie watched his wife, he could not help wondering whether he had a moral right to interfere with the development of her gift, and it was a rather dejected young man who made his way to Mr. Tremaine's office at the close of the Saturday night's performance. He realized that Betty had more than justified her belief in her ability to act, and he feared that the week's success would only whet her appetite for more. He was really depressed. It was the loving mischievous girl he wanted for his wife, not the most successful actress. Jimmie was old-fashioned in many respects and a career for a wife was not to be considered, yet he dreaded the possible storm that might ensue should he refuse to give his consent to further time at the theatre. He did not believe that Betty, with all her pretty, independent ideas, would go on with it without his consent and approval, but, to what might his refusal not lead?

As he approached Mr. Tremaine's desk the latter greeted him with: "Say Carson, I wish you'd take this back and call off our agreement," and offered him the pink slip. "I'd like to keep Mrs. Carson for week after next. We're putting on a little play with a part just written for her. She's born for the stage. Better change your mind."

Jimmie looked stubborn. "No, Tremaine, I still object to giving up my wife to the stage. I love our home life, and where would it be with my wife at the theatre the most of her time?"

"But she's got talent, decided talent. She'd oughta keep on. She'd sure be a winner."

"It's too late to consider that."

"But look here, Carson, your wife wouldn't give you any peace until you let her try the stage, and she's not goin' to be willing to stop now."

"I hope she will be," Jimmie muttered. "I thought you had a good stunt, but I had no idea she would do so well. Of course she hasn't got experience, but she's got the gift, and I'll bet my hat she'll be crazier than ever about it."

Jimmie's dejection only increased. "She promised me she would be satisfied with a week."

"Well, if I know my business, she won't be. She's sure got the fever and nothing but goin' on will satisfy her."

Jimmie thought for a moment. "Very well, I'll do this much. If she really seems eager to go on I'll consent to another week, but I won't promise more, and I shall expect you to avoid encouraging her too much."

"All right, Carson, and thanks for that. I'll stick to my part but I feel she oughta have her chance. Better take this back," and he handed Jimmie his cheque.

Jimmie waved it away. "No, that stands. You took a chance and you had an extra salary to pay. I still hope she will be satisfied. Here she comes."

Betty, glowing and radiantly happy, entered Mr. Tremaine's office where she had agreed to meet Jimmie, and both men turned to her, curious as to her attitude in the matter they had been discussing, but hoping for different decisions.

Mr. Tremaine spoke first. "Congratulations, Mrs. Carson. Great work for your first week. How about doing 'Tilly' week after next?"

"Oh, I'd adore it. Would you really have me again?" Betty's eyes were sparkling with delight.

"I sure would."

"Oh, how lovely of you! I'm so pleased. Thank you and ever so much, but I promised Mr. Carson I would only come for one week, and I must keep my promise."

"I know, but he's a regular guy. He says we can keep you another week. I

guess he's mighty proud of what you've done this week."

Jimmie frowned and looked annoyed as Mr. Tremaine volunteered this information, and Betty bounced from her chair. "Oh, you darling Jimsie! Will you let me? Don't you mind?"

"Yes, Betty, I mind, but if you really want to do it I won't object, though I hope it won't last long."

"Oh, you dear!—please excuse me, Mr. Tremaine, I want to hug Jimmie."

"Oh, go right ahead. Don't mind me."

"Well, is it settled that you are to come back for rehearsals next week?" asked Mr. Tremaine, as Betty's exuberance subsided a little.

"Yes, Mr. Tremaine, it's settled, but I'm not coming back. I'd love to but I'll stick to my agreement. I've enjoyed every minute, and I'm so proud I can hardly contain myself because you want me again. But really, I can't be away from home so much. Thank you, oh, so much, for asking me. Good bye, Mr. Tremaine."

Betty and Jimmie started for the door just as Kit opened it.

"I'm so glad you've come, Miss Tremaine," said Betty, "I wanted to say 'good-bye' to you and to thank you for helping me have such a lovely week," and Betty extended her hand.

"Don't mention it. Good-bye," answered Kit, with undue emphasis as she touched the tips of Betty's fingers.

As Jimmie and Betty left the theatre the former wore an expression which seemed to indicate that the heavens had opened and let down a shower of happiness upon him.

"Betty, girl," he asked, "why didn't you stay when you had the chance—I'm darned glad you didn't," he added before she had time to reply.

"Well, Jimmie, I guess I only wanted to go because you went up in the air and made such a fuss about it when I mentioned it. But I really did enjoy it," Betty said, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Why not have another week?" Jimmy was magnanimous, now that he had achieved his desire.

"You see, Jimmie, you really need more care. You're looking positively seedy from neglect, and anyway, I'm going to be busy, very busy from now on—lots of sewing—little things—"

"What! No!" Jimmie almost squeaked.

"Hm-hm," Betty nodded vigorously as they went up the steps to the porch.

"Oh, Betty girl!" said Jimmie softly, in tones that may have been either joy or dismay.

About a year later Betty lifted her first-born from his perambulator and carried him up the steps to her aunt's house. She walked in unannounced as she had done a year before, only this time it was softly with loving regard for the sleeping bundle in her arms.

"Isn't Jimsie Second just too wonderful for words?" she whispered, as her aunt took the warm little armful from her. "My, but he takes a lot of time. I meant to be here an hour ago, but I couldn't get him dressed in time."

"Busy! With one! You wanted trip-lets."

"Triplets!" Betty held up her hands in horror. "I must have been insane. How could I possibly take good care of precious Jimsie Second if there was a couple more. I'm sure the others wouldn't be half as adorable as he is."

Aunt Letitia smiled indulgently. "But don't you wish he had been a girl? You always said you liked girl babies best."

"Heavens, no! Jimmie and I adore boys."

Answer Me That!—One broiling August day an aged colored man, who was pushing a barrow of bricks, paused to dash the sweat from his dusky brow; then, looking toward the sun, he apostrophised it thus: "Fo' de lan's sake, whar wuz yuh last Janooary?"

So there you are—if there were no optimists there would be nobody to buy wildcat stock; and if nobody bought wildcat stock there would be no pessimists.

The Last of His Tribe

Continued from page 8

mud that had made it impossible for Tom to leave the tribe. There was something sinister about this pool. Where it was I did not know. What it was I could not guess. But it had had an influence over the young brave in the years gone by, and I felt sure that in some way it was tied up with his destinies even yet.

He was chief now. Chief of a tribe of two! I smiled, but there was no joy in the expression. Rather it was a smile of pathos.

At ten o'clock I met Tom.

He took my hand and headed in the opposite direction from Spearville. Not a word was spoken. I did not see the necessity of words. Knowing the Indian as I did, I realized that he was doing something that had never been done by a member of his tribe before. For some unaccountable reason he was allowing a white man to share in the rituals of his tribe. He would not want to talk. It would be enough for him to carry out his design in his own way. It was honor enough for me to be allowed to go along even in silence.

For miles he led me—back into the deep timber rarely visited except by hunters and by the lumbermen in the winter.

We struck the east branch of Black River about midnight, and headed up stream. Not until we had left the spruce behind and were well into the birch belt, did the Indian pause. Then, on the bank of a high cliff he gave a gentle pressure to my hand—for he had been leading me all the way.

He pointed down to where the muddy water of Black River swirled around and around before continuing on its course.

"The pool of deep mud!" he announced.

I shuddered, and glanced carefully at the pool in question. I did not like the look of the earth around its edges.

"Quicksand?" I asked.

The Indian nodded.

"It is the grave of the Pictou tribe," he said. "There is where we have gone, year by year when the sickle touches the horizon at one o'clock. There we have died until now but two are left. Those two are my squaw—and me."

He straightened up and looked into the starry heavens. Low on the horizon was the constellation Leo—the Lion. I followed the Indian's eyes and saw it plainly, the curved sickle blinking through the trunks of the birches.

"When the sickle touches the horizon at one o'clock." The words came back to me with a rush. I reached for my watch and looked at the time. Half past twelve—and the sickle was almost to the horizon. Then I glanced at the Indian.

"My God, Man, you don't mean you too are to sacrifice yourself? Not tonight! I would not let you do it, Tom. It would be murder."

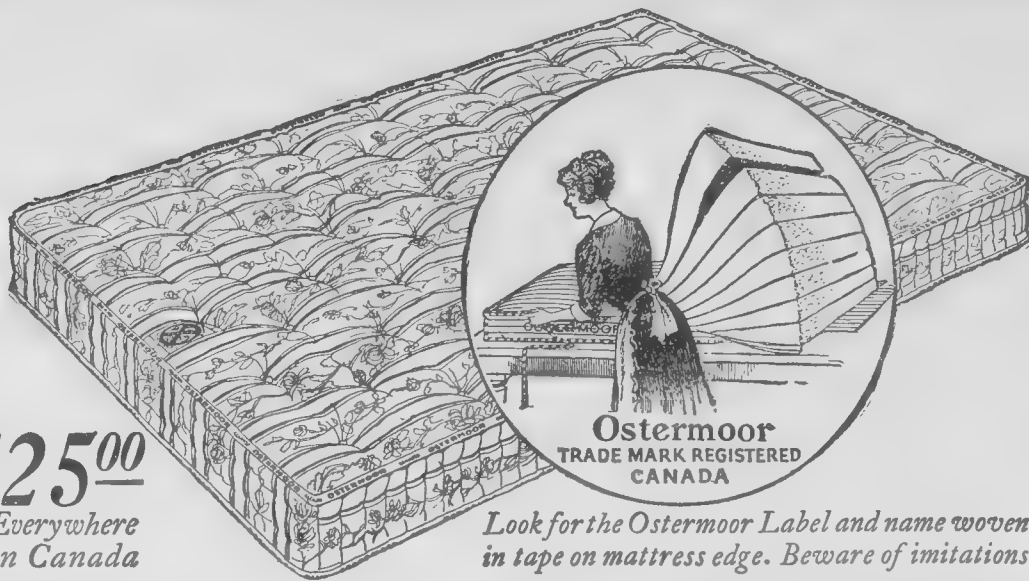
A grim look of friendship came into his eyes.

"I knew you would not let me do it," he said. "But you do not understand. I am not to do it. I bring you back to tell you of the Indians who have disappeared and to prove it to you. Some day you will want to tell the story of the Pictou tribe to the white men who have taken our land. I should have you tell the story as it is. To tell the story of our sacrifice. It is here that I must tell you that story. Here, where you will know it is true. Here, where you can see the sickle of Leo as it sinks."

I gave a sigh of relief. I had felt sure that the fanatic had been contemplating suicide. But he was merely telling me a story in the Indian way. There would be thrills a-plenty, but no suicide. So I settled down beneath the birches, with Leo over my shoulder and the muddy water of the pool in front and gave the sign of readiness.

"Once we were like the leaves of the forest," he began. "Strong, brave, many, wealthy. We had sheep and cattle and horses, and our teepees were large and tight. Your histories pay little attention to the Pictou tribe. We are merely some of the Micmacs, a tribe of the Algonquins; but you say nothing of what the Pictous really were."

Continued on page 65



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The Last of His Tribe

Continued from page 63

"We were the high priests.....but that does not interest you. That is not necessary. The time is short and you do not need the story of what we were. What you want to know about is of our pledge.

"When the white men conquered us, we of the Pictou tribe swore to Manitou that whenever the sickle of Leo touched the horizon at one o'clock or closest to, we would sacrifice one of our number until such a day as he gave us back our land. It was a Pictou oath we made. You cannot understand and you would not believe, but were that oath broken all of the Pictou thousands would have to leave their happy hunting ground and rove the dark worlds forever. You do not understand, I see. But it is so, my friend. I, Tom Pictou, chief of all the Pictous, do so say it here while Leo is going down."

I almost believed him. He seemed to have got away from his somewhat broken English, and sentence after sentence would break from his earnest lips in language that might have been my own. He was indeed Tom Pictou, chief of the Pictous. I fancied that this speech had been rehearsed again and again, and that he had been careful that broken English be eliminated.

"So we have disappeared, one by one, year by year. Those that were here when you left have almost all been given to the pool of deep mud."

He stopped abruptly. "Look at Leo!" he said, and turned me toward that distant sickle.

Its lower star was touching the horizon.

"Look!" he said again and whirled me forcibly around until I faced the pool.

Standing on the high bank was the naked form of a young Indian girl. She might have been Hiawatha's sweetheart. Her arms were raised on high and she was bending forward over the pool of deep mud.

I started to my feet and opened my mouth to cry a word of warning, but the powerful hand of the Indian covered my lips and I was jerked forcibly back.

Without a sound that willowy figure described a perfect arc and disappeared from view.

The hand over my mouth dropped. Together Tom Pictou and I rushed to the cliff and looked into the pool of deep mud. There was not a ripple on its surface. Everything was as still and peaceful as though no tragedy had been enacted.

The Indian was speaking. "The pool of deep mud is kind," he said. "It never prolongs life. It is quick."

"But it is suicide, man!" "It is sacrifice! No Pictou would commit suicide."

"She was your wife!" The Indian smiled. "I know," he said. "Always have we known. We are the last of the Pictous. Paposes there could not be, for none should be here to care for them."

"There would be you!" Tom Pictou looked at me strangely, and I felt myself flushing in the moonlight. My mind could not have been working clearly. He too would be no more when next Leo touched the horizon at one o'clock.

We stood and stared at each other beneath those rustling birches.

I resolved that one year later I would be back to save that determined Indian, and I knew by the expression in his eyes that he could read my thought thoroughly and would do his utmost to thwart me.

But he had to visit the pool of deep mud. He could not go elsewhere to sacrifice himself. And that pool of deep mud would be eliminated before another year had rolled around if the whole course of the little river had to be changed. I determined upon that.

I did not even try to argue him from his purpose. That would have been a waste of time. I merely pressed his hand and walked back with him through the miles of forest until he reached his teepee.

"Good-bye, my frien'," he said as he

reached the little clearing. "I wan' to be alone now. I have a dance to do, and I have many moons of loneliness. Good-bye Deck. I will not see you again."

"Ah, but you will," I said meaningly. "Next summer I shall be here to meet you. Good-bye."

I turned quickly to hide blinding tears and hurled myself savagely into the spruces.

I AM writing this tale in Spearville. Early this summer I came back so that when Leo touched the horizon at one o'clock the pool of deep mud would be but a memory.

It was necessary to take the authorities of the town into my confidence and to them I told the tale of the disappearing Pictous.

"We must drain the pool, or fill it with logs, or do something, or that crazy Indian will commit suicide," I ended.

The mayor took a long black cigar from his pocket and smiled grimly.

"You are too late," he said. "Tom Pictou has not been seen for months. Already the young spruces are shooting up in the Indian clearing."

"But he will be back. I know him. He will be back when Leo's sickle touches the horizon at one o'clock—back to fulfil his obligation."

"Wait a minute!" It was the principal of the high school who spoke. For a moment he figured rapidly. Then his face paled.

"The mayor is right, Dick," he said. "You are too late."

"Impossible!"

"Leo touches the horizon twice each year at one o'clock my friend; "once in the morning and once in the afternoon. One o'clock comes twice in each twenty-four hours you know."

I gasped. "But you cannot see Leo at one in the afternoon," I insisted.

"Still, you can calculate where Leo is," replied the principal. "About the time Tom Pictou disappeared, Leo was sinking to rest at one o'clock in the afternoon. He has fulfilled his vow."

I felt myself choking and dashed outside and around to a glorious garden that I loved to revel in when young. In the midst of the roses and the dahlias I stood and gazed into the sunlit heavens and tried to pierce into the spaces beyond, where planets roved and stars allowed the horizon to creep up on them in spite of sun or rain.

SONG OF THE NORTH

Have you watched the dusk come creeping,
When the drowsy birds are cheeping,
And the sun a'gleaming low down in the West!

Heard the birch and spruces sighing,
Overhead the wild geese crying,
When old Nature's getting ready for her rest?

Have you poled and lined the river,
Felt your muscles throb and quiver,
Where the foaming, leaping rapids laugh in glee;
Drifted, on its bosom moving,
While the Northland song comes soothing,
And carries cares like driftwood to the sea!

Have you watched the sky a'flashing,
Wave on wave of glory splashing,
O'er the calm and silent watches of the night?

Have you heard the forest's greeting,
Felt your heart go wildly beating,
When the bull moose breaks from cover, close in sight?

Have you passed when snows were falling,
Where no human voices calling,
Ever yet have wakened echo from the hill:
Seen the midnight sun's pale gleaming,
O'er the hilltops softly streaming,
Where a peace infinite broodeth, calm and still?

Even so have ye heard the song of the Northland,
Ye have seen with your eyes, have heard with your heart and ears:
And when ye have passed from its scenes to the homeland,
It will live in your hearts, it will ring thro' the after years.

John Bathurst

THESE THREE WOMEN!



HAVE INCOMES OF THEIR VERY OWN

READ THIS

"I will always bless the day I got my Auto-Knitter. I can send all the socks I knit. I average \$3.00 per day."—Miss A. Naykens, Sask.

AND THIS

"I often knit a sock in ten minutes. The Company pay me for every pair and replace the yarn I use free of charge."—Mrs. A. Havery, Ontario.

AND THIS

"I have had my Auto-Knitter for four years. I would not be without it. This winter I cleared \$525.00."—Mrs. G. Pool, Ontario.

I WANT MORE WORKERS

NEVER before in the ten years history of my business has the demand for Auto-Knit Socks been so great. Last month I sold over two hundred thousand pairs of these beautiful wool socks right here in Toronto. Every pair was knit for me by my workers in their own homes. If you are ambitious to make money and can spare but one hour a day, I want to hear from you.



HERE, BRIEFLY, IS MY PLAN

I EMPLOY men and women all over the Dominion who knit socks for me with the Auto-Knitter. There is no limit to the quantity they may knit and for every pair they send I pay a guaranteed unchanging price. I also replace the yarn that has been used so that there is no expense for new yarn. The quiet privacy of this work appeals very strongly to those who could not in any way consider a canvassing or selling proposition.

Each worker learns from the simple instructions that are sent with the machine. Children, young people, busy men and women and old folks all work for me. That is the splendid thing about Auto-Knitting—anyone may fill in their spare time. The machine need never be idle.

LET ME SEND YOU FULL INFORMATION

I feel sure that you would like to know more about this proven way of making money. Doesn't it sound like something you would like to do? If Auto-Knitting wasn't all I claim, do you



think that I would have thousands of workers? Then let me send you—without the slightest obligation on your part—full particulars. Mail the coupon below and in a few days you will receive something that will please you. Mail the coupon right now.

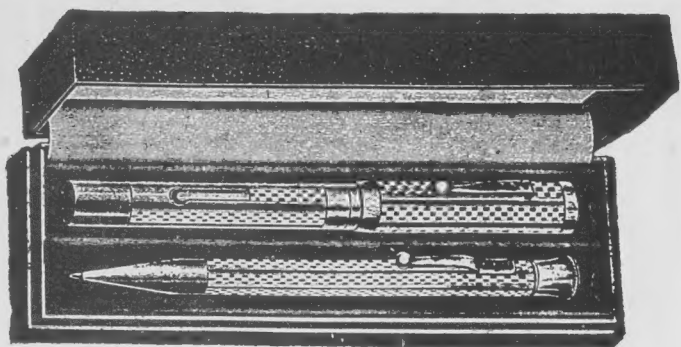
T. W. Chadburn, President, Dep. 733
Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Limited.
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ont.

Kindly send me particulars about working for you. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

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Address
City Prov
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**F
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Here is a perfectly splendid pen and pencil set free to boys and girls. The fountain pen is made of vulcanite and is a self-filler. It has pocket clip attached, and is guaranteed for one year by the manufacturer.

The pencil is made of nickel with screw top, under the top is a rubber eraser, and under that is an extra supply of six leads. The pencil has a pocket clip attached and is a perfect beauty.

We will send you this set, complete in a neat box, if you will sell three dollars worth of lovely embossed Easter Post Cards and Booklets, or flower and vegetable seeds at 10 cents a package. Just send us your name and address and tell us if you want to sell cards or seeds. When they are sold send us our money and we send you the complete set with all charges prepaid.

Send your order today, before others get ahead of you.

DEPT. 108

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How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Instead of taking harsh or drastic internal medicines that upset the stomach, you simply inhale the pleasant, harmless smoke of Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes.

These cigarettes are made from wholesome, medicinal herbs, flowers and berries, and when smoked produce a soothing, healing, medicated vapour, that reaches the various nooks and corners of the respiratory tract. They contain **NO TOBACCO, NO CUBEBS, ARE NON-HABIT FORMING**, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

How Smoke Penetrates

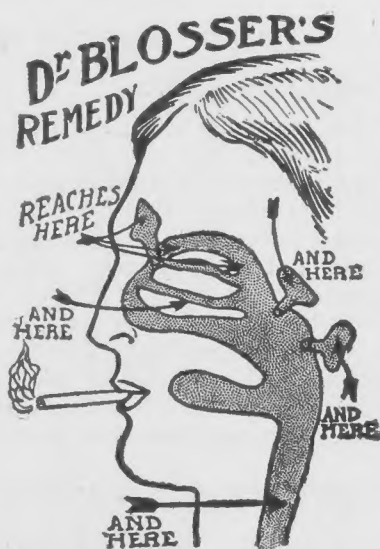
We all know the penetrating nature of smoke. As an illustration—the smoke from a leaky stove, smokepipe, or chimney, will make its way into every nook and corner of a room, into the closets, and it will even saturate the clothing. Your nose will detect it quickly and your eyes will feel it. Exactly in the same way the smoke of DR. BLOSSER'S REMEDY, when drawn into the mouth and exhaled through the nose, will penetrate remote and hidden tubes and cavities, nooks and recesses of the head. In order to get rid of catarrh it is necessary to secure the proper smoking remedy, and use it regularly for a sufficient length of time.

How to Know When You Have Catarrh

An uncured cold results in catarrh.

If you catch one cold after another; if your eyes are inflamed and watery; if there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose, forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat, causing frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, with an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or the loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh.

Catarrh frequently leads to failure of hearing with ringing, roaring, popping noises in the head, or even total deafness.



**MAIL THIS COUPON FOR
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193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Please send by mail your Free Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes.

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Town or City _____

Druggists do not have samples.
(Spell out name with a pencil very, very plainly). 350 H. J.



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

Something to Learn

The Four Winds

In winter, when the wind I hear
I know the clouds will disappear
For 'tis the wind who sweeps the sky
And piles the snow in ridges high.

In spring when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show;
For 'tis the wind who bids them wake
And into pretty blossoms break.

In summer, when it softly blows
Soon red I know will be the rose.
For 'tis the wind to her who speaks
And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

In Autumn when the wind is up,
I know the acorn's out of its cup;
For 'tis the wind who takes it out
And plants an oak somewhere about.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

A Hint

If you should frown and I should frown,
When walking out together,
The happy folk about the town
Would say, "The clouds are settling
down,
In spite of pleasant weather."

If you should smile, and I should smile,
While walking out together,
Sad folks would say, "Such looks beguile
The weariness of many a mile,
In dark and dreary weather."

Something Sent In

SOMETIMES I expect you think that
Bobby Burke is very forgetful or that
your letters have been lost—well I want
to tell you that they are never lost, but
sometimes if they are untidy they find
a home in the waste paper basket, and
sometimes they are put away to print
later on, if we happen to be crowded
that month. Now here are some little
verses sent in to us last February by
Peter W. Nikkel of Rosenfeld, and we
are going to print them now for they are
good verses and you will like them.

The Snow People

The little snow people are hurrying down
From cloudland overhead
They are working as hard as ever they
can,
Putting the world to bed.

All trees in fleecy gowns they clothe,
The stones are pillows of white;
O'er all the ground soft quilts they lay,
Before they bid goodnight.

So they come eagerly climbing down
With swift and silent tread
Ever as busy as busy can be
Putting the world to bed.

The Editor's Mail Bag this month contained letters from as far east as British Columbia, I am sorry there is no space to print some of these but perhaps next month we can do something. The letters came from Marion G. MacRae, Chipman, N.B., Mildred Huffman, Eyebrow, Sask., Jane Soutter, Victoria, B.C., Lillian Rusk, Ridgedale, Sask., Milton Beattie, Fremington, Sask., a letter and story from Barriek Wright of Hepworth, Ont., a letter from Bobby Poole of Vancouver, Margaret Stewart of Victoria, and May Southern Eburns, B.C., and there were many others, but of these mentioned perhaps we will later give our readers a peep.

Something to Play

CHARLIE-Over-the-Water. The children form a circle, one being in the centre. They circle about singing, "Charlie over the water, Charlie over the sea, Charlie catch a blackbird, Can't catch me." At the last word all crouch down, but if one is tagged before stooping, he must change places with Charlie.

Still Pond, No More Moving. One child is blindfolded and placed in the centre of the room or playground while the others scatter about. After a short time the one blindfolded cries, "Still pond, no more moving!" All must stand still, or move not more than say ten or twenty steps, according to the size of the space, in their endeavor to escape the one blindfolded. When the blindfolded one succeeds in catching a player, he must guess who it is, or let him go. If he guesses right the one caught must be "it."

Come, It Comes. One child thinks of an object that is in plain sight, say a vase or table-cloth or picture. She begins "It comes, it comes." The others ask, "What does it come by?" The first child replies, "It comes by—" naming the first letter of the object in mind. The others try to guess the object. The one who guesses right then thinks of a word, and the game goes on.

Something to Do

HOW about trying your hand at a cross-word puzzle? There will be a prize of a cross-word puzzle book for the best puzzle, which must be neat as well as correct, and have the solution attached to it. There will be gold buttons for the second and third best puzzles. Put on your thinking-caps now all of you, and get your puzzles in to Bobby Burke before March 1st, and the prize puzzle will appear in the April number.

Something to Read

The Ways of a Crab

THE seaside is a delightful spot for a holiday, for there are so many ways of passing the time pleasantly. Some of us love the water, some of us love to play in the sand, while others love to roam over the rocks and seek the treasures of the little pools. Who has not spent many a happy hour gathering the sea-shells, or perhaps hunting for crabs among the rocks?

A quaint little creature is the crab. We handle him with care, for though a tiny fellow he is armed with nippers which he can use to very good purpose if called upon to defend himself. It is astonishing the amount of power he can put into those little pincers, as we shall find out if we let him grip a tender spot!

He lives chiefly on decaying matter, and his sense of smell is so acute that he seems to discover at once any dead thing in the water. He has also good eyesight, and is thus able to see our approach while we are yet some distance off. The body is covered with a hard shell which serves as a protection, and the crab feels with his walking-limbs and his antennae, which have a very delicate sense of touch indeed.

As the little creature grows in size he finds his shell becomes too small for his body, and so he throws off the old and grows a new one. This moulting takes place at regular periods, and is an anxious time for the crab. He generally seeks the sandy shores near the mouths of creeks and rivers, and remains at rest. The body seems to swell and the shell begins to split. When he has scrambled out of the old shell the crab withdraws his legs from the old cases, and then the other parts of his body, until all the hard coverings are removed. He is then soft, weak, and helpless. The moulting has been a great tax upon his strength. He burrows gently into the sand at the bottom of some shallow pool where the rays of the sun may bring him a little warmth. In about twelve hours the skin begins to harden so that, if pressed, it crackles like paper. After forty-eight hours the new shell, though not complete, is quite hard enough to afford all the protection he needs.

Continued on page 67



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Childrens' Cosy Corner

Continued from page 66

There is one crab, however, that is not so fortunate in the extent of his armour. This is the hermit-crab, which is not uncommon on the shores of this Dominion. He has a breast-plate and a head-piece, but the hinder parts are not well protected, and he would therefore be a very tender morsel and an easy prey to his enemies. But the hermit-crab is both clever and cunning. He strolls along the beach until he comes to a shell which has been deserted by its former owner. Usually he prefers one of the spiral-shaped shells, and after examining it closely he proceeds to occupy it. He pushes his body backwards into the opening, and the soft parts adapt themselves to the shape of the last chamber in the shell. The claws and front remain outside, and he grips his new dwelling-place so tightly that we cannot drag him out. Wherever he goes he carries his house with him, and if he finds it prudent to retreat from an enemy, he shrinks back at once, and by clasping his claws in front completely blocks the entrance.

As the hermit-crab grows in size he finds his home becoming so small as to cause much discomfort. He has, therefore, to set out in search of another and larger home. The old shell is left behind, though, if danger threatens, he hastens back with all speed. As he grows older he becomes bolder, and does not hesitate to attack another crab who may be living in a shell that he happens to covet. A fight follows, to see whether the new-comer is to occupy it or not. The fight goes on until one or the other is killed, and the victor, having proved his right to live in the shell, dines on the body of his rival. On account of his nature he is sometimes known as the soldier-crab. He is certainly a bully, but, like most bullies, will run away if he discovers the object of his attack is too strong for him.

Though so fond of fighting, the Hermit-crab sometimes shares his home with a friend—not another crab, but a sea-anemone. This creature settles on the shell, and the two live together most peaceably, the one helping the other. The crab carries the anemone about from place to place, thus helping it to find more food; while the anemone, armed as it is with stinging-cells, helps to keep off the enemies of the crab. When the crab is forced, by increase in size, to seek a new home, it carries the anemone from the old shell to the new. This is a wonderful thing, for the anemone is so tightly fastened that we can scarcely tear it from the shell; but when the crab clasps it gently in his claws it loosens its hold and is gently carried to the new abode.

Another rather famous fellow is the robber-crab, who lives in the islands of the Indian and Pacific Oceans. He is almost a giant, being often more than a foot in length. A very destructive fellow he is, for he is very fond of coconuts. To get these he climbs up the palm-trees and flings down the coconuts, which he opens by hammering on what we call the "eye-holes." But the owners of the plantations have found out a means of preventing his mischief. They put a band of polished tin around the trunks of the trees, and on this polished surface the crab has no chance of getting a hold with his claws.

Other crabs have a special taste for sugar, and do much damage in the sugar-cane fields. They destroy large quantities of cane by cutting it off and sucking the juice, and sometimes completely spoil the crop. These crabs can run at great speed and are thus able to escape from their pursuers. Most of their unwelcome work is done at night, for during the day they pass the time resting in their little dens in the ground.

Some sea-crabs decorate themselves with all manner of things—sponges, anemones, and small worms—which help to conceal them from their enemies, as well as to provide them with tit-bits if food happens to be scarce. They are both cunning and clever; but, after all, crabs have many enemies among the fishes of the sea, and by no means the least enemy to be feared is that hideous monster of the sea, the octopus.

A puzzle for the kiddies

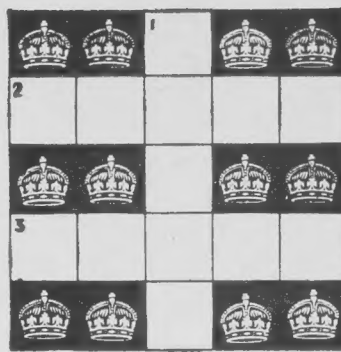
ACROSS

2. Sign of quality soaps.

3. What ROYAL CROWN makes so well.

DOWN

1. Regal, pertaining to a king or queen.



To every boy and girl who sends us the correct solution to this crossword puzzle we will send an interesting little fairy book with colored pictures, entitled "The Pixies' Reward."

You may get your mothers or fathers to help you if you wish. Don't forget to write your name plainly on a piece of paper pinned to your solution. Send them to The Royal Crown Soaps, Ltd., Dept. L Winnipeg or Calgary.

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Name.....

Address.....

Canada's Railways Must Have a Living Profit

CANADA'S future development depends upon the ability of her railways to live.

If the railways can operate at profits sufficient to pay operating, maintenance and capital charges, leaving a fair amount for reserves and dividends, they will be enabled to maintain the position, stability and prosperity which have done so much to attract capital and immigration to Canada.

For years the success of the Canadian Pacific has been the barometer by which conditions have been measured in Canada and its success has been a magnet attracting to Canada hundreds of millions of dollars for investment in land, industries, mining, timber and fisheries.

Canadian Pacific success has been the biggest factor in peopling the west and bringing its production to a volume undreamed of twenty-five years ago.

But, if rates on the traffic of Canadian railways are reduced below the level of profit—if capital carrying charges cannot be met, if money for maintenance and improvement of existing lines is not available, if new necessary extensions cannot be undertaken, Canada would face a real crisis.

No greater catastrophe could overtake Canada than the weakening of the present strong position of the Canadian Pacific Railway. If conditions were set up which would impair the Company's position or the confidence of the investing public, incalculable damage would result to the country.

Canada must face this issue fairly and squarely. It would be supreme folly to cast away the bone of railway stability

for the shadow of illusive advantages in low and unprofitable freight rates.

Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railway must continue to work together in a spirit of co-operation for the development and prosperity of all Canada.

Canadian Pacific management, financial policies, and the experience of forty years have given Canada not only the world's premier transportation system, but the lowest freight rates in the world.

Canada in the past has shown its confidence in the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Pacific has honestly endeavored to merit that confidence by giving the Canadian public efficient service at low cost.

Unhampered in its operation, the Canadian Pacific will be enabled to continue those policies which have done so much for the advancement of Canada.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

It Spans the World

Seven Years in Canada

By Florence E. Stovel

TEN years ago: a busy thoroughfare, a jostling crowd, a figure, desolate and bitter, crouched in a sheltering doorway, a tattered sign, "HELP THE BLIND,"—a wretched room, a young girl, disconsolate and complaining, idly whining against her unsighted life! Today: a busy broom factory, a group of basket weavers, expert fingers developing a new style of doll carriage—a bright room filled with the sound of happy laughter, cheerful voices, the click of knitting needles and the grind of sewing machines! That is the contrast, then and now; the story of the blind man's progress.

In place of beggary and melancholy the sightless man now finds work and a mental stimulus from a healthy occupation. He has become an integral part of the working world; he has a definite earning capacity; his products are marketable.

Since beggary is abhorrent and charity unnecessary, all he asks of the public is purchase of his articles, be they brooms, baskets, trays, children's dresses or knitted scarves or sweaters. Encouragement and improvement can only come through specific buying on the part of everyone, in rural community, village, town or city. "HELP THE BLIND?" Yes, indeed—not with pennies thrown in disgusted pity, however, but with intelligent purchase of blind-made products and interest in the value received.

At the same time, contributory assistance can be given to the medium through which the blind man meets the public in his ability, developed talents, and wares. The work of teaching and supplying materials at wholesale prices to the blind worker, advertising and selling his finished products is accomplished by means of The Canadian National Institute for the Blind, the only organization of its kind on the continent. The very existence of this institution, through which the unseeing man gains a livelihood and a realization of his usefulness, depends on the pockets of the public. The generosity of those pockets can give energy to educational campaigns for the prevention of blindness as well as providing a valuable service to those whose eyes have already ceased to function.

When March dawns this year, The Canadian National Institute for the Blind will celebrate its seventh birthday. During these strenuous war-reconstruction years it has lived intensely, earnestly, and now it pleads for a longer and fuller life. With it plead also the hosts of blind. The two mingle in one great cry: "Contribute to the Institute and purchase Touchcraft articles." Can such an appeal be passed by with the mere reading of these words and the half-formed resolve to answer? No, it must not be! A humanity that is real, that is large, will give and buy, encourage and solicit with a glad heart, knowing full well that mixed with its philanthropy is the definite satisfaction of money well invested.

Work for Busy Fingers

Continued from page 25

the scallop edge as in illustration. then 1 s.c. into each of the next five hemst. meshes. Repeat from * all across (Work 2 s.c. now and then in one hemst. mesh to keep the edge flat.)

2nd Row—Work 1 d.c. into the first s.c. of the previous row, * ch. 4, sk. next p., then work 1 d.c. into the third of the next five s.c., ch. 4, 1 d.c. into the same s.c. to form a mesh. Repeat from * all across as in illustration.

3rd Row—1 s.c. around the first ch. loop of the previous row, * ch. 2, then work 6 d.c. into the next mesh, ch. 2, 1 s.c. around the next ch. loop. Repeat from * all across as in illustration.

4th Row—With pink work 1 s.c. around the second of the first two chs., * ch. 3, 1 s.c. into the second of the next six d.c., now work three times ch. 3, 1 s.c. into the next d.c., then ch. 3, 1 s.c. around the first of the next two chs., ch. 1, 1 s.c. around the second of the next two chs. Repeat from * all across.

Finish the other end of the towel with the same edging.